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PLAY IN EDUCATION



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LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA
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THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
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PLAY IN EDUCATION

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BY
JOSEPH LEE

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1915

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Set up and electrotyped. Published April, 1915.

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Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

APR 29 1915

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To

M. C. L.



INTRODUCTION

My aim in this book is to present a true picture of the child. All other objects are subordinate. The philosophical and biological theories adopted are important mainly as they may serve to unify the picture and make its several features easier to remember. The practical conclusions reached — though, like any conclusions upon this subject, they are important if sound — are of secondary interest: if I have succeeded in presenting the child as he really is, and if my presentation carries conviction, the right practical conclusions will be drawn by somebody. The presentation of such correct likeness is the specific contribution that I have tried to make.

A great obstacle in interpreting the child to grown people is that we have no word which stands for the most important factor in the child's life. And the difficulty is enhanced by the fact that the word which we actually use to designate this factor has a significance almost diametrically opposed to the nature of the thing itself and helps continually to mislead us upon the subject. "Play," to grown people, signifies something of secondary importance: it is the word for those activities that must be postponed to serious pursuits — that, except as they may contribute to the successful carrying on of the latter, may be altogether omitted with impunity. "Child's play," especially, means whatever is ridiculously easy. To the child, upon the other hand, play is the most important thing there is. It is primary, comes first in interest, represents real life; it is what all the rest

is for. It is difficult, making an infinite and insatiable demand for power and courage. It is authoritative, required, not to be slighted without shame. Play is the child. In it he wreaks himself. It is the letting loose of what is in him, the active projection of the force he is, the becoming of what he is to be.

And not only do we call the child's dearest interests by a name implying that they are of negligible importance, but we heighten the misunderstanding by (very properly) calling the same identical interests when they appear in grown people by a variety of high-sounding names, — such as work, art, science, patriotism, idealism, genius, — that we never think of applying to children's play. For the thing itself, even as it appears in grown people, we have no word, which if we had we might extend to the case of children and so help ourselves to an understanding of their lives.

In these various ways we have obscured to ourselves the truth — in any case difficult to perceive from our standpoint — that children's play and the highest expressions of our grown-up life are in very truth the same. I once made the statement that the boy without a playground is father to the man without a job. The truth is more than that, — the boy without a playground *is* the man without a job. He is suffering identically the same loss: the absence from his life of the chief means of living, the cutting of the main strand of his existence. Play is to the boy what work is to the man — the fullest attainable expression of what he is and the effective means of becoming more. And in the case of the best work the expression is of the same instincts; the two are identical — the voice of the same river though at different points on its course. There is, it is true, if our biological theories are correct, the difference that while the man's work only sustains life, the child's play creates

it; but that is not a difference which justifies our regarding play as a thing of inferior importance.

This looking upon the same word and the all-important interests which it stands for from opposite sides by parent and child, master and pupil, the world of childhood and the grown-up world, respectively, constitutes an almost impassable barrier between the two, a barrier that but few grown people (Froebel, Stevenson, and half a dozen others) have — not crossed, but peeped over and reported what they saw. It is the existence of this barrier that constitutes not only the difficulty, but the need of interpretation, and justifies any earnest attempt to lessen in however slight degree the resulting misunderstanding between each generation of children and those who control their education and their lives.

It is true that I myself throughout this book use this same word to which I find so much objection. I do so, first, because there is no other word, and second, because as we are certain to keep on using this word to designate our children's most important interests, I want to do what I can to raise it to its true dignity, and make it mean, for however few, something of what it must mean to us if we are ever to understand our own children or be of much help in their development.

I have not in this book discussed the general relations of instinct to reason. To prevent a misunderstanding it may be well to say that I do not set up instinct against reason either as a rival or as a substitute. Their functions are different and supplementary. Within its own sphere nothing can abrogate the authority of reason except reason itself. The supremacy of reason is assumed in the act of thought. We must in order to think at all have faith in the intellectual integrity of the universe, its consonance

with the laws of thought, — faith in the persistence of truth, in the continued authority of our moments of vision, and in the implications of the truth we know.

? But morality and reason alone furnish no guide to conduct. They tell us to follow the good and the true, but they do not tell us what these are. To know that we ought to seek the good, even that we ought to promote the good will in ourselves and others, is not enough. We cannot seek the good unless it first exists. Some ends must be, independent of our seeking them, better than others, or there could be no moral choice. And there must be some power in us to recognize, however dimly, where the good lies. A compass cannot point north unless there is a north, nor unless it has in itself some relation to it.

Reason as related to instinct acts mainly in the following ways. First, it directly serves the instincts, discovering practical methods for their satisfaction. Secondly (perhaps an extension of the first), it calls up the absent fact, — the fact which is beyond immediate perception and is known either by inference or by a memory so dimly active that the fact itself is not truly present, is not felt but only intellectually acknowledged, and so does not appeal immediately to instinct. It testifies for the more remote experience, for the past insight, the future reawakening, for effects upon other people. It brings the absent fact before the court. Herein reason serves the instincts by presenting to them the real effects of contemplated action and enabling them to truly serve themselves.

Thirdly, reason, as conscience, acts for the absent motive, cites the rulings of some higher instinct or of one more authoritative in the premises as against the present, lower or less applicable ones, — admonishing the voluptuary of the existence of true love, the decadent artist of a brighter

vision, the trifier of his true vocation. This case is the converse of the one just cited. Here reason brings the decisions of the court to bear upon the facts, as there it haled the facts before the court.

It is true that in one sense there is a conflict between instinct and reason. The intellect may be superserviceable in bringing before us more facts than we can handle, until we lose our sense of direction, become confused, and are incapable of a true decision. The court has adjourned before the mass of witnesses can be heard. Also we can in one sense be too conscientious. We cannot too well obey the commands of conscience present and speaking, but we can too anxiously search for possible higher points of view until the time for spirited action has gone by. There are times when it is better to trust such part of us as is present on the ground than try to conjure up our absent though possibly better self. But I have not in this book intended to exalt the more instinctive above the more reasoned or more conscientious method, or to express any opinion as to the proper balance between the two.

There is the further question of what it is that bids us use our reason or admonishes us when and how far to use it. Not reason itself, apparently: it is not always there unless it has been called. And when it comes, it only states the case without deciding it. What is it in us that passes upon the facts which reason cites and which we have supposed too pale to call the instincts into play, or that in the presence of blazing fact, only too plainly felt, speaks for the absent higher instinct? This something that seems to have jurisdiction over reason itself, to call it into action and to appraise its testimony, is partly perhaps the pale reflection of the instinct which we have called absent. Partly it is the instinct of self-assertion or,

as some would call it, of self-surrender, — a sort of instinct of instincts, whose function is to keep in mind our true direction, to remember the word that was given us to say and impel us to its utterance. Partly it is the fighting instinct enlisted in behalf of this permanent and higher self. In any event it must apparently be instinctive in its nature if it is there at all as a constant influence of any sort. If indeed there is such a thing as free will, in that case decision is a new creative act, uncaused by instinct or by any other thing.

It is impossible in dealing with any such important subject as education to make full acknowledgment of the sources from which one's ideas have been derived. I have in general followed Froebel as to the main characteristics of the successive stages of growth, up to and including the Big Injun age, and also in the analysis of the sense of membership which characterizes the succeeding period. Gulick was the first, so far as I know, to arrange the plays of children definitely according to age periods. From him and from George E. Johnson the whole subject has received much illumination, from which, with all others interested, I have profited. The biological theory of play adopted is that of Herr Groos, as stated in the text.

In the arrangement of the book I have followed upon the whole the order of growth, telling the story rather by ages than by subjects, but have occasionally departed from that order when the expression of a particular play instinct seemed so far identified with a particular age period as to make its treatment under that period alone the most convenient method. I have also stated a good deal of the theory of play, and some of my conclusions as to its place and value, at the beginning. But in general I have followed the dramatic order.

DEFINITIONS

I HAVE not much confidence in definitions. If I could say in three lines what I mean by play, for instance, the rest of this book would be unnecessary. The following, however, are submitted as preliminary indications of the sense in which certain words will be used.

Impulse: an internal prompting to conscious action of some special kind — conscious as distinguished from reflex, not necessarily implying purpose.

Instinct: an innate tendency toward conscious action of some special kind or toward some special end, resulting in frequent impulses toward such action.

Habit: an individually acquired tendency to a special form of action. (Once acquired it differs from instinct only when, as is often the case, it prescribes unconscious, reflex action or the form of the action rather than its end or than the action as a whole.)

Play instinct: an instinct not toward a physical satisfaction nor toward the avoidance of pain; an instinct toward an ideal.

Play: action in fulfillment of a play instinct.

Hunger: an instinct toward a physical satisfaction. (Sometimes also the pain of lacking a physical satisfaction.)

Work: consciously directed activity by which one makes good as a member of society.

Drudgery: activity not in satisfaction of the instincts.

Nature: metaphor for the cause, real or assumed, of observed phenomena.

Purpose of nature: metaphor for the purpose attributable to such cause.

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PLAY IN EDUCATION

BOOK I. PLAY IS GROWTH

CHAPTER I

PLAY IS SERIOUS

IF you will watch a child playing, I think the first thing you will be struck by will be his seriousness. Whether he is making a mud pie, building with his blocks, playing ship or horse or steam engine, or marching as a soldier to defend his country, you will see, if you watch his face, that he is giving his whole mind to the matter in hand, and is as much absorbed in it as you become in your most serious pursuits. Or if the dolls are sick and the children are taking their temperature, sending for the doctor, and administering those strange and awful doses which the ailments of dolls seem so generally to call for, you will find that these are serious matters, and that nothing is more offensive than to intrude upon such ceremonies with flippant or unadvised speech.

So also with the sports of a later period. To say that baseball is serious is to understate the case. Football commands a devotion rarely evoked in any less strenuous pursuit. What a boy lies awake about is probably not his spelling or arithmetic, but his chance of getting on the team. Anxiety on other subjects, where it exists, usually arises from

apprehension of what others may think or do. His deep and absorbing interest is in his games.

The seriousness of play is shown in the standard of effort and achievement that it holds up. The strictest school-master of the old nose-to-the-grindstone school never secured the whole-hearted effort that is seen on the ball field every afternoon. A small boy throws a ball so as to curve in a way which a few years ago was thought to be impossible, another hits it with a round stick, while a third urchin in the distance runs as fast as he can and catches it. When you consider how little of the course of the ball the third boy saw before he started to run, and take into account — or better still experience — the other difficulties involved in the whole performance, you will realize that such feats, though seen every day on every ball field, are somewhat remarkable. At least things equally difficult done by boys in their arithmetic lessons would be considered so.

And if he does not catch it? A boy who is almost turning himself inside out in his efforts, but who fails in any point of the game, is spoken to by his companions with a severity which no grown person is sufficiently hard-hearted even to attempt. Strenuousness of effort is no palliation of his offense. There is no plea that "little Johnnie did his best." Good intentions don't go on the ball field; the standard is inexorable.

In truth the play of children is in the main not play at all in the sense in which grown people use the word. It is play in the sense of being spontaneous, agreeable, undertaken for its own sake and not for an ulterior object. It is not play in the sense of being mere relaxation or diversion, or a thing of secondary importance. Of course children like to play; all good workmen like their work; but it is none the less serious on that account.

It is true that children do also indulge in play in the secondary or grown-up sense — they usually distinguish it under the name of fooling. And such play has its function also, as we shall see. But the characteristic play of childhood is not of this sort.

It is the supreme seriousness of play that gives it its educational importance. Education, as we have all learned, is not simply a matter of accumulating knowledge. We are now learning the further truth, which Froebel taught, that it is not even a matter of acquiring power, of training the muscles and the mind. We aim to develop power; we train the muscles and the mind; but we are no longer content unless these serve as avenues to something deeper. The question is not of learning, nor yet of power, but of character. If the lesson has struck home, the result is not merely more knowledge or more intelligence, but more boy or girl — more of a person there for all purposes. If his arithmetic has truly reached him, he will play better football; if his football has been the real thing, he will do better at arithmetic. That is the test of a true educational experience — that it leaves a larger personality behind.

An exercise to have this educational effect must possess the quality of complete enlistment. It is with the core of being, the central and pervading essence, as with the subordinate faculties: the soul, like the muscles, grows by action; it creates itself by self-assertion, by putting itself forth in overt deeds and into concrete form. It is only what you put the whole of yourself into that will give you a greater self in return.

This characteristic of the true educational experience is possessed by play and, to the full extent, by play alone. It is only in his play that the child's whole power is called forth, that he gets himself entirely into what he does. Or rather,

in play he puts more than himself into it, more than was actually there, or would ever have existed, if called for by a less powerful enchanter. Play is like a chemical reaction; in it the child's nature leaps out toward its own and takes possession.

CHAPTER II

PLAY IS GROWTH

PLAY seen from the inside, as the child sees it, is the most serious thing in life. Seen from the outside, as a natural phenomenon, its importance corresponds. Nature is as much in earnest in this matter as is the child. Her purpose as declared in the child's play instincts is the most serious purpose she has in his behalf. It includes, indeed, the whole intention with which she brought him forth, namely, to make a man of him.

Play builds the child. It is a part of nature's law of growth. It is in truth for the sake of play, and of growth conducted by it, that there is such a thing as a child at all. As Herr Groos, our best of Germans and chief teacher in this matter, has well said: "Children do not play because they are young; they are young in order that they may play." It is for the sake of play that the great phenomenon of infancy exists; play is the positive side of that phenomenon. The reason the higher animals are born so helpless and unformed is in order that they may be finished by this method. The reason man is sent into the world the most helpless of them all — the most absurd, impossible phenomenon in a world of internecine competition — is in order that he above all the rest may be the playing animal, fashioned in obedience to the great play instincts. Play is, in sober truth, the very act and throe of growth.

The working of this law of growth through play is something with which we are all of us familiar. The law is al-

most visibly at work during every waking hour in every child. Indeed the difficulty in recognizing the vital function of children's play arises chiefly from the fact that the evidence is so familiar as to prevent our getting a fresh and realizing view of it.

Growth through play is simply an example of the general law of growth through action. We all know that a muscle grows by exercise. The physiologists tell us that the same is true of the other tissues, — "the function makes the organ," as they say. The very bones depend on exercise for full development and are even partly shaped by the use we put them to, — a triumph of the old-fashioned heavy gymnastic school, for instance, being the conversion of the shoulder joint into something more or less resembling the hip.¹ The same thing is true of habits and nervous coördinations. From learning to walk up to playing the violin skill comes by practice, as we all know. So also mental ability largely depends on training, moral power on previous right choices. You cannot go so deep in human nature but that the same law holds. Whatever may be the cause of any action — whatever we may think on the subject of determinism or free will — there is no doubt that it may have, throughout our entire being, a great effect. That children are peculiarly susceptible of such development is a further commonplace of our experience, assumed in every theory of education and too familiar to require illustration.

Growth through play is an example of growth through action. But it is also much more than that: it is growth through certain prescribed activities in which an essential part of nature's purpose is wrapped up. The play-built animals are not left to grow at haphazard, are not merely opportunist; the action that gives their final form is not

¹ Gulick, in "Physical Education by Muscular Exercise."

such as whim or chance may happen to direct. Nature has in them, as in all her creatures, specific and imperious purposes in view. These purposes she has embodied in certain impulses — in what we call the play instincts — conscious tendencies which unfold themselves in every child and direct his action so far as it is left by circumstances and his elders to his control.

The difference between the play-built animals and those born ready-made is that, in the former, Nature has intrusted her leading and inclusive purposes not to the lower nerve centers but to the mind, and thus left them to the creatures themselves to carry out. She has taken her offspring into partnership, whispered her secret to them in their instinctive impulses, and left to them the completion of her design. The playing animals are products of their own efficient will. Man especially is incarnate purpose. We are all in this most literal sense self-made.

Play is thus the essential part of education. It is nature's prescribed course. School is invaluable in forming the child to meet actual social opportunities and conditions. Without the school he will not grow up to fit our institutions. Without play he will not grow up at all.

CHAPTER III

PLAY TRAINS FOR LIFE

NATURE forms the child through impulses that direct his activity during his plastic stage. What is the nature of these impulses? The best teacher upon this subject I have ever seen was a kitten who came to stay with us one summer and gave a remarkable series of demonstrations. Anything that moved along or near the floor she made it her business to chase; or if it did not move of itself she would set it going. A cork was her favorite plaything — I think because of its uncertain way of jumping and the consequent exigencies of its pursuit. She would crouch and lie in wait for it, bat it with her paw, run after it, dodge, jump into the air. She would set herself lessons, hitting it backwards under her as she reached over the rung of a straw sofa, and following with a combined somersault and corkscrew movement that was evidently impossible until you saw it done. And always the game ended with a pounce in which both paws came down on the cork and held it fast.

What was that kitten doing? Obviously she was learning her job. You could almost see that cork turn into a mouse as she pursued. She was becoming a cat by doing the things of a cat, growing into the Gray Hunter by exercising herself in his activities. What Nature had above all else determined that this creature of hers should be, that she prescribed for it to do while in the making. Having purposed a hunter, she decreed the essence of hunting as a daily and hourly lesson; and the soft body, from its first helpless movement,

was molded by that exercise. She secured adaptation to her purpose by putting the purpose inside and letting it work out, that so it might pervade the whole organism, fitting it, like hand and glove, to its demands. And in the unsentimental, deadly practical school of Nature, the activity thus prescribed is that by which life is going to be supported. Her curriculum for that kitten was clearly a trade school.

Equally important was the mood in which the lessons were carried on. It was no set of gymnastics that the kitten was performing. There was no "right paw: upward raise!" in her instructions. The message referred not primarily to her legs and tail, but to the object of pursuit. And it was delivered not to subordinate nerve centers but to her heart. Her whole activity was radial. The purpose had first taken possession of her soul and was working from that outwards, ruling every nerve and muscle from troubled brow to spike of quivering tail. There was more of the hunting spirit in her than even her lithe body could express. What possessed her was the passion and ecstasy of pursuit, to which her physical organism conformed as best it could. A kitten playing is a hunting demon, a soul of fire, a spirit that outruns all possible expression. The cat becomes a hunter from the soul out because it is the hunter in her that has built her mind and body from the start. She is the incarnation of that single aim.

It is the same with all the play-built animals, as Herr Groos has shown. All these are fashioned not merely for, but by, their main pursuits. Puppies chase and bite and threaten and roll over one another or join in the chorus after some common quarry, because fighting, chasing, and running with the pack are the vital activities of the wolf or other early ancestor from whom their characteristics are derived. So

young goats climb ash barrels and woodpiles, and jump about in the abrupt up-and-down manner that has made them the unconscious humorists of the animal kingdom, because they are already dreaming of the mountain crags and pastures which their inherited qualities were made to fit.

And so it is with man. He is, to be sure, a little more complicated than the cat; his ways of making good are more varied, and the method of his following them is less narrowly prescribed. He is destined not to one kind of effectiveness but to many kinds. The cat is the animated conjugation of a single verb — "I grab, thou grabbest, oh that I might have grabbed." Man represents a less limited vocabulary; he speaks in many voices and to many ends; but his efficiency, though more varied, is none the less prescribed.

And the method of prescription is the same. Man's cardinal qualities, the activities through which he is to make and hold a place in the world's competition, are given in his leading instincts; and these instincts take charge of him in plastic infancy and mold him to their ends.

The process may be seen, as well as cause and effect in nature ever can be seen, by any one who will watch a child at play. There you may see Man the Maker taking shape before your very eyes through building blocks and the making of mud pies and palaces, Man the Poet born in the chanting and dancing games, Man the Nurturer growing through play with dolls and pets and plants and younger children, Man the Scientist evolved in plays of imitation, of exploring, collecting, classifying, Man the Hunter developed in the chasing games, Man the Fighter — the Hercules of our nature, addressed to obstacles as such, whose joy is in the cussedness of things — wrought in the hundred games of contest, and Man the Citizen in the great team games.

In man, as in all the higher animals, the play instincts are simply the instincts and interests of grown-up life, the forces that are to form the warp of his existence, the major efficiencies which Nature intends that he shall have. If man's prescribed education is broader than that of any other animal it is because his mature life is broader, aimed at more kinds of skill. Each separate instinct, also, is less narrowly fixed in its requirements; there is room for judgment, discrimination, adaptation of means to ends. As compared with that of his fellow-creatures man's is more of a university education, less of a trade school. But it is none the less practical on that account.

Nature, it is true, does not teach plumbing or law or salesmanship, — at least not in any very direct or recognizable way. Her curriculum is aimed not at man's life under modern industrial conditions, but at life as it was during the long centuries in which his qualities were formed. But for that primitive life she gives an all-round preparation. Even young animals receive something more than a purely vocational training in the narrow sense. They learn to come when their mother calls, to be sufficiently polite to their pack or litter mates to avoid internecine brawls; and kittens at least receive lessons in neatness calculated to make any human mother envious. So the child is trained by play not merely to make a living but to fulfill all the essential relations of a human life. It is even difficult — though civilization has made notable advance in that direction — to find any occupation wholly foreign to the aptitudes that Nature trains, so catholic is her provision.

Man is the creature of his major instincts, masters of life, sent on before to form him in their image and to their purposes. He is creator, poet, hunter and fighter, nurturer, scientist, citizen — utterly and in every tissue — because he

is formed by the instincts of creation, rhythm, nurture, hunting, fighting, curiosity, and social membership. The great constituting impulses of human nature take charge of his activity during his plastic stage, and he comes out stamped and molded in their likeness. His mind and heart are emanations of them ; his body is their tool, wrought and fitted to their use.

It would almost seem as if the child's own use of language, in the importance he assigns to the verb — calling the cow the "moo," the dog the "bow-wow," and the sheep the "baa" — indicates an insight into the method by which he himself is made. He seems to have divined that the cat is an animated claw, the wolf a living pincers, as surely as a knife is a cutter, or an engine a puller of trains.

And as in the kitten, so in man, there is a surplus of the spirit in his play. It demands of him more than he or any one could do. It calls upon his body to exceed itself, drives his powers to their limit and beyond. There is a transcendental element in the play instincts that suggests an infinite development.

CHAPTER IV

PLAY AND THE HUNGERS

I HAVE enumerated what I believe to be the principal play instincts, seven in all — creation, rhythm, hunting, fighting, nurture, curiosity, team play. Most people I think would include all of these; some would include others that I have omitted.

Acquisitiveness, for instance, is often regarded as a special instinct. To me it seems rather a manifestation of several instincts which require material things — blocks, tools, dolls, miscellaneous objects — for the building, controlling, nurturing, classifying activities that they prescribe. The cases of the miser and of the “grabby” child seem to me to represent the hypertrophy of these instincts in their preliminary stage — an excess of zeal in acquiring the means necessary to their satisfaction — rather than a special instinct to hoard or grab.

Self-adornment, which I have not included, does seem to be a special instinct. I have omitted it from my list because — except as an occasional ally, in little girls, of their parents’ baneful efforts to make them keep their clothes clean — it is not particularly important until the period of adolescence, when it appears in the mutual relation of boys and girls, which I shall speak of in describing that age.

Climbing is evidently an instinct, and it is important in its day, but it is not one of the continuing impulses upon which the child’s whole life is woven. The same may be

said of the impersonating impulse, at least in its most salient form, importunate as that is during its special period.

There is also a whole set of instincts that I have not included in my list. I mean those that are supplementary to the major instincts, such as the instincts of striking with a stick or weapon, throwing at a mark, wrestling, which are clearly ancillary to the hunting and fighting instincts. In this class should perhaps be included the more rudimentary impulses like grasping, wielding, walking, making vocal sounds. There are many such, some of which will be mentioned in their place, but they are not among the main inclusive motives, and their enumeration here would be a distraction rather than a help in understanding our subject as a whole.

There is, besides, one other very important class of instincts that I have not mentioned, and which I shall have much to say about as they have no direct part in children's play. I mean the hungers: for air, food, and the sexual relation. The hunting creatures must still go forth in search of food even when the hunting instinct left to itself would give way to sickness and fatigue. Hunger drives them. Their motive is no longer wholly an instinct toward a special sort of action, but partly the avoidance of pain. So men are driven to their tasks by the hunger motive. To all her other, more inspiring, commands Nature has added for all her creatures this all-inclusive blanket clause — "Succeed or starve." Behind every living creature since life first appeared upon this planet, including our own long line of ancestors, this motive or its dim equivalent has stood as a taskmaster exacting strenuous and successful exertion on pain of death.

Many men — probably the great majority — cannot do their best work without this stimulus or the fear of it. We are set to this pressure and for the most part require its

presence for our full discharge. A lazy, happy-go-lucky generation, accustomed to hearing the wolf at the door or to seeing him in wait for us just around the corner — not easily made anxious, or we should have died off long ago — we need his help to bring out our resources. Even genius waits upon the hunger motive, as witness Thackeray, Goldsmith, and many other scribes. The starved artist is often an artist partly because starvation was happily presented to him as the alternative.

We are thus partly products of the hungers, not indeed as to the form of our exertion, but as to the full power of making it, — children not only of a certain class of specific tendencies, but also of the physical necessity of self-support.

Let us not, however, take the whip for the horse, mistake the penalty upon idleness, useful though it be as a stimulus, for the power to act. A good many people had been hungry before "Vanity Fair" was written. The whole animal kingdom, bar one, might have starved to death without producing "A Man's a Man for a' that." Given the element of genius, the fall of an apple, the light striking on a pewter mug, may produce a wonderful result; but let us not bestow our worship on the mug or the apple on that account.

The hungers stand midway between the reflexes and the play instincts. They seem to be both too simple to require development through play, and in the case of the hungers for air and food too necessary to life to wait for it. They might apparently have been made purely reflex except for the advantages of inhibition. In the case of breathing, conscious action is as a rule not in the exercise of the function but in suspending it, and is of advantage only under such exceptional circumstances as choking or swimming under water.

There is thus, as it were, an aristocracy of instincts. On the one hand are the hungers, of a very simple nature, not

capable of development, susceptible of a material satisfaction, possessed by man in common with much lower forms of life. A primitive, earth-born race, their worship is the ancient worship of Demeter, the Earth Mother, giver of increase, and of Astarte, goddess of reproduction. Their decrees are enforced by physical penalties; their satisfaction, as Plato — perhaps too puritanically — pointed out, is not so much a positive gratification as an escape from pain.

On the other side stand the great achieving instincts which direct the child's growth through play, with their subordinates drawn up like non-commissioned officers in their train. These demand not a physical satisfaction, but the active service of an end. Their accent is not on what is to be got, but on what is to be done. They make the motive of the deed the doing of it: are enforced not, directly at least, by penalties, but by their own sheer authority. Their service does not pall through gratification; on the contrary, their power increases with our obedience. Their demand is not limited to a particular satisfaction, but is infinite and insatiable.

These are the outputting instincts, prescribing the form of man's effectiveness — the inclusive instincts, through which his whole nature gets expressed, avenues of his total discharge. The hungers, of course, are also active impulses: a passive instinct would be a contradiction. But the gratification they afford is largely passive — an assuagement, the quenching of a thirst. In the case of the play instincts, on the other hand, the gratification is in the doing and in the beauty of the thing accomplished.

It is with these latter also, rather than with the hungers, that we identify ourselves. When the creative instinct triumphs over hunger, the man feels that he himself has won. When fear or desire conquer the team sense of loyalty, he knows that he has lost. The one set of impulses form an

inner circle, if not our very self, yet close to it; the others are comparatively alien, are sometimes even felt as enemies to be kept at bay. It is true the play instincts also are sometimes felt to be the voice of something outside ourselves. But it is the voice of something higher, to which we owe allegiance.

The distinction holds for all the playing animals. The cat eats, breathes, reproduces her kind, in order that she and they may hunt. It is to that end that her blood circulates and her heart beats. Hunting is the sum total of her, including and explaining all the rest.

There is indeed an obvious sense in which the opposite is true, in which a hunting animal does not eat that he may hunt, but hunts in order that he may eat. Biologically speaking such is undoubtedly the more illuminating view; the lower instincts are the elder and, if not the parents, at least the taskmasters and beneficiaries, of the higher sort. Apollo was servant to Admetus. Each of the achieving instincts ministers to one or another of the more ancient and rudimentary. Hunting and the fashioning of tools and weapons serve the food hunger; upon the hunger of sex wait the instincts of single combat, — unpleasantly illuminated by the eye teeth of the human male — of song and of adornment. The nurturing instinct sprang, not indeed from sex, but from the correlative race-perpetuating instinct of love of offspring. Curiosity has become an abiding trait in the most successful creatures doubtless because of the material advantage it confers. Even rhythm must have been an aid to survival both through the greater endurance of drudgery and the closer social fusion which it favors. Membership itself, the source of loyalty and of the social virtues, represents the superiority of the group over the individual in the eternal struggle to survive.

And the lower still drive the higher instincts when driving

is necessary to their ends. Nature, as we have said, besides prescribing the specific forms of his effectiveness, gives to each creature this implacable, slave-driving motive to succeed.

But even so, insistent as the hungers are, the gods and not the giants have the last word. As we shall see more clearly in a later chapter, the achieving instincts are the more authoritative.

Finally, behind the main achieving instincts, there loom the outlines of larger, more inclusive ones. There seems to be an undifferentiated instinct to get busy, the "joy in being a cause" of some child students, illustrated in many little pointless tricks and habits, like swinging a cane or reading advertisements, and by countless exploits of the monkey or small boy variety. People speak of the instinct of self-preservation, and there seems to be such, in the ethical as well as in the physical sense. Every man, when he becomes conscious, desires instinctively not merely to stay alive, but to possess a life, to organize and unify existence, to get himself in harmony with the universe and it with him. The impulse of self-assertion, characteristic, as we shall see, of a whole period of growth, is a marked instance of the effect of this instinct in play and in the child's whole attitude toward life. Kant's Pure Reason is something of this nature and, as William James pointed out, is instinct in the wider sense; it is not reasoning, but a final authoritative intuition of what is what in conduct, inseparably combined with a categorical imperative to pursue the best.

Thus there are, within the class of the achieving instincts themselves, instincts both before and after the great directing ones, both nearer and farther than the spiritual focus. Play is, in the main, the service of those that occupy the central place, that remain in focus and prescribe the leading interests of life.

CHAPTER V

PLACE AND LIMITATIONS OF GROWTH THROUGH PLAY

PLAY is a part of the law of growth. It is not the whole of it; nature's specifications for her playing creatures are not all contained in the play instincts. And growth itself is not, of course, all powerful: much is already settled at the start.

In the first place there are physical limitations. There is given at the time of birth a wonderful and complex organism such as it has taken thousands of centuries to evolve — not a formless lump of tissue, but a miracle of the organization of matter to serve the purposes of mind. There is given a skeleton and a physical structure of a certain form, capable of only limited variation. All subsequent action and experience must build on this and can develop the creature thus presented only within certain limits, wide but inexorably fixed. No man can add a cubit to his stature by taking thought. A tiger's play instincts inserted in a child's body could never quite make a tiger of him, though they might go far in that direction. Every athlete knows that there is for him a physical limit which he can indefinitely approach but cannot pass. He can fail of the attainment of this limit; and he can modify his actual form within the boundaries thus set down by developing one part and neglecting another — as a man can write letters on a lawn by watering part and leaving the rest in drought. Or he can by constant straining induce more or less deformity. But he cannot jump out

of his skin nor project his body beyond the lines laid down for it.

And not only is the possible variation limited but there is a bias toward a certain form. There is, as it were, an ideal body waiting for each one of us, wrapped up in our vital principle, which we tend to live up into in proportion to the fullness of our physical life. Education seems only to confirm us in this destiny. The development of James yields simply more James. Exercising John makes him more Johnlike than ever. The case is a little like that of the foolscap paper we used to have at school, stamped with a raised representation of the Capitol at Washington which was barely visible when the paper was clean, but could be brought out in full detail by rubbing it over with a pencil.

Besides what is given in the bodily structure and in its fixed bias toward a particular form, much is also predetermined in the reflexes controlled by the nerve centers below the jurisdiction of the will. The function may in these cases make the organ, but the function itself is not intrusted to the mind. No man can directly modify the beating of his heart nor interfere in the mysteries of the digestive (or indigestive) process. Whether the potential body resides in these reflexes or in the organs themselves — or whether, as I suppose is more nearly the truth, law and substance, function and organ, are correlative expressions of a single process — in either case this part of the law of growth is outside the direct influence of the mind and of the play instincts that act through it.

Analogous to the wholly involuntary reflexes are those instincts — that is to say actions' prescribed, partly at least, to the mind, and not wholly to the lower nerve centers — whose operation is so simple as to require little or no practice, and which are not developed through play because not

needing such development. These are the hungers, already spoken of, which have apparently been placed under the jurisdiction of the mind, not to obtain its direction as to method, but in order that it may have power of inhibition or release — may say *when* but not *how*. Play has no direct part in the development of the jaws by eating or of the lungs by breathing, although, by inducing a healthy appetite for air and food, its indirect effects are of the greatest consequence. Whistling and chewing gum might perhaps be cited as direct play of the masticating and respiratory apparatus.

What is left, then, to the play instincts? Just what part do they actually have in the child's growth?

In the first place there is the power of release. The ideal body may be predetermined; it may be waiting for the child, although invisible, as the oak is waiting in the acorn; but there is still the momentous issue of its realization. What if it remains unborn? The growth of every child is the story of the Sleeping Beauty, in which play takes the part of the Prince. A potential body exists, but its actuality waits upon its use, and its use is prescribed in the play instincts. These are commissioned by Nature to touch off the train and reveal the structure she has planned.

The physical limitation upon the effects of play in growth is a limitation of amount and not of kind. It is not, as it were, a hostile limitation; the body and the instincts correspond; they are, like the tissues and the reflexes, correlative — two sides of the same fact, aspects of a single vital process. They represent the well-known partners in all physical phenomena, force and substance, and are related as falling is related to the stone. The hunting instinct is limited by the kitten's body only in that it is not the body of a tiger, or of some super-tiger of infinite prehensile power. But it

is also most wonderfully served by it. This is the sort of body it would have chosen — has chosen, indeed, among a million. It is the body which it has built up, or at least selected for itself, through all the centuries. The human body is almost equally adapted to the human instincts. Play in developing the child makes visible its own ideal, clothes itself in fitting actuality.

As we recede from the physical side of growth the dominion of the play instincts is wider and more obvious. Their effect is greater on the muscles than on the bones, on the nerves than on the muscles, and greatest in the building up of habits and acquired reflexes. For not all the reflexes are ready-made. Those that are necessary to carry on or to transmit physical life are given at the start, or make their appearance automatically later on. Those, on the other hand, that serve the higher impulses, that constitute the creature's special skill and make for him his place in the world of competition, are, in man and in the higher animals, acquired after birth. And they are acquired through the means of play.

It is a fact of cardinal importance that in the production of habits and acquired reflexes play has not merely a releasing, but a selective power. It is true, their general direction is prescribed, and that not merely by the nature of the play instincts themselves, but also by a corresponding bias of the whole nervous mechanism. It is not every kind of action that establishes a habit or secretes a reflex. Throwing with the right arm is readily acquired; for most men the power is less easily developed in the left. Acts that are distasteful, meaningless for us, can be repeated a thousand times and leave no trace, as witness the regular life of sailors on board ship, or the familiar case of boys who have been made to keep their clothes clean or wash their hands. Our very

arms and legs have prejudices of their own. As Bob Acres says: "Damme, my feet don't like being called paws," and they recalcitrate when bid to act as such. Action in the general direction of our major instincts, on the other hand, is sympathetic to the whole organism. The lower nerve centers are quickly interested: the game seems not wholly unfamiliar to them, and they respond in a reminiscent sort of way. The great play instincts and the body made to serve them are, as we have said, correlative, related not as clay to the sculptor, but rather as partners in a common enterprise — although one partner is the leader and has the power of initiative.

The general direction of the reflexes that shall be developed through play is thus prescribed, both in the nature of play itself and in the especial susceptibility of the organism to its purposes. But there is within the scope of these master instincts an almost infinite choice as to method: the building, fighting, creative instincts, and the rest, have each a great variety of issues. And the adaptive power of the subordinate centers corresponds. A man may hunt with a spear, a gun, a bow and arrow, or a hook and line, or he may be a fisher after men. So he may build huts or houses, temples, poems, laws, hypotheses; the creative impulse gets itself recorded with equal readiness in music, mausoleums, and mud pies. Competition, again, takes on an infinite variety of forms both in play and in grown-up life. We compete in sport and politics, in business, in art, religion, social intercourse, in civic architecture and women's dress. And according to the particular methods in which each instinct gets expressed, especially during childhood, are particular reflexes established and special skill acquired.

The truth is — and it is the most important truth in the whole matter of the constitution of the higher, play-built

animals — that nature's decree as given in the play instincts is never in completed form. There is always a gap between the terms of the order given and the method of its execution. Lincoln said that legs were the right length if they were long enough to reach the ground, but nature's great forming instincts, as set to work in the growing child, never quite reach the plane of action — never tell him precisely what to do. The orders they contain are brief and general: "Hunt," "Build," "Nurture," "Find out," "Belong," "Compete." A few supplementary directions are indeed added as to how these orders are to be carried out — as in the striking and throwing, walking, grasping impulses. But these supplementary instincts are themselves of a rather general nature and never furnish a complete or exclusive code. Nor are there established reflexes sufficient to mark out the exact path of the discharge. It is here that the great function of play comes in. Its business is to fill in the gap thus left between these general orders and their execution with habits and acquired reflexes, to develop skill — precipitate each of the master instincts, within the limits of its general scope, upon some form of specialized efficiency. Through daily practice in specific methods, play brings each of the great human impulses down to earth and makes it applicable along special lines.

Even in comparatively simple matters, the same rule holds. When it is time for the baby to use his legs, Nature speaks not to the muscles but to the child. She whispers "Kick," and leaves him to find out how; and no two children do even their kicking just alike. So when it is time to walk, Nature says merely "Walk," — at first not even that, but only "Locomote" — and leaves the whole transit problem on his hands; or perhaps I should say on his hands and knees.

Play thus creates in man and in the higher animals what we call a second nature, supplementary to the first and essential to its practical efficiency. Without the acquirement of this second nature the play creature would remain forever vague, unfinished, inapplicable to the real affairs of life. The gap between impulse and execution would remain unfilled. A play-inheriting animal that does not play will be one whose nature does not reach, a creature on a grand design whose development has been arrested, able to dream of great things but less able to execute than the rudimentary natures whose simpler plan has been fully carried out. If Nature says "Play," you must play or never quite be born.

The function of play in growth is, then, to realize the potential body, and to supplement the impulses which the major instincts give in general terms by habits and reflexes, making them efficient to specific ends.

CHAPTER VI

ADVANTAGES OF BEING A PLAY-BUILT ANIMAL

It is to the more general nature of his master instincts — not in his case the hungers, but the instincts that have charge of his effective life — and to the wider gap thus left between these instincts and their discharge that man's superiority to the other animals is due. In the lowest forms of life there is no such gap at all. There is, indeed, no mind by which what we call an instinct could be felt or a purpose entertained. The impulses which govern action prescribe its exact form, with no margin left for variation; in these the appropriate stimulus pulls the trigger, as it were, and the movement follows with a fatal precision and uniformity. Theirs is the psychology of the steel trap — “dead open and shut” — like the way our own eyes wink without our help when anything comes too near them.

When we reach the level at which action is not always precipitated by a mere sensual stimulus, but is sometimes directed toward an object perceived by the animal as existing outside himself — so that the problem of adjusting movement to the reaching or avoidance of such object is introduced — the gap between instinct and execution begins to show itself. A toad may have a very simple-hearted and unequivocal instinct to jump at flies, subject to few inhibitions; there may be very little of the Hamlet about him on the particular question of to jump or not to jump. But nevertheless the instinct to “jump-at-flies”, which I suppose is about the form of the decree, is no longer a simple,

perfectly specific impulse. It has within itself an unfinished and contingent element. The toad must at least, in each particular case, turn himself in the right direction and judge his distance. The command contains the implied supplementary clause "in such direction and at such range as the special circumstances may require." The instinct does not itself reach to the actual fly, and the gap thus left must be filled in by a special adjustment in each case.

A human parallel to this degree of generality of instinct, though by no means an exact one, is in the impulse of the small boy to throw things at a cat. The instinctive command "throw something at her" is given without qualification and received without misgiving, but the command does not give the range or the direction in a specific case. These necessary determinations must be made, and action adapted to them, by some supplementary mechanism.

The higher we rise in the scale of animal life, the wider this gap becomes between a given impulse and its execution. The hunting instinct in the higher carnivora, for instance, is very general in its nature, leaving the creature in each particular case a vast and difficult problem as to its execution. There are, it is true, certain subordinate instincts — of lying in wait, pursuing, seizing — ready, like well-trained subalterns, to fill in at special points in the execution of the decree. But these subordinate, more executive instincts have not only to be selected and applied, each at the appropriate moment, by some controlling principle, but they are themselves partly indefinite and leave, in each particular application, a vast space to be filled in by special adaptations — as in the choice of position, avoiding obstacles, taking short cuts, heading off the game. I knew of a fox who scraped out for himself a hiding place on the top of a bunker on a golf course so that he could lie in wait there

and spring out on the crows who used to promenade in the close vicinity. It is a long way from even his set of hunting impulses to such an application of them. And in the converse case, where one of these creatures is not hunting but being hunted, there is abundant evidence from hunters and trappers of the extraordinary sagacity they show in solving the stratagems used against them and avoiding their effects. Every such expedient carries out an instinct, but it is also in addition to it: the instinct does not carry out itself.

The various commands, "shut," "seize," "hunt," — implanted respectively in the jellyfish, the toad, and the fox, — represent three widely separated degrees of generality, and the creatures that severally respond to them are correspondingly separated in the degree of their adaptability, and of the intelligence by which the necessary adaptations are supplied.

In the human instincts by far the highest degree of generality is reached. Man's peculiarity in this respect is apparently due to the human hand and to the far greater variety in the expression of his instincts made possible to him by the possession of this most adaptable of members. The hand is not only in itself the finest and most wonderful of tools, but, through its powers of shaping and wielding other instruments, it bestows the freedom of the whole world of mechanics, opening up practical opportunities in a geometric ratio and making the world, to its possessor, a different place from what it is to any other creature. While the other hunting animals, for instance, are limited in final execution, and therefore in every method leading up to it, to the use of mouth or claw, man hunts with bow or sling or trap or gun, with net or spear or hook; calls in to his assistance the dog, the horse, the falcon; makes boats, even

plants forests and digs out ponds, to help him. And all this he does as hunter alone, to say nothing of the wonderful variety of choice opened out to him between hunting and his many other ways of getting on. In him the angle of variation in the discharge of his innate impulses has widened from a few degrees to a whole circle. Indeed man's methods of execution have finally exceeded their original charter and found — for better and for worse — methods of attaining material ends that are outside the scope of his achieving instincts.

In the case of man the gap between instinct and execution is thus by far the widest, and the need of some way of filling it is correspondingly great. It is, as I have said, in the filling of this gap that play takes its important part in growth. It is indeed because of this gap that there is such a thing as play — or rather it is for the sake of play, and of the adaptations it can bring about, that such a gap exists. The superiority of the play-built animals, and of man especially, is largely the result of these adaptations and of the mechanism of adaptation which they have necessitated.

At first sight, indeed, the superiority might seem to be upon the other side. The play-built animal has, not only in his prolonged period of helplessness, but even in his final make-up, some obvious disadvantages. He is always in a sense an amateur as compared with his more clear-cut rivals. The ready-made animals are the true specialists. They are practical folks, not troubled by theory nor given to hesitation, enjoying a perfect freedom from the inhibitions that distract the more complicated products of the play method. Each of them knows only one thing, but he knows that one thing well. The snapping turtle asks no questions, has no discursive curiosity, but acts at once and with precision as occasion calls. Such a creature will often possess,

almost from birth, a higher degree of skill in his own specialty than his play-built rival can ever acquire. When opening and shutting are what the situation calls for, the "dead-open-and-shut" psychology has an advantage with which no other mechanism can compete. While the play-built theorist is pondering the situation his more simple rival gets the thing done.

Man, as the most play-built of all the animals, most general in his native impulses, is the most amateurish and almost the clumsiest of all. He can do everything a little, but, by the specialist's standard, nothing well. The horse, and a hundred others, can beat him at running, the fish at swimming, the squirrel at climbing, the wolf at biting — and so on. He is not quick at anything — up to a really competitive degree — unless at some action like winking, in which he is still on the level of the ready-made. His attempts at speed are, from the hunting creatures' point of view, merely ludicrous. Man can never hope to possess the advantages of specialization as many of his rivals do.

To make up for these immense advantages of the ready-made, the play-built animal has two compensations: he is finished to fit actual conditions, and he can discriminate.

By the former advantage I mean that the gap between the instincts and their execution is filled, not merely by special adaptation of his actions in each specific case, but by permanent adaptations of habit and structure which become a part of the creature's bodily and nervous constitution. A *second nature* is acquired to supplement the first. The play-built animal starts with an imperfect outfit of established reflexes, but with the power to acquire new ones applicable to the conditions which he finds. The ready-made creature must survive or perish according to whether the world he encounters exactly fits the set of aptitudes

he brings. He has no power of adaptation. He is the true conservative, the genuine and consistent Tory of the animal kingdom, who must, by his very construction both of body and mind, live by the plan that worked well for his ancestors, or die. The play-built creature, on the other hand, is partly made to order. He is sent into the world merely roughed out, to the end that he may be finished to suit the market. His skill may never be so perfect as that of the aboriginally specialized; he will always be a little hesitating and a little slow. But what he can do will be more nearly what the actual circumstances require.

Man especially, though he can never rival the born specialists in their several lines, has a vastly greater range of skill to choose from; and, through the instinctive practice of play during its plastic period, his uncommitted nervous system comes to embody his chosen method. He can adapt not only his actions but, as we say, "*adapt himself*" to circumstances — drilling his own body and nerve centers into a special instrument for the sort of hunting, fighting, building, called for by his actual surroundings.

The other great advantage of the play method of growth is that the gap left, according to that method, between instinct and action has constituted an unconditional demand for mind. To be driven on to action by insistent instincts, and yet to be left every day, as to very many actions, to work out the specific method of their execution under the infinitely varying conditions of actual life, is to be placed in the position familiarly known as up against it, — a position in which you must use your mind if you have any, and evolve one immediately if you have not. Such necessity has been, in most literal sense, the mother not only of invention but of the special organ that invents — or that releases the inventive faculty. The demand for adaptation calls

imperatively for an adapting plant, a central office to which the instant daily problems may be referred ; and the answer to the demand has been the human mind. The gap in man and the higher animals between instinct and action has been filled in by their superior intelligence as the gap between ground and fruit is spanned by the neck of the giraffe. So absolute is this connection between the demand and the supply that the two kinds of development — progressive indefiniteness of instinct and increasing brain power — must always have gone hand in hand.

To enlarge on the positive advantages of mind over no mind is perhaps unnecessary. But there is one negative advantage that is worth remembering. The mind of the play-built creature not only adapts action to circumstances in each particular case and, during infancy, builds up the reflexes to fit actual conditions, but it also retains a supervisory control over the reflexes it has itself established. Having been there at "the biggin o't" — having indeed been itself the drillmaster — it knows each reflex from the ground up, and like Napoleon, "the little corporal," can at any time take the musket from the private soldier and instruct him in the manual of arms. If the subordinate nerve centers go wrong, or if for any reason it becomes desirable to alter or suspend their operation, the mind can interpose a veto or take command.

The ready-made animal responds to appropriate stimulus with the swiftness and accuracy, but also with the fatality, of a chemical reaction. Darwin tells of a pike who was placed in an aquarium separated by a glass partition from some small fish, his natural prey. As soon as he saw the fish he darted at them and of course came into collision with the glass. He repeated this performance, at intervals, for about three months, often striking with such force as

to stun himself. Contrast an experiment with a more theorizing creature. A monkey was given some eggs wrapped up in pieces of paper. Then, after he got accustomed to opening the paper and eating the eggs, he was given a wasp similarly wrapped up, who when the paper was opened promptly flew out and stung him. For the monkey that single experiment was enough; he did not get caught a second time. But neither did he rush to the conclusion that all things wrapped up in paper are dangerous; he simply held each piece up to his ear and gave it a shake before he opened it, and so continued successfully to extract the eggs without again encountering the wasp.

Or take the familiar human instance of the suburbanite going to the train. His legs carry him to the station a hundred mornings, not only doing the walking but turning out from obstacles with very little assistance from the mind. But on the hundred and first occasion, when a horse suddenly has hysteria upon the sidewalk, or an automobile begins a set of novel evolutions in the street where he has to cross, his mind instantly resumes control, and he has stopped, jumped, and perhaps even hazarded an opinion as to the mental capacity of the driver, in nearly as short a time as his legs would have required to take a single step.

The self-taught operations of the playing animal are still shot through with mind, which wanders like a searchlight over the whole field of action, passing from the most minute direction of detail to a sublime obliviousness even of highly complicated combinations. Presence of mind and absent-mindedness mark the varying moods of this great administrator, who has made this unskillful body of ours go so far in competition with its more expert rivals. The guinea pig in a famous experiment was much quicker at the start;

he knew it all much sooner than the rat. But the rat, from not knowing it all so soon, found that there was a much greater "all" to know than was ever revealed to any guinea pig.

So that, within the gap left between impulse and execution by the general nature of the play instincts, nature has built two notable kinds of structure: first, adaptation of the organism to actual conditions; and second, the mind itself, under whose direction the adaptations are made, which keeps a supervisory control of all, and strikes out new and special combinations as emergency requires.

CHAPTER VII

PLAY AND TEACHING

THERE is one especial kind of adaptation exemplified in the play-built creatures and by man especially, not mentioned in the foregoing chapter, which is nevertheless of vital importance. I mean social adaptation, the building into the individual, in the form of habits and acquired reflexes, not merely of special aptitudes to meet existing physical conditions, but of forms of skill found by previous generations to be advantageous.

Man learns not merely from his physical environment but from social intercourse, especially that of children with their elders. He is the pupil creature. If experience is the only school that fools will learn at, he surely is not altogether a fool. He learns very largely from example, takes advantage during infancy of his soft and uncommitted nature to form himself upon the experience of his own racial past. He thus secures a cumulative inheritance — each generation, as in a coral reef, building upon those that have gone before.

Man thus selects his future self in the light of the traditions of his race. By the time he is grown up he is, not by intention alone but by acquired bent, a citizen, a member of the family — a hunter, fighter, musician, artist, lawyer, mechanic — according to existing custom and the knowledge of his time and people. His social, like his physical, inheritance has been salted away in his spinal marrow and is now a part of him. He is in his habits, reflexes, and very physi-

cal structure the heir to all that his past generations have discovered.

This acquirement of socially developed adaptations has not been left to chance. There is in every child a special instinct, that of imitation, to insure his copying at least the more usual and more striking occupations of his elders and so acquiring those forms of skill in which their special efficiency consists. The Indian boy practices incessantly with bow and arrow. Among civilized people the parental occupation is apt to be less fascinating and in most cases less visible to the child. But whenever by good luck his father does do a few chores at home, the boy follows him about and wants to imitate him. He would follow him to war or to the hunt, to field or stable or workshop, and would learn with joy from him how to make arrows or boats, how to milk the cow or shingle the barn, if he but had the chance. "Helping mother" is the small child's favorite, as well as his most troublesome, pursuit.

The natural surroundings of a growing child include the occupations of grown-up life. The home was the original workshop. The segregation of industry, removing from the child his natural copy, is a modern and, educationally considered, a disastrous innovation.

And the instinct of imitation applies not merely in the home. Small boys instinctively worship bigger boys, receiving instruction from them — even when imparted in wonderfully unsympathetic ways — with a docility that is a marvel to their long-suffering parents. They seem positively to court abuse from these fierce pedagogues of their instinctive choice. As they grow older the college athlete or the great baseball player becomes their god, whose manner, walk, and speech they imitate and whose exploits form their ideal of heroism.

Besides the instinct of imitation, the belonging instinct affords a powerful motive of acquisition. The child longs to make good as a member both of the home and of the team, and religiously exercises himself in the means of doing so.

Conversely, to meet the learning instincts of the child, there is a teaching instinct on the other side. The mother cat wiggles her tail to set her children running after it, and it is said that kittens so coached are as advanced in five days as uneducated kittens are in eight. There you have the beginning of the school. Mother birds give lessons in flying; all birds that are at all musical take singing lessons. Scientists have even maintained that young otters are taught to swim.¹ Among humans mother and child are instinctively teacher and pupil, as anyone can see, although the teaching is not all on one side. Every parent, every bigger boy or girl, indeed every man or woman, desires to instruct. Mother, father, big boy, older sister, teacher, prophet, writer, are all examples of this instinct.

Out of these complementary instincts, of the child to learn and of his elders to instruct, have grown all the industries and all the arts. Reading, writing, language itself, are among the products of this combination, though the last named seems also to have a special instinct of its own.

Learning from their elders is as natural to children as chasing, wrestling, or playing doll. To cut them off from the opportunity to learn, whether in the home, in the school, or on the playground, would be to deprive them not only of a necessary part of education but of an essential element in play. The lonely, untaught child is a crudely artificial product. To leave a child alone in order that he may have a full chance to be himself is like giving a fish real liberty

¹ George E. Johnson — "Why Teach a Child to Play?" Printed by Playground Association of America, 1 Madison Ave., N.Y.

by taking him from the obstructing medium of the water. Social inheritance through teaching is as definitely provided for in instinctive play as is physical inheritance through bodily structure and the fixed reflexes.

Teaching is thus a necessary part of play because the play instincts themselves call for it. But teaching enhances play for another reason also — namely, because play, like all other human pursuits, is itself a social as well as a physical inheritance, handed down partly by tradition, not wholly evolved by each generation for itself. Children do not inherit baseball any more than they inherit the Lord's Prayer, as George E. Johnson truly says. They inherit tag in rudimentary form, just as puppies do, but they do not inherit cross tag, hill dill, or prisoners' base. The play instincts are a constant factor in every generation, but their satisfaction is partly a matter of discovery. The best games are gradually evolved, and handed on from one generation to another. A good game is a work of genius, a happy interpretation of the inherited spiritual nature of mankind. Of our whole social inheritance our games and other socially developed satisfactions of the play instincts, including the fine arts and the conventions on which they rest, are our most emancipating legacy. Men have developed expressions of their spiritual nature deeper and more satisfying than those that unassisted nature ever taught, the loss of which would leave us poor indeed.

The tradition of most of the great games has been a long one. Baseball, as we know, has been a gradual evolution out of rounders; and ball in one form or another goes back to the days of Nausicaa at least. Football traces its ancestry from English and German "camp ball" — which means *Kämpfen*, or fight, ball and traces its lineage back to Roman times — down to its American development under the pro-

phetically named Walter Camp. Tennis was an ancient game when Macænas played it on the famous embassy to Brundisium, while Horace and Virgil were kept indoors by weak eyes and a weak digestion. A rich play tradition is a precious national possession. Our present games are the selected fruit of centuries, survivors of a thousand forms of play that all the ages have discovered, the accumulated legacy of eternal childhood to the children of the present day.

The notion that play and teaching are incompatible, that in order to give a child a chance to act out his own nature you must leave him alone, is based on a false idea of the nature of the child and of the relation between play and leadership.

From the child's power, not merely of acquiring knowledge from his elders, but of being molded in accordance with it, ensues the vast influence of education. Man is the learning animal, the disciple, sitting at the feet of his elders and being, not instructed merely, but informed by what he learns. The child cannot, it is true, be wholly molded, as unimaginative pedagogues once supposed, according to the whim or prejudices of his elders. There are boundaries set, both in his physical structure and inherited reflexes, beyond or aside from which he cannot be extended. The child himself — all that he is as an active principle — is contained in the great achieving instincts that direct his play, and it is only in the manifestation of these that he can be made effective. Successful schemes of education are consciously based upon these instincts. The kindergarten frankly adopts the forms of play. The Jesuit system makes great use of the instinct of competition. Greek education, the most successful the world has seen, was based largely

on the rhythmic instinct. It is of no use to go outside the bounds of nature and try to educate a child who is not there. But within these limits there is, though not an unbounded, yet an infinite, variety of choice, and in this choice momentous issues are involved.

It is true, and most important to observe, that though education is thus based on play it is not all play — at least no good education is. A circumstance fraught with much misunderstanding upon this whole subject is that the first acquisition of what is destined to become an instrument of the spiritual life is not necessarily itself an exhilarating experience, but may, on the contrary, be mere drudgery and vexation. Discouraging initiation often attends the course of true play, from the first game of tag, in which you are always “it,” up to the learning of irregular Greek verbs — a drudgery justified only by the power it ultimately confers. Better chisel your boat out of a hollow log than never sail at all. The school, foreseeing the future emancipation to be won, leads the pupil onward even when the road is rough and hard to travel. The multiplication table may not be a joy during the period of its acquisition, but it is a key to many doors you will be glad to open later on. The alphabet may seem hard at first — worse than learning to skate — but the fairyland it leads to is worth the sacrifice.

But always the good school will put behind the drudgery as much of the living spirit as it can. It will recognize the value of making sacrifice for an ideal; but it will not exalt unconsecrated sacrifice. It will recognize that drudgery has disciplinary value only in virtue of the motive that triumphs over it.

Education — which is the promotion of growth, child culture — will include teaching both in the school and on the playground; but it will never conclude, because teaching

is part of the law of growth, that it is the whole of it. It will not omit life itself in order to supply one necessary means of living. I believe that man can improve upon Nature, that Nature herself provides for such improvement, and that teaching has a most important place in education; but I do not believe that we can, for that reason, ignore what Nature has decreed. We can supplement her law, but we shall not learn to supersede it. The way in which she has put it in the flower's heart to grow is, in its main lines, to be its way of growth if it ever is to grow at all.

CHAPTER VIII

PLAY AND GYMNASTICS

PLAY demands teaching, which thus becomes a part of the law of growth. Children, as a result of their own instinctive tendencies, are molded upon the traditions of their race. And teaching, as we have seen, also usefully directs action, and so determines growth, even when not called for by the play instincts: children may sometimes profitably be taught what they do not desire to learn.

What is thus true of the teaching of facts and conventions is true also of drill, both physical and mental — of training as well as of teaching in the more general sense.

We all know that gymnastic exercises, for instance, produce muscle although they are anything but play. It is evident also that a sailor or a day laborer, whose occupation must be largely drudgery, does nevertheless gain physical development. People learn the mechanics, at least, of playing the piano by practicing, which need not for that purpose be play to the performer any more than it is a joy to the neighbors. The same is true of many forms of skill. Athletic training, even when it is mere drudgery, produces something of the desired result. The mind itself may be developed by studies unwillingly pursued. Work — getting a job and sticking to it, regardless of liking or disliking — is probably the best promoter of the growth of young people at a certain stage; but this last, as we shall see in the next chapter, is not really an instance of going outside the play motives.

It seems, indeed, that not only play but any form of activity that exercises an organ will develop it. Running from a bull, if not indulged in to excess, must be excellent training for the heart and lungs. Even massage — to take an instance at the other extreme as regards intensity of interest — produces muscular growth.

Generally speaking, whatever is exercised will grow. The important question then, as to any given activity from the educational point of view, is: What powers and organs does it exercise? For it is certain, at least, that the growth induced by it will go no deeper than the action went: an organ not used will not be affected, nor any organ in a way that it was not used. Massage or gymnastics, though they will develop the muscles, will not reach the mind — at least in the way that play, using the same muscles, would have reached it. Nor will they establish the same relation between mind and muscle. The arm of a gymnast is a good arm in its anatomical aspect, but it is not the boxer's arm, nor the carpenter's, nor the violinist's. It has large muscles; but it is not, except in the evolutions that produced it, the trained servant of the brain.

So far indeed as man is Gymnast gymnastic exercise is an education to him — and there is a monkey element in human nature that is worth appealing to at the right age. In Germany, also, Father Jahn put behind gymnastics the instinct of patriotism. The Turners saw the restored fatherland in their swelling biceps and felt that as they circled the bar they made the world go round — as it often seems to dizzy beginners in this simple-hearted evolution. In truth it is not always possible to know just what a given exercise will develop, because it is not possible to know just what it really is. We can see the motions of the arms and legs, but not the inner motives that produced them. But of this

at least we may be sure; that whatever the action truly was — whatever its depth or shallowness — the result will go no deeper. The surface movement will produce only surface results. Nothing will be strengthened or enlarged that was not exercised.

The same is true of gymnastics of the mind. If they are mere gymnastics — the performance of certain intellectual movements, without the enlistment of a deeper interest — then, at most, only the power to repeat such movements will be acquired. We may in this way develop very perfect automata perhaps; bits of machinery such as business men sometimes call upon the schools to furnish them, turned out to order, and all sufficiently alike to be practically interchangeable without unnecessary friction or expense. This is the way also, carried a little further, in which “smarties” are produced — little creatures “bright as a steel trap” who can go through the motions perfectly, show off their school accomplishments without slipping a cog; and who manifest as much development of heart or understanding, as much enlistment in the important interests of life, as a mechanical doll. As Max O'Rell said of the products of the French schools, “The pupils learn their lessons so perfectly that they keep on reciting them all the rest of their lives.”

Surface activities produce only surface growth. If muscle disassociated from mind, or mental processes divorced from vital interest, were the true end of education, such activities would constitute the proper means. Gymnastics, mental and physical, are justly dear to those who hold that thought is dangerous. They are the next best thing to no education. They may even be superior from that point of view, as leaving both mind and body muscle-bound — producing an outer shell of flesh and habit that is difficult

to break through and may imprison thought more effectively than the absence of any development at all.

But to those who desire not to insure against education but to promote it — who would liberate the soul, not wall it up forever in a living prison — mere surface activity represents a fatal loss. The development of muscle or of intellectual facility is to these not an end but an opportunity, important only as a way to something more. Muscle is valued not as contractile tissue but as the vehicle of will. The question is not of meat but of mind, and of the realization of vital purposes. Muscle and mind alike are organs of the soul, to be developed as its thoroughfare, drilled under its direction and to its needs. That exercise is lost in which they were not made more pervious to its demands.

And as the moral purpose drills the body and brain it also forms itself — builds character back into the organism as deep as quality can go. A radical objection to mere gymnastics as a means of education is the absence from it of complete enlistment. It is a school of half-heartedness, inducing a habit of action that starts halfway to the surface instead of from the depths. A man's nature should be radial, proceeding from the central essence of him — single, integral, clear as a bell, sound as a nut, without rift or fissure or any half intention. There should be, between thought and act, no fiber that is impervious or slack, no joint that wobbles. Growth should, accordingly, be from the center out, should spring from the inmost depth from which motive power can be fetched.

Even bodily development is most successfully achieved when the deeper forces are at work. The doctors have long recognized that healthful exercise is not simply a matter of muscular contraction. There must be an object, there must be interest, there must be exhilaration: to produce

the best results the mind as well as the body must be engaged. In short the action that cures is along the line of the instinctive interests. Trainers also, whether of horses or of men, give the same testimony. To put on weight, to gain or hold the fullest strength, horse or athlete must enjoy his work, must find play in it as he goes along. A leg, indeed, can push, or an arm muscle contract, in exercises prescribed by conscience, or stimulated merely by a desire to get strong, and increase of tissue will follow such exercises. But arm or leg takes little comfort in the work; it does not get from it the joy of full discharge, nor reach its highest power as a result of it. You may put the various numbers through their paces — following, if you choose, the motions of a hunt or a football game; but the muscles know the difference and will never fully respond to such uninspired command. To get the whole growth of any organ you must put your whole soul back of it, because so only can you get its full reaction.

The question is one of substance and not of form. Stunts may take the likeness of gymnastics; and these are a valuable expression of the fighting and competing instinct. A setting up drill, with such further exercises as shall insure a minimum of bodily efficiency, may be made a ritual of patriotic observance and so become illuminated by the great team instinct.

It is true also, in spite of all that must be said of their meager educational value, that even gymnastics proper — pure uninspired gymnastics — do have a place in the training of the child. They are often necessary in the correction of faulty posture or habit or of physical malformation. But they should be classed with dentistry and orthopedics as having a surgical and corrective rather than an educational effect.

Gymnastics have their place, but it is always a subsidiary one, never of the first importance. That action alone develops the whole organism in which the whole organism is engaged. Man is inevitably, under whatever variations, the incarnation of the great forth-putting instincts that control his play in infancy and dominate his later life — the instincts of creation, nurture, hunting, fighting, and the rest, by means of which he holds his position in the world. Outside the scope of these he is not found. In the deepest sense he *is* these instincts. They are the ultimate fact about him, his active projection into the world of being. They constitute the final and irreducible substance of which he is composed. His body is their tool, his mind and heart are emanations of them. A man who is not creator, nurturer, scientist, fighter, hunter, poet, citizen, does not exist; he must be these or nothing. You may prevent a child from growing up, but you cannot, by any necromancy yet discovered, turn him into a book or a machine.

CHAPTER IX

PLAY AND WORK

PLAY is the form in which the major, achieving, instincts act and through which true growth takes place. But is it the only form? Our friend the kitten has been chasing the ball — dodging, leaping, pouncing, lying in wait, and springing out on it. She finds in such activity the direct and glad expression of her nature. But behind it all is one controlling motive. You can see that to her the ball stands for mouse — for what the mouse will some day mean to her — and that it will appear as such when she has got it fully and finally unwound. And then one day it *is* a mouse; the living creature starts before her and she pursues. Does her interest suddenly cease on such occasion, and with it the educational result? Such we know is far from being the case. On the contrary, all her nature wakes; she is suddenly all cat; her feline soul flames up in her as never before. At the touch of reality the last internal barrier gives way and her full power is born.

In the same way the boy has been pursuing, through all his childish games, a phantom stag. Suddenly the real stag comes in sight. Is the chase less interesting on that account? Instead of finding out what is inside his sister's doll or looking for new specimens in the field or woods, he is now trying to solve some business problem. The sand pile has become a real house to work on. Whittling has turned into carpentry, sculpture, or manufacture. The fight is a real fight to make and hold a place. The team has

become a business, a city, a country to be served. Are these new purposes less instinctive than the old? Are they not on the contrary objects of a more passionate pursuit, means of a more complete fulfillment, the reality of which his former interests were but the shadow?

Do these new more realistic fulfillments of the play instincts still deserve the name of play? So high an authority as Herr Groos holds that they do not. He distinguishes sharply between play and those "serious" activities, serving a practical biological purpose, for which it is the preparation. And it is true that when these activities take place after the period of infancy they are no longer play in the sense of contributing to growth — or at least not in anything like the same degree as formerly. But on the other hand, considered as what they are, not in their effects but in themselves, as seen from the inside, they differ from what Herr Groos and everybody else recognizes as play only in being more intense. They proceed from identically the same motives, have the same method of operation, and afford precisely the same satisfaction, in the new relation as in the old. They are the operation of the same forces though in a more intense degree and in a larger field.

The new and the old fulfillments of the play instincts — work and play — are often even identical in form. We think of the little girl playing with her doll, the small boy with his toy bow, and we say that real motherhood and real hunting are something very different. But the little girl plays also with her baby brother, and the acme of her satisfaction comes when her mother goes out and leaves him wholly in her care. Play is now in her case performing its "serious" biological function. You cannot say that it is not also work unless you confine the work of the nurturing instinct either to what is paid for, thereby excluding

the mother, or to the case of physical maternity, excluding the paid nurse of ninety years.

The little boy for his part shoots not only with blunt but with sharp arrows or with a gun ; and when he is allowed to go on a real hunt with his father it is the fulfillment of his dreams. What is the full play of the hunting instinct if it is not hunting?

The fights of gangs, to take another instinct, develop insensibly into the fighting bands of primeval war. Indeed real war among savages or in barbaric times, or as viewed even by modern aristocracies, in whom the barbaric tradition is preserved, is carried on not for utilitarian ends, which the warrior caste has ever despised, but for its own sake as a form of sport. So children's mud pies develop gradually into huts built as well as their tools and materials will allow, often better than the real houses of their early human ancestors. The obsession of the small boy is carpentry, and his achievements in that direction will often overlap in practicality those later recognized as work.

Membership, again, whether in team or gang, grows insensibly, as we shall see, into political and social consciousness. As for rhythm and curiosity, the expression of these in play takes from the first identically the same forms which later, as art and science, are recognized as among our most serious pursuits. And there is an element of art or science in all first-rate achievement, in good work of any kind.

The truth is that each play instinct finds in appropriate work the heart of its desire, a satisfaction like the old, but with a new reality added. It has tasted blood. Real life is normally not the antithesis but the completed form of play, its apotheosis, the coming true of all it prophesied. We have all seen the effect on a boy or young man of getting

a job. If it is a real job, with responsibility in it, and if it does not come too soon, it is the most rapid known promoter of his education. Under its influence the boy becomes suddenly a man. You can see it in his face the first evening; it will affect his bodily form and carriage within a week. Real work is not a denial, but a fulfillment of the great play instincts. As such it is a very potent means of growth.

Grown-up work, it is true, does not represent reality to the little child. To him the sand house is still the real one and the social order is represented not in business or political organizations, but in the ring game. The making of a great big house to live in — if he is so fortunate as to witness that operation — is indeed a fascinating thing to watch, as it is fascinating to grown-up people to watch the stars or to study the growth of trees. The carpenter is to him a hero, a Dædalus, a Wayland Smith revisiting this fairy-haunted world; but his work is, like the growing of the grass, the passing of the seasons, a cosmic fact wholly outside the sphere of one's own practical pursuits. The ball team also, during its early sway, is more real than any grown-up institution. Democrat, Republican, firm, or corporation, are as yet mythical and unreal. Governor, president, director, general manager, are shadowy figures, far off, lacking the color and compelling reality of pitcher, short or half-back. Play is the work of childhood, which no precocious interest in grown-up tasks can supersede. Home work, it is true, is real from an early age because home membership is also real; but work in other forms is still barren of the serious interest that belongs to play.

At a certain age, however, there comes a change. At fourteen or thereabouts both boy and girl begin to see their grown-up life as real. A real home for themselves first

looms as possible, then opens out as the most real thing there is. The same thing happens in the case of other grown-up interests. From fourteen to twenty-one — the apprentice years, justly recognized as such by our forbears — work and play, the grown-up world and the child's world, each contain reality. Baseball and holding down or preparing for a job are both real life and both accordingly have an educational effect. Finally the new kind of satisfaction becomes the keener, the real mouse is more compelling than the ball of yarn, the swaying grass blade, or the mother's writhing tail, laying brick more satisfying than making a hut back in the wood lot, running an engine more real than running for a fly, and we say the infant is grown up. After twenty-one work alone — taken in the broadest sense — is wholly real or most deeply educational.

True work is the highest form of play; but it is always the play element in work that is the most important. The play motive is the deepest and most serious. It is deeper than the hungers: the artist starves himself for art; the student renounces love and fortune to vindicate his vision of the truth; the artisan postpones reward to workmanship. The master of any calling cares for his work first; the pay is secondary. Policemen, firemen, nurses, doctors, engineers, are every day giving their lives in obedience to a deeper instinct than the love of life. What we mean by a profession — *i.e.* by work that is taken seriously — is the predominance in it of interest in the work itself over ulterior motives. The kitten doubtless will eat the mouse when she has killed him; hunger may be a subsidiary motive in the chase, but it is not the strongest motive. It is neither the original explosive nor the directing force; it gives no specific powers, but only serves to bribe the powers that exist. What generates force, grants inspiration — what

transcends the instruments it finds and carries the whole creature beyond himself — is the active, forth-putting instinct, the outcropping in his heart of those purposes that created and still sustain him. The instincts to which this power belongs are the same in work and play, the same identical motives inspiring each.

“Not in the ground of need, not in bent and painful toil, but in the deep-centered play-instinct of the world, in the joyous mood of the eternal Being, which is always young, Science has her origin and root; and her spirit, which is the spirit of genius in moments of elevation, is but a sublimated form of play, the austere and lofty analogue of the kitten playing with the entangled skein, or of the eaglet sporting with the mountain winds.” So sings Professor Keyser of Columbia, a mathematician who has gone deep enough to catch the play spirit of the spheres. Of course science is play — real science, that is to say, the science that is the true adventure of the mind. It is the play of the great instinct, curiosity — exploring the universe, learning with joy its story, as the child follows up the brook or listens to the murmur in the shell.

Of course art is play — the linking together of forms and tones and colors, of voices and rhythms, in obedience to the infinite leadings of the creative instinct.

Even industry is truly valuable for the play element that it contains. It is true, our civilization has discovered forms of industrial work that do not satisfy the human instincts as did that industrial system which Mother Nature designed us to pursue — not even the peaceful instincts of nurture, construction, rhythm. We have invented drudgery and condemned whole populations to it as their part in life, and have thereby introduced a tragedy of disappointed powers that is the serious problem of our modern world.

But the virtue which still persists in daily work, even in its most desiccated form — and it is a saving virtue after all — is in its satisfaction of at least one of the great play instincts. The mark of work is duty. Its essence is responsibility, discharge of obligation. What we mean by work is doing our part, taking our share of the burden, holding up our end. Work is not necessarily paid — witness that of mothers, housewives, scientists, soldiers, leaders of thought and conduct. Pay is an evidence of service, not of the essence of it. But work is necessarily something required of us; its essence is the fulfillment of social obligation. And the sense of social obligation, of holding up our end, is a part of the sense of membership. It is a manifestation of the great belonging instinct. The laws of society would not run through us and command our will if we were not by nature parts of society, and if it were not a part of us. Duty and responsibility are motives that attach to us as social beings.

Work in short is a function of the great team instinct. It is the fulfillment by us in our individual capacity of the law of the social whole. The worker is the stone compelled into its place, bearing its particular strain according to the law of the arch. To the young savage work is war; to the Greek it was civic service, philosophy, or art; to the Roman patrician, administration. It is to any man or woman that which the community requires of them. The reason home work is real to a small child is because, as I have said, he is already a true member of the home, and his team sense applies to service in fulfillment of his membership. The instinct that gives work its special quality, this leading and authoritative instinct, on which our whole social morality is built, is the same belonging instinct that makes the job of quarter-back a serious affair. The reason getting a job

transforms a young man's life is that it satisfies the gang instinct within him — the instinct to make good, to *be* somebody as a member of the society to which he happens to belong. It is as a satisfaction of the great team sense that work is so powerful a means of growth.

If it is objected to the above statement that work is not always a satisfaction of the team instinct, that the cat fulfills no social obligation in catching mice nor the spider in making a web, that there may even be men — Robinson Crusoes, or men of a Robinson Crusoe disposition whose nature is a desert isle at which the ships that weave the social obligations never touch — whose toil is purely to avoid hunger, without any motive of making good: if such objection is raised, I answer that if such desiccated remainder of hunger-driven toil can properly be considered work for human beings, even then the argument is not affected but only the definition of a word. With the elimination of the play element of loyalty, the most serious element in work, and all that gave it nobility, will have disappeared.

Play thus includes all action in obedience to the great achieving instincts as distinguished from the hungers. It not only creates the child, but is the life also of the grown man, the active principle that sustains him and in the functioning of which he has his true expression. Work is the highest power of play. That it usually contains also the other ingredient which we call drudgery is an important fact and one that must be dealt with later on. The thing to note here is that the soul of it is the play motive.

All pursuits that justify themselves are play. Play is the service of ultimates, or rather it is the ultimate itself, the satisfaction of authoritative instinct. It is immediate living as distinguished from the provision of means. It represents the non-utilitarian motive. The useful is that

which is justified by something else; play asks no justification and needs none. Beauty, the aim and flower of all true play, does not exist for other things, but all else for it. It is itself the end, the final up-against-it, that which gives value to the rest. Life is, in the last analysis, a sporting proposition.

CHAPTER X

EVIDENCE

THAT play really is the positive element in the great phenomenon of infancy, the method by which Nature provides that her children shall grow up, seems to me the only reasonable conclusion from the facts already cited and from the more detailed account of children's play to be found in the remainder of this book.

But in case there is doubt in the reader's mind as to this important thesis, the following provisional summary of the facts bearing thereon may be of service.

I. In the first place, play exercises body and mind in the actions toward which their growth is in fact directed. It bids the hands to grasp and the legs to run. It calls upon the heart and lungs for such support to violent exertion as they do actually become fitted to give. The exercises it prescribes call for bone and muscle, for bodily habits and nervous coördinations, exactly such as are found in the well-developed man. The full-grown healthy body, responsive to the human mind, is such as play might be expected to secrete.

The mature mind also, in its main characteristics, is such as the play instincts call for; human nature as we all recognize it, is a realization of their prophecy. That man or woman comes nearest to the full stature of humanity who is most fully a creator, nurturer, citizen, and the rest, as they prescribe. What we call a liberal education is education in the *humanities*, — so named at the time of the Rebirth of

Man — that education which most fully liberates the great human instincts which govern children's play.

II. Secondly, play activity follows the order of actual growth. The wielding, manipulating, walking, chasing, wrestling plays are severally contemporaneous with the development of the bones and muscles and nerve centers on which these activities depend. Physiologists find a close correspondence between the development of various parts of the brain and that of the play interests which correspond. For us who have never dissected a brain it is enough to observe that the mental powers — as for instance of competition, investigation, coöperation — become established at the instinctive periods, respectively, of plays that call for them. We can at least say that if play were the cause of growth it would be related to it, both as to form and sequence, precisely as it is.

III. I think most people who have watched children grow up will testify that they develop more fully and normally if they have an opportunity to play than if they have not. Absolute deprivation of such opportunity — and therefore the evidence of its effects — is rare. The only large class of instances I know of is that of infants in asylums of the old-fashioned sort, in which they are institution "cases" without substitute mothers or much individual care. The annual death rate in these institutions was, and I believe still is, over 90 per cent; and in the opinion of experts this is due not to physical causes alone, but partly to the lack of mothering, which to all infants means chiefly the mother-play. These cases present therefore some direct evidence of the necessity of play to life and growth.

IV. It may perhaps be queried whether the apparent causal connection does not run the other way. "Of course," it may be said, "the child does not use his powers until he

has them. He cannot run without legs, nor climb until his arms are strong enough. When he feels his strength he uses it, but it does not follow that the use causes the strength." There is an obvious truth in this suggestion. The child cannot in fact run without legs nor play ball without hands; without a body of some sort he could not play at all. Play must build always on the growth already won.

But play does not follow physical growth; it is not a by-product. And though it is in a sense the twin effect of a common cause, it is the enterprising twin, the one in whom initiative appears. The play of children, as actually observed, always aims beyond existing powers. Desire invariably outruns performance. There is a surplus of intention which carries attainment ever a little higher but never gets quite embodied in present act. A child learning to walk is not driven to do so by a pair of full-formed legs that crave such exercise. On the contrary, the time he insists upon that form of effort is the very period in which his legs will not support him, although prophetic of the power to do so. He practices walking in spite of bumps and failures, not because he can walk, but because he can't — or rather because nature has whispered "walk" and he, without further argument, accepts the adventure as the one self-justifying end of life. Legs, as an effective power, appear first in a kicking, then in a pushing, then in a walking, impulse; and each impulse successively, through the child's obedience to it, gets itself translated into bone and muscle.

So a child practices building with his blocks not because his hand is equal to the task: the period in which he puts most passion into architectural pursuits is while he is still clumsy and encounters ten failures to one success. As always, he is reaching for something beyond himself — not

pushed from behind by a surplus of power and talent, but drawn on from in front by an inspiring goal. His play is a struggle onward, not a self-satisfied review. He knows disappointment — even to throwing the evil-intentioned block away for failing him at a crisis — and crows when success ensues. And so throughout play life: catching a faster runner, making a better throw, a longer hit, a more daring climb — always a new stunt, a fresh perfection — is the goal. Play is ever the reclamation of new territory, it is the child's nature reaching out for fresh worlds to conquer. Habit, reflex, and coördination; muscle, bone, and lung power; follow in its wake.

Similar to the suggestion that bodily structure may direct the course of play, rather than *vice versa*, is Herbert Spencer's theory that play is the result of surplus energy. The playing animal, he thinks, has more vital force than he needs for purposes of subsistence, reproduction, and defence against his enemies, and the surplus bursts out of him in play. But as Herr Groos has pointed out, this theory does not account for the particular form of play, nor for the fact, which he has observed, that animals will sometimes play when they are tired. Children, of course, frequently exhaust themselves, to the danger point and beyond, in their games and races.

That play does have a particular form, that kittens play in one way, puppies in another, young lambs in a third, etc., will I suppose be generally conceded. That children especially have instinctive tendencies to play in certain definite ways is a proposition that will be abundantly illustrated as this book proceeds. Meantime I may cite some facts that point in the same direction. W. W. Newell for instance, in his "Games and Songs of American Children," points out that most of our American games are found all over Europe, that some have a range covering nearly the whole world,

and that many are extremely ancient. Aristotle attributes the invention of the rattle to Archimedes. Balls were used for playing at least as long ago as Atalanta, or her inventor. Dolls are found in the pyramids of Egypt and in the Catacombs. In the New Testament there is the case cited of children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented, which evidently refers to some sort of clap in and hiss out game such as still exists. Dramatic representations, dancing, and ball games are found among many, if not indeed among all, savage tribes. Many other instances of parallelism in distant times and places and degrees of civilization could be cited.

The surplus energy theory is correct in one sense. If the animal had no energy unexpended he would not play. In the same sense Raphael produced the Sistine Madonna because he was possessed of surplus paint. But it is also true that to account either for play or for the Madonna there must be some more positive principle at work.

Causes are not visible in this world except to the introspection of a conscious agent. Nobody can see that play causes growth any more than he can see what makes a stone drop or salt dissolve. But we can see that growth follows play, takes the form it calls for and at the time it calls, and we can partly see that it does not take place without it. I believe the difficulty, if there is any, in recognizing children's play as the directing principle of growth is chiefly in the fact, already mentioned, that the evidence of it is so familiar. It is a power that is almost visibly at work in every child during every waking hour of the day, and it is hard to stand away far enough to get a realizing view of it.

BOOK II. THE BABY AGE

CHAPTER XI

THE FOUR AGES OF CHILDHOOD

PLAY is growth under the supervision of the great achieving instincts, the chief of which are hunting, fighting, creation, rhythm, nurture, curiosity, and team play. These form the constant element in the child's life and become the warp of the resulting fabric.

But these instincts are not all equally active all the time. Every one knows that a growing child passes through successive phases. The games that most delight him in the nursery are scornfully rejected during the succeeding period: the ring-around-a-rosy loses its magic power, the hobby-horse is bequeathed to a younger brother or turned out to pasture on the rubbish pile, the mud pie is stricken from the bill of fare. And as the eight-year-old scoffs at games of make-believe, so also the budding half-back despises tag and prisoner's base; while, on the other hand, the child of four feels no need of competition nor the subadolescent of team play. There is a change not merely in games but in the child's whole attitude toward life. From dwelling in a world of imagination he turns, superficially at least, first into the most literal disciple of the Baconian school and then, in the case of boys, into a member of the fierce man-pack of the pre-barbaric period. And these stages follow each other, in spite of vast individual differences, in a fairly uniform and regular progression.

The great play instincts, in fact, do not all appear quite at the beginning nor all at once. Some are on hand and directing the child's growth almost from the very first. Some are held back for several years: team play, the last to appear, waits till the age of eleven or thereabouts. And each instinct has its time of stress, its special vogue, during which it lays siege to the mind and makes its principal impression on the resulting growth. There is, as Froebel long since taught, and as the more prosaic psychologists are beginning to discover, in the life of the child, as in all kinds of life, a gradual unfolding and a special time when each power has its preferred opportunity to assert itself. There is a time for impersonation, a time for construction, a time for running games, as truly as there is a time for puberty or for the sixth-year molar. The sequence is as fixed in mental as in bodily growth. The whole tree is already present in the seed, but there is a budding-off time for each of the great branches of which its final form is to consist.

Not only do the different instincts unfold at different times, but each instinct appears in successive incarnations. We shall see, for instance, that curiosity, which first urges the child, through dramatizing, to get the feel of things and people from the inside, afterwards insists on testing their practical effect. The constructive instinct, which first prescribes mud pies, is afterwards expressed not only in every variety of material structure, but in song and poetry, in social organization, and even in theories and hypotheses. The ring-around-a-rosy is reincarnated in the home, the baseball team, the business organization, the state and nation. The continuous scraps of the pugnacious youth have their flower in social and business courage or become incarnate in the fighting leader of a peace society.

And the first form of an instinct may be very different

from that which it is destined finally to assume — a fact not yet recognized, even in this day of the apotheosis of evolution, by those educators who, in their zeal for what they deem the practical, insist on pinning the fruit to the first sprout that appears above the ground. The voluble infant is not necessarily the budding lawyer, nor does absorption in the illnesses of dolls presage a medical career. The future architect may find his sense of form first in music or in dancing. The infant statesman is very probably exercising his eloquence in showing that he was not out at first; his oration against Catiline is rehearsed as he points out to comrade or opponent the exact nature and degree of his error in some point of the game. More likely still, it is the persistence, nerve, and self-control which the game demands that will most contribute to his forensic power. Indeed there is almost a presumption that the spiritual force developing in any given play will not, in adult life, appear in anything resembling its present form. If it looks like a rose now it may develop into something very beautiful, but the chances are that it will not be a rose.

As an explanation of the progression in the form and emphasis of children's play, there is undoubted truth in what is called the theory of recapitulation — the idea that in the sequence of his play impulses the child repeats the story of the race, reaching the successive stages of growth in the order in which his ancestors passed through them. The facts, including those of embryology, seem to justify this supposition. Nature indeed, as Herr Groos has pointed out, does not feel obliged to stick too closely to the ancient text; she has told the story so often that she has learned to slur over the less interesting passages and to give special attention to the more important; but the plot, and the sequence of the principal scenes, is much the same.

The theory is illuminating in its suggestion of what to look for, but it should not be allowed to run away with us. We are not required to find that the development of the child exactly proves the theory, or to make it do so. Observation is after all the only test. Above all, we should not get confused upon the moral issue. We are under no obligation to put our children through a tedious course of unedifying experience because their ancestors were so unfortunate as to be subjected to it. Primitive man has no moral standing in the case. The question is not what he did or suffered, but what we want. Not his misfortunes or shortcomings, but our own moral sense must be our guide.

It results from the successive appearance, varying phases, and differing periods of stress, of the several play instincts that there are distinct periods of growth. Childhood is thus divided into different ages, fairly well marked, each dominated by one or more instincts that color for a time the whole process of development.

First there is the period of babyhood, from birth to about three years old, during which the child's life is largely in his relation to his mother. Then comes the dramatic age, from three to six, in which the impulse to impersonate colors almost all of his activity. Next appears the age of self-assertion, or Big Injun age, from six to eleven, dominated largely by the fighting instinct; and then the age of loyalty from eleven on. The first two ages are the same in boys and girls. In the third there is a little difference in character and some in dates. In the age of loyalty the divergence is very marked.

These ages are of course not separated by hard and fast lines. They not only shade into each other but they overlap. The dramatic impulse, for instance, shows itself very early, — I have known a little girl to put her doll to sleep before

she was a year old — and continues, though in a subordinate capacity, until long after its special period, — sometimes even beyond the fourteenth year. So also the impulse of self-assertion often shows itself before the age of six; and though it loses its dominating position when the age of loyalty begins, it nevertheless continues, in a subordinate capacity, through the rest of childhood and indeed through life. And loyalty itself is not suddenly born full-fledged when the child becomes eleven years old, but has its roots running back to the very beginning, even to the first mother play. But though not separated by definite boundaries, these different phases clearly enough exist and are very generally recognized.

In practical dealing with children in their play such recognition is very important. A kind of play that suits a child at the dramatic age will almost certainly disgust a Big Injun, while what is a necessity of life to the latter may be wholly uninteresting in the succeeding period. The principal criticisms of the kindergarten are based upon its obvious inappropriateness to the Big Injun age. Such criticisms are in reality commendations, for if the kindergarten did fit the Big Injun, it would be largely meaningless to the child of the preceding dramatic age whom it was designed to serve.

Not only is it essential in all educational work to distinguish the different periods of growth, but it is necessary to observe, within each period, the budding-off place of each major instinct. I once knew a small dog whose hind legs had been injured when he was a puppy, and who in consequence had first learned to run on his front legs — in a most ludicrous position, like a man walking on his hands. The result was that, although he had afterwards learned to run in the usual canine position, he always, whenever he got

excited and wanted to go especially fast, cocked himself up on his front legs and so could make but little progress. His front legs having got their education when he was, as regards locomotion, in the learning business — while his hind legs had put off their training until after that time was passed — it resulted that whenever the depths were stirred his hind legs were automatically switched off and his front legs switched on. His mis-education at the stage when learning to run was his especial business was thus a perpetual handicap. A failure of any education at all at that time would have been less disabling.

The stress that Nature lays upon certain impulses at certain times is not a casual or an isolated suggestion on her part. It means that she has made all her arrangements to have the prescribed exercises registered in actual growth at just those seasons. The brain centers that direct the prescribed activities are then being developed; the muscles and bones especially needed in their execution are getting their set and girth. It is the time at which precisely those exercises will *take*. And at no other moment will they take so well.

With some instincts indeed it is now or never: they cease altogether and leave no trace if not salted away in habit during their special period. William James believed that such was the general law of instinct, and cited to that effect, among other evidence, the fact that a chicken will learn to follow the hen, or apparently any kind of animal that walks before it, during the first few days after it leaves the shell; but, if advantage is not taken of this brief period to give the instinct a chance to operate, it will never learn to follow anybody. The instinct lapses, and if not registered as a habit while it is still in force, will have no permanent effect.

In man the more important instincts, at least, do not

actually lapse, though some phases of them pass away. But their time of stress passes, and with it the time when they can be most effectively stamped upon the body and mind. If you want to make a baseball player or a violinist you must catch him young. The reason the artists of the Renaissance possessed the technique of their profession as a second nature, a fit vehicle for their mature genius when it came, was that they learned it young. Their hands were trained during the manual period of growth. The hands of modern artists have in most cases waited until it was too late, so that they always hesitate and stammer. They do not know the business themselves but have to be forever prompted by the mind. The modern Pegasus is generally half trained because he was no longer a colt when his education started.

It is the same with more everyday accomplishments; with writing, dancing, general handiness. It is so, apparently, in the case of every instinct. Few men have skill or joy in shooting or fishing who did not learn it young. A boy who does not play and scrap with other boys when he is a boy will always be a little maidenly — the good mixer is made, or at least confirmed in his enviable capacity, at an early age. If you would acquire a French accent you must prevail upon your parents to get you a French governess when you are about two years old; you are then in the talking business, learning not merely words (your vocabulary is not so remarkable as your mother thinks), but what is of more consequence in this connection, the sounds of which your words through life will be made up. And so of music, of love of plants and animals, of interest in nature, of constructive imagination, of power along each of the great radii of the expanding soul. It is so even of such special acquisitions as a love of Scott or Dickens.

In short the fact of first importance as regards the child is that he grows, that, like every growing thing, he passes through successive periods, and that a period once passed will not return. *Carpe diem*, make hay while the sun shines, strike while the iron is hot — proverbial admonition to timelessness applies with especial force in education. In matters of growth opportunity does not recur. When Nature asks your coöperation in her plans she means now: time is of the essence of the offer. In the development of the growing child potential faculties, in the form of instinctive impulse, appear each in its turn, asking to be woven into the fabric of his life. To the extent to which each impulse is followed the corresponding faculty is acquired, and the pattern becomes so far complete. If the prompting is ignored, the opportunity passes and the power it offered is foregone. An instinct must be made welcome when it knocks, or the man will never possess the power to give it utterance. It is true, the major human instincts, if thus neglected, do not absolutely lapse; they survive as vague desires, longings unfulfilled, a hindrance rather than a means of life.

In brief there is a tide in the affairs of childhood which taken at the flood leads on to Man — and which must be so taken if such destiny is ever to be reached. The fairies come bearing each her gift, but the child must reach out and take it or it is withdrawn.

CHAPTER XII

WHY GROWN-UPS DO NOT UNDERSTAND

THERE is one consequence of the existence of successive stages of growth, with their different prepossessions about what is worth doing and the resulting different forms of play, which is of some importance in itself and of very great importance in its effect upon the grown-up view of children's play. I mean the passing of a given sort of play activity from a primary to a secondary place in the life and interest of the individual.

A form of play which has for a time held the center of the stage does not, as a rule, when its special vogue has ended and the stress of the vital impulse has passed on to other manifestations, cease altogether from among the child's interests, but survives in an attenuated form. The boy of the Big Injun age condescends to play soldier with his little sister. The high school youth occasionally unbends in a game of three old cats. The college senior who is so fortunate as not to be a member of any representative nine, continues nevertheless to play baseball, though in a rollicking, care-free spirit, very different from the deadly earnest of his high school or freshman days. Grown people are even more apt than their juniors, if given a fair chance unterrified by the censorious eyes and solemn restraining influence of their own children, to be foolish in such ways: properly encouraged they will play not only tennis and baseball but prisoners' base, duck-on-a-rock — even bean bag or farmer in the dell — with much spirit and abandon.

Nature seems to desire this sort of renewal of the old experiences, this playful revival of those "beautiful days of youth when we were so unhappy." She wants her children to go over their back lessons, to make sure they have not forgotten something. But she wants it done in a not too careful way. You should be free of the ball field now, having won the right to play — in this new and frivolous sense — with what was once, both to you and her, no joking matter.

It is to this reminiscent, secondary form of play that the word play is especially applied by grown people. It is such return to the form, but not the substance, of our youthful games that gives to most of us our sole idea of what play is.

And so, because what was once advance has now become review, because what formerly possessed the seriousness of life and death is now a matter only of recreation, we think it was always so. The "old man" thinks baseball is baseball and, forgetful of his own boyhood, assumes that what it now is to him it always was, and must be to his son. He concedes the necessity of "wholesome exercise," believes in walks, and even thinks amusement a good thing; but asks what is the fun of going at it with such a disproportioned seriousness, getting tired, worrying about who wins. He may not ask the hero of the winning team, as his mother sometimes does, whether he is not getting overheated; but he is only a little less out of it than that. Hence the misunderstanding between fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, the grown-up world and that forgotten world of childhood; hence the failure to see in play the one most serious business of every child.

There are, it is true, fathers who take a different view of a certain class of games, to whom baseball is still a matter of life and death. But these, in applying their mature business attitude of mind to their son's pursuits, and in

regarding victory not as part of the game, but as a business object for which the play and training represent simply the necessary outlay, pervert the natural play attitude, and are, upon the whole, the greatest nuisance in the educational world to-day. The same thing is largely true of college alumni and the sort of pressure they bring upon the undergraduates. In such cases there is a seeming memory of the seriousness of play which is, however, in reality the imposing upon play of a false and alien seriousness.

But as to all kinds of play except high school and college sports — and for the most part in the case of these also — grown people naïvely assume that play is to the child what it would be to them to do the same things, outwardly speaking, that the child is doing. Mothers indeed usually do understand their babies, and know a little something even about their children of the dramatic age. They do not for the most part assume that paddling in the water is to their five-year-old just what it would be to them. But as to children beyond the age of six the understanding even of mothers mostly stops. “My dear child, how *can* you like to get your hands so dirty?” “What *is* the fun of playing with the pigs?” “I don’t go swinging on the gate, throwing snowballs at the butcher, and getting my dress torn in that dreadful way: why should *you*?” Even if they refrain from saying it, that is usually the sort of thing they think.

A certain pale interest in the child’s normal pursuits most grown people will concede as natural — the interest of a shade revisiting his former haunts; but that these pursuits should be, as they really are, matters of life and death passes their power of imagination. In fact the one point of view that does seem to survive in full force from their own childhood is the inability to understand those younger than themselves. Just as the boy of eight thinks that it is silly of his

little sister to play ring-around-a-rosy, so the boy's father and mother, equally simple-hearted, think that he also is silly whenever he revolts at a course of action prescribed to him on the theory that he is merely an undersized man of forty, and insists upon going about his really important affairs.

In short we grown-ups see the form of play and not the substance, and because that form could now contain for us nothing of serious importance we assume that the same must be true for our children also. We do not see that to the child his play is his real life; the expression in him of the same instincts, in the same imperative mood, that govern our own most cherished work.

CHAPTER XIII

MOTHER PLAY

EVERY mother will remember the first time her first baby smiled at her. She can still recall that wan ray that wavered across his hitherto complete solemnity, — so brief that she could hardly believe, the next moment, that the miracle had happened. And certainly in some ways it seems a miracle. How did the baby know that there was anywhere in the world someone who could understand? From what experience did he deduce the existence of mutual sympathy? Had he studied the combined sensations that his mother produced in him and inferred that she must be a conscious being like himself? The trouble is that he was not a conscious being and did not know he had a self. In truth he did not learn about his mother's sympathy from external evidence at all. All that experience told him was "This is she." He had instinctively expected her. And his smile is in recognition that his expectation is fulfilled.

The child assumes the presence of his mother in spirit as inevitably as in the flesh. He turns to her eyes for sympathy as instinctively as to her breast for food. The baby's smile goes forth into the world as the messenger of an unconscious faith, evidence of an intuitive presumption that eyes were made to see and hearts to understand. The child does not proceed by the inductive method, inferring his mother from the observed phenomena. He leaps by a single intuition into the heart of this relation. What he does in the fulfillment of it is an elaboration upon a whole already divined.

This vast assumption of the presence of at least one conscious being possessed of sympathetic interest is to be henceforth the basis of the child's life. His mother is not merely a part of his environment; she is his world, the medium in which all his acts take place, the atmosphere wherein he lives and moves. There will be henceforth a social dimension to every happening, a social reference in all he does. The exploit is not real to him until he sees it reflected in her eyes. She is his public, his test of significance, his standard of the real.

There is no end to the variety or the depth of mutual understanding that the child seeks and finds in this relationship. Watch any baby playing with his mother — the meeting and parting, pretended quarrel and reconciliation, yielding and opposition, confirmation and surprise — and you will see that there is no form of mutual sympathy, no shade or incidence of joke or challenge or repartee, that these two do not share. The basic social achievement of establishing community of feeling between two human beings is accomplished through the medium of instinctive mother play.

It is in this, his earliest social world, this happy society of two which he is born into, that the child first finds his life. Without it even his physical existence will hardly be continued. The death rate in infant asylums is, as I have said, over 90 per cent a year, partly because the child in such institutions lacks his natural playmate, because not merely the physical basis of his life but the spiritual counterpart is absent.

The social instinct of children of this first age — from birth to three years old — is chiefly toward their elders; their need of association with their contemporaries is as yet but very slight. But among grown people their acquaintance begins very early to enlarge. Other characters besides

the mother are introduced. The baby finds, for instance, that he prefers to be carried by a man. One of these rougher, more exciting, creatures is also very good to ride on, to have toss one "up in the yayer," and to supply other cataclysmic and exhilarating experiences. Children like the strength of men, the feeling of protection of strong arms and hearty reassuring voices, the robust outside atmosphere of these breezy visitors. They sink back with completest resignation and contentment when their father carries and sings to them.

Conversely, the nurturing instinct seems to be almost as strong in men as it is in women. It is a significant fact that in some races of monkeys the male as well as the female gives suck to the young, and that in our own race the man has rudimentary mammary glands. The mother sense is in the father also; and the child instinctively sustains the other half of this relation. Whether or not there is any historical connection between fatherhood and fighting — we all can give our guess upon the subject — I think I have observed that the most pugnacious boys are softest with little children. I remember instances of such who delighted especially in putting their heads in a baby's lap and allowing him to pull their hair.

Physical contact plays an important part in establishing these first social relations. People's love for their children grows by playing roly poly games with them. And the effect of touch, especially with the hand, is reciprocal. The child's affection grows as his hands pass over his mother's face, whether in solemn appraisal or in saucy challenge, or as he holds them over her mouth when she tries to speak. Children do not like to be mauled. Tickling has few if any merits. But the mother is not foolish in her desire to hug her baby: the spiritual bond is tightened along with the

physical. And the father need not be morbidly afraid of coddling. Mother Nature, who prompts it, had seen a few billion babies grow up before he was born, and she knows perhaps as much as he about the baby business.

An interesting and momentous expression of the social instinct in children of this age is that of language. The sources of this greatest of our institutions are visible in their instinctive play. The essence of conversation, the meeting of two minds, long precedes ability to talk. Mother and child understand one another before any word has been spoken on the one side, or any sensible and articulate syllable upon the other, with a depth and confidence that would require a hundred volumes to explain, and would even then leave the best unwritten. Talking in the grown-up sense is still superfluous to conversation, just as it is again dispensed with between lovers and others who have recovered the pure gold. Such communion is a cause of language, not a result of it.

But there are other sources. The baby likes to lie and babble, to try all kinds of sounds; he explores, for hours at a time, the resources of his vocal organs. Like many orators he loves simply to exercise his mouth and lungs. And at first he is much like Humpty Dumpty in his employment of the sounds produced. They mean for him whatever he chooses them to mean. A world of significance is packed into the few syllables of the first 'prentice speech. He will stand no nonsense in this matter. Whatever he may have upon his mind gets itself said, and understood too, though the vocables he utters have been innocent of such meaning hitherto. His orations satisfy the test of true eloquence in that they get results. Father, mother, all grown-ups within the wide sweep of his vocal radius, spring to execute these brief oracular commands. Then gradually there comes selec-

tion among the sounds he makes. He finds that some of them, through association, contract definite relations to surrounding objects or to reactions in his satellites. He tries them; and lo! things happen — and so there grows up for each a specific use, and there begins for him a mastery of man's most wonderful invention — a vocabulary.

In the whole matter of language, whether in words or in the earlier form of gesture, imitation plays an important part. The child copies a gesture, a sound, a sneeze. His mother smiles and repeats it. The child does it again, with a saucy look and intonation. It soon becomes a game, and he will get into gales of laughter over the variety of give and take that the one word or movement can convey. Then he imitates words and sentences by way of trying them on and seeing what will happen or to test some glimmering notion of their meaning.

Always with children, I think, as with other people, the essential thing in conversation is not the conveying of information but the establishing of mutual sympathy and the pleasure of mutual intercourse. That is why children, like their elders, ask questions when they care little about the answers, and when they cannot think of something new to say fall back on something not so new. Endless repetition of the same questions, jokes, even of the same grunts and squeals, attests this perennial desire.

The child is thus a social being from the very start. His mind implies society as truly as his lungs imply air or his stomach food. Indeed the doctors say that the first use of his lungs is usually to cry, and that sometimes he will not even take his first breath until he needs it for that purpose — and crying is a purely social phenomenon, possible only where there are friends to listen and bring help.

Our first practical conclusion is thus the ancient one that

the infant needs his mother not merely as a means of sustenance, but as a means of life. It is for this reason that modern charity workers will hardly separate a mother and child if they can possibly be kept together. And it is for this reason that Froebel, our greatest teacher, adopted the watchword: "Come, let us live with our children." Be with your own baby. Nurse him if you can, but in any case give him his bath and play with him. And see that his father plays with him. He may be a little scared at first, with the first baby, and act the bachelor uncle. But put the baby in his arms and leave them to fight it out. When you come to relieve him there will be little doubt about who won.

Or if you have charge of children whose parents have died, or who must for any reason be separated from them, find others who will be parents in their place. The question is not of physical but of spiritual parenthood. Where the child has known and loved a mother, where his instinct has found and closed upon its counterpart, her loss will leave a sad void in his life. But fortunately the memory of very young children is seldom tenacious, and the empty place can be filled by one who has the qualities and the will to fill it. That such is the way of preserving both spiritual and physical life is the testimony of all competent observers; and such is now the practice of the majority of public and private charities. Where the institutional method is still followed, it is best in the form of detached cottages with a "father" and "mother" in each, presiding over a small "family" of children and providing them with something approaching as nearly as possible to home life.

It is true that babies, like other folks, may have too much society. The modern idea of sometimes letting children alone — of not as a rule singing or rocking them to sleep,

of not insisting on their active and strained attention during every waking moment — is a vast boon to modern childhood, especially in this country, where the perpetually noticed, chirked, stimulated, and therefore abnormally “cute” infant — plied with candy and caresses the more relentlessly the more his wails proclaim his aching nerves — is father to the victim of Americanitis and other forms of nervous breakdown. The baby, like the locomotive engineer, needs a few hours off. To stir the lamentably precocious child to a continuous performance of pert question and retort for longer hours each day than any grown person could possibly endure is a form of child torture which should be forbidden by law and from which we are happily learning to refrain.

Analogous to the need of being sometimes let alone is the child's frequent desire for a simplification of his world. It is said that human beings learn more in their first four years than in all the rest of life, and it is sometimes racking to the nerves even of these easy-going philosophers of the pre-peripatetic school, to be traveling at that rate all the time. Speed in the presentation of new subjects should sometimes be slackened to the world's pupil of two or three years old. A child often cries because life is getting too complicated. The world, he thinks, is too much with us: indeed, there is too much world. He feels with Emerson that things are of the snake. There are too many alternatives, too many demands upon his attention. He feels the cloisteral desire: he wants to go back home.

There are many ways of simplifying life to a very small child — chief of which is to refrain from complicating it by too many toys, too many people, too much change of scene. Besides the need of quiet there is the need to organize, to get back where there are few objects and all of these familiar, to set one's house in order, unify one's world. The secret of

rest is order, a place for everything and everything in its place — nothing left flapping, nothing ambiguous, problematical. The mind instinctively insists on order as a prerequisite of sanity. It holds at least to the organization of an inner circle of environment, a home field, a place to shoot from — what I imagine the psychologists call a solid apperceptive basis for further acquisition — a first immediate world that it can swing.

A mechanical device that has proved itself useful in meeting the child's need of a simpler universe is the pen — not literary but restrictive — the small inclosing fence, about three and a half or four feet square and about two feet high, that can be set up in the nursery or parlor, on the piazza or out of doors. Whatever the explanation, the pen has been discovered, experimentally, to have a pacifying effect. A child put into it in full cry will often become immediately silent and happily absorbed in some familiar occupation with doll or blocks. In dealing with the fretful child, at least, the pen is mightier than the word. Incidentally it is an excellent place to learn to walk, the excursions being short and the fence a good height to hold on by.

Entire solitude is also good (or the practical solitude of being ignored will do at this earliest age), whether in the pen or otherwise, not only as a sedative but as an opportunity. Even the child's active life should not all be social. There should be a time when the swimmer is left wholly to the water, to let it hold him up. The significance of baptism is, I always think, surrender to the spirit — the river knows the way. At all events the child should have hours — long, uninterrupted hours — in which to find himself, to think his own thoughts, act out his own dramas, try his own experiments, hum those endless sagas by which the play of the solitary child is invariably accompanied. There should

be, even in earliest life, the habit of the up-against-it, of taking your universe straight, free from the disguising medium of adult interference. There is calmness, and there is strength, in such experience. It assures that there shall be immediate activity from the soul out — a core of original action proceeding from the individual's own genius — a germ of growing personality learning to take charge and to become the organizing and directive principle in all he does. The child's need of being sometimes unsocial, and even of having a special place for that congenial occupation, is continued in the grown person's need of alternation between society and solitude; the pen is repeated not only in the retreat or convent, but in the *boudoir* (place for sulks), *schmoll-winkel*, or grumble-corner, and English "den."

But let us not balance one fault by another, as is too much our American tendency. It is well that the baby should have the habit of going to sleep by himself without rocking or singing or nocturnal joy rides in the paternal arms. But when, on finally going in to see what he is crying about, you have once found him with his head stuck between the bars of his crib, you may conclude that parents should not entirely abdicate even when their children are in bed. And so of the whole tendency to let alone. It does not follow because solitude is good that it is a panacea. Perpetual starvation is not the only escape from the perils of over-eating. Even social indigestion, though usually due to too much society, may sometimes be the result of too little. The wild man of Borneo is not the only alternative to the overcivilized, nor the baby hermit to the baby vaudeville artist.

Society and solitude, light and shade, activity and rest — such is the law of life for human beings from birth on. Though he cannot sit up and be pleasant twenty-four hours

a day, the child is none the less a social being and craves a social, not an exclusively vegetable, existence.

Nor is there any talisman, as reactionary mothers sometimes think, in stolid stupidity in the children's nurse. Mind is what the child's mind strives most to establish connection with, and the fitness of his attendants is not increased by the absence of that organ. There is such a thing as calm without stagnation. And to the child as a social creature a human though not a fussy environment, and especially a mother's understanding and reciprocation, is the first essential.

CHAPTER XIV

MANIPULATION

IF you will walk through the poorer quarters of any city and watch what the smaller children are doing, you will find that three out of every four who are doing anything definite at all — anything beyond running about and squealing or gazing solemnly at the passing show — have taken to themselves a broken bottle or tomato can and are filling it with dirt from the street, tipping it out on the sidewalk or the house steps, and then gathering it up again and repeating the process. If you come across a pile of sand that the masons have left, you will observe a similar phenomenon; indeed, you will see the same sort of thing going on wherever there are children and material that they can dig or handle. We all know how children like the seashore. Some people think it is because of the blue ocean and the white sails and the rhythmic break of the waves. All this counts somewhat, especially the waves; but I doubt whether most children care chiefly for these things — at least until they are old enough to get their feet wet. What they like at the seashore is the sand. And they like it almost as well when it is dumped in the street or in a shady corner of the school yard. At the seashore we substitute a tin pail for the tomato can; we like it better and the children like it just as well. A collateral attraction of the curbstone or the house step is that it is the right height to sit on — for children, when you come to think of it, live in a world that is all tables and

floors — what grown-up people call chairs being so high that your legs hang down as a fringe.

What the child with the tomato can is doing is something that all children like to do. And what they like about it is manipulation, the use of the hands in the movement, control and fashioning of outward things. Perverse parents think that the reason children find the gutter so delightful is that they like dirt — especially if they have their good clothes on. But the children who play in this way are mostly too young to appreciate this particular attraction. It is not the dirtiness of the dirt they like; it is the fact that it can be handled, molded, or shoveled up and put into something. What the child wants, and will find if he is not utterly starved of opportunity, is things to work on — something outside of himself that he can control. And in particular he wants material to handle: the hand is the invariable instrument of his desire.

In this manipulating instinct we touch something not merely common to all children but fundamental in the process of their growth. I have spoken of the hand as the child's most intimate channel of affection. He finds his mother chiefly with his hands. They are the heart's live wire: it is preëminently through the touch of the fingers that the first great social relation is built up. And the hand remains through life the path of most instant and instinctive sympathy. What you "feel," what "touches" you, is our way of describing that which has really reached the heart. The hand is also the instrument of the child's instinct toward mastery of the outside world. If it reaches deeper than the eyes, and even the voice, as a bearer of the affections, it is still more the special organ of the will. The child makes instinctive requisition of its services for almost everything he wants to do. His active instincts find their natural

issue in the hand; his mind is focused on it and on what it does. To act is for him to handle, to manipulate.

And as with action and emotion, so with knowledge also. To know is at first to touch, and for a long time to examine is to handle or pull apart. Through life the real is to mankind the tangible. The doubting Thomas may refuse the testimony of his eyes, but what his hand reports is final fact. To mankind as to the child the hand is at once the executive member and the means both of feeling and of knowing in the deepest sense.

The reason is not difficult to find. Man as a race is largely the creature of this especial organ. It is peculiarly the human member. It was the cunning hand that produced the cunning mind by providing an instrument fine enough to require and to follow its discriminations. The hand was essential to the rise of man, as Anaxagoras is said so long ago to have maintained; and it is still essential in the growth of every member of the race. As the cat conjugates "catch", so we, both as a race and as individuals, are creatures of the infinitely richer conjugation "to manipulate." Man and manual mean much the same.

It is for this reason that manipulation bears so large a part in children's play. The child is built up around the hand; it determines the form of almost all his early training, because such has also been the education of the race. We are all of us most literally hand-made.

Grasping. The first notice the baby takes of his father is usually to seize him by the finger, or haply by the nose or the moustache. And, his grasp once established, he holds on like a young crab, until you wonder how you will ever get away. And in general the child's first use of the hand is in grasping with it as a whole. Whether this is because, after all these generations, his instinct harks back to the days of

sitting on one branch and holding on by another, I cannot say. At all events, the child's tendency to grasp and hold on, and his power of doing so, is remarkable. I know a father who lifted his baby by allowing him to grasp his thumbs, and kept up this practice so that the power never lapsed.

But if a child's first grasping instinct is to hold himself to another object, this impulse is paralleled, and very early superseded in importance, by the desire to bring all sorts of objects to himself. The baby grasps at everything in sight. He not only wants the earth, but does not draw the line even at the moon in his prehensile aspirations. And whatever he gets hold of he puts, if possible, in his mouth, and then either sucks or swallows it or spits it out. He leads indeed, during the first few months, an emphatically hand-to-mouth existence.

✱ The grasping, putting in the mouth, swallowing, and spitting out impulses form a series evidently aimed by nature toward the single end of getting food to the stomach. In time the hunting instinct is added at the beginning of what may be called the alimentary series. But to the child, meantime, each impulse is separate, and, while it lasts, sufficient in itself. While he grabs, grabbing is to him the be-all and the end-all; it is only after he has grabbed successfully that the idea of putting things in his mouth occurs to him; and only when it is in his mouth does the question of swallowing or spitting out arise.¹ Nature's method of thus intrusting to her offspring only so much of her purpose as he needs to know in order to take the next step along the way she has laid out for him is characteristic, and is of especial importance in the matter of those instincts that I have called the hungers. In sex relations especially, the end is not foreseen in the

¹ James's "Psychology," II, 404.

beginning; each chapter of the love story leads on to the next, but the page is not turned until the reader gets to it.

The putting-in-the-mouth impulse ceases after a time, being in the nature not of the great instincts that run through life and are necessary to its continuance or transmission, but of those, like the chicken's instinct to follow, which become precipitated in the more specialized form of habits and then are allowed to lapse.

Wielding and Striking. Then comes the wielding instinct. There are some things too large to swallow and not pre-eminently satisfying to suck. If they are cool and smooth, and the child's gums are hot and troublesome, chewing may be their chosen destiny. But soon another use suggests itself. The child finds that it is good simply to take hold of things and shake them. He will seize and brandish any object that is at all suited to the purpose, — a spoon, stick, pencil, watch, or block, — and become much excited, and look quite fierce, in doing so. Afterwards, well satisfied with the results thus far obtained, — unless indeed he happens to bang himself in the head, an obstacle not as yet well charted in the mind and often getting in one's way, — he may find banging on the floor or on his tray, or pounding one block on another, desirable variations because of the good resistance encountered and the pleasing sounds produced. Thus emerges the definite instinct to strike things with a stick or weapon of some sort, — an instinct which goes on developing far past this early stage and upon which a great group of games, including baseball, hockey, polo, golf, and tennis, is largely built.

Weapons and Tools. Here, I take it, enveloped in these wielding and striking instincts, is the beginning of the use of tools. Man is the tool-bearing animal. I suppose the

most practically important event in the history of our race was when one monkey was chasing another and a branch broke off in the hand of the pursuer, and when the latter, instead of throwing it at his adversary, kept the broken-off piece in his hand and struck the other over the head with it. That was the origin of tools. From that day almost the chief importance of the hand has been, as before observed, in its adaptability as a socket for all kinds of implements. Other animals, as Darwin pointed out, are limited to one sort of working end. They have claws like the cat, a paddle like the beaver, a club like the horse, a pair of pincers like the wolf, and are limited by the nature of their executive member to one kind of business. Man alone can choose and fashion his own instruments and have at his arm's end a claw, a paddle, a club, a pair of pincers — or a pen, gun, paint brush, microscope, or tennis racket — or any other of the thousand tools and weapons he has learned to use. The hand, wonderful as are its direct uses, could never have done for us the half of what it has if it could not have thus extended and transformed itself into whatever shape our desire or need prescribed.

At the point of issue of man's instinctive aims there is thus placed not a single prescribed implement, but a blur — a composite photograph of many implements, including the shadow of possibilities not yet fulfilled. Man's unique mental adaptability results, as we have said, from this physical variability of his executing member.

It is largely to his tool-wielding power that man's supremacy is due. If the two-handed but thumbless monkey, or the elephant with his single hand, have advanced somewhat on the same road, such advance is at once largely the cause and the result of their mental superiority to other animals.

Man's tool-wielding inheritance is seen in the development

of every child. The tool grows almost visibly as the hand grows. The spoon, from being merely an object to be brandished, becomes a club or spade. And the child's mental focus shifts from the spoon itself, as a foreign object to be subdued, to the thing he is attacking with the spoon, now mastered and assimilated as an instrument. He thinks now not at his hand, but at the point of his spoon or stick. That has become his working end.

The institution of private property rests first upon this tool-using instinct. A man owns at least his tools — that is to say, he will be protected by the community in his use and disposition of them, and will be permitted, within wide limits, to do with them as he chooses — for the same reason that he has the corresponding right and protection as to his bodily members. Property means that which in the nature of things belongs to you — what goes with you, makes you complete. Tools go with a man as a blade goes with a knife. Tools are a part of us; our personality extends to them as truly as to our hands and feet. The carpenter without his tools is maimed. The great musician is a pauper, mute and incapable, without his instrument. Tools are exempt from the right of creditors in bankruptcy as a part of the same reform which exempted the debtor's body. The laws of all the races of men, in asserting the workman's right to his tools, as to his body, against all the world, have but recognized what the child's instinct has all along affirmed.

The right of the child himself to his playthings, to the appropriate objects to wield and shake and use, rests on the same basis, with only this difference that in his case it is not a question of cutting off a limb but of preventing it from ever being developed. The instinctive extension of the human body in tools is as much a part of growth as its extension in arms and legs. Tools are in the specifications; they are

among the members that the vital principle calls for and was wound up to use.

Handling. Appearing about the same time as the wielding instinct or a little later, there is a general undifferentiated instinct to handle things — to take hold of them, move them about, feel what they are like. Children like to take sand or gravel in their hand and then tip it out and watch it fall, and will contentedly so occupy themselves for long periods. The manipulation we have noted in the child of the streets or of the sand pile is an instance of the same instinct.

Control. Interwoven with the manipulating, grasping, and wielding instincts is that of possession and control. The receptacle habit, as illustrated in the use of the tin pail or tomato can, represents an impulse toward general dominion over outward things. When the child gets the sand into his pail he can take it where he chooses, do what he likes with it: it is in his power. I think the impulse is the same that made Mr. Morgan seek to control railroads and steamship lines. I doubt whether Mr. Morgan had any special love for railroads. He was not a railroad fancier, did not collect them as another man collects coins or postage stamps. The motive in all such cases is the love of mastery, of getting hold of something you can swing — and the bigger the thing the more fun it is for you. The children that put sand into tin pails do not all turn out to be J. P. Morgans, but they are developing the J. P. Morgan element in their nature.

The Hand as a Means of Thought. The classic object of the undifferentiated handling instinct is the ball, especially of worsted or of hollow rubber so as to be soft and squashy. A special fascination of the ball is that it moves after you let it go. The definite throwing instinct, a contributory source of so many ball games, also asserts itself in this connection.

The ball, furthermore, is mentally acceptable. Unlike the rest of this perplexing world, it is the same shape however you look at it. It is easy for the mind to grasp as well as for the hand. And it is, better at least than any other object, a convenient measure of all outward things. Apples, peaches, nuts, beads, buns, and marbles are just balls under different names. The world moreover is, pragmatically speaking, made up of things that you can roll and things you can't. The wheel or cylinder, which shares the rolling property, is after all a sort of sliced or stretched-out ball. A world of balls and not-balls, at all events, is easier to understand than one of hairpins and not-hairpins, or one built on any other practicable classification. The ball is the key of knowledge because it opens the most gates. Man is a ball player partly because he is a ball thinker also.

This point of being mentally congenial is of importance from the very first in children's play. All activity has of course a mental element, just as all thinking is a kind of action. But besides having this necessary mental dimension in all his acts, the child has a special instinct both to measure and organize his world upon the one hand and to push forward its frontiers on the other — to explore and to assimilate.

So when a child is tipping sand or gravel out of his hand you will often see him stop and examine some little object — a straw or stone. When he tips the dirt out of his tomato can onto the sidewalk he does so partly that he may study it. The sidewalk is his operating table, and you will see him separate out small pebbles or particles of sand and examine them with great attention. A child crawling about the floor will pick up a minute thread from the carpet and look at it a long time and with all his eyes. The value of having two hands and not merely one, like the elephant, is seen in his tearing, dissecting, examining, in this early pursuit of science.

In short the great instinct of curiosity asserts itself almost from the very first. The smallest child is scientist as well as man of action. The hand is servant of the mind as well as of the will; or rather it is now his will toward the outside world to master it not only in the physical, but in the mental sense — to get the whole universe 'into his pail where he can swing it.

So it is also with the kicking, "talking," waving his arms and trying to turn over in his crib — "experimentation," as such activities are sometimes called — which occupy much of the child's time, and have been so much described. His desire is not merely to conquer, but to explore. He attacks these outlying territories — his arms, legs, etc. — not merely in order to push his jurisdiction further, but to try out these members and see what service can be expected from them. And he could not tell you — any more than European diplomats would see fit to do so as to their dealings with the Dark Continent — where exploration leaves off and assimilation begins.

In the child's exploring and assimilating (as Froebel so long ago discovered, and as students of the feeble-minded have reaffirmed) the hand plays a leading part. To *know* a thing is to get the "feel" and "hang" of it, to experience its shape and texture, its swing and balance — to find what it does to you and what you can do with it. All this is learned through grasping and wielding, and through the contact of the finger tips. The child likes touching, feeling, brandishing, all sorts of things. He likes edges, and surfaces that are notably rough or smooth or soft or hard or slippery or sticky. I believe we all have a sneaking love for certain things, like rough clothes and sandpaper, because they give such robust report of themselves to the sense of touch.

At all events the child — in spite of his germ-imbibing tendency to test also by touch of tongue — should be aided in his endeavor to grasp his world, by having good measure of it, in the form of a large number and variety of samples, put within his reach.

CHAPTER XV

CONSTRUCTION

SOME day when the child of this first age is playing with a handful of damp sand he squeezes it between his hands and then peeps in and sees that it has kept its shape; and lo! a new era in his life! He has seen a material object marked with his image and superscription: he has stamped his thought upon a fragment of the external world. From that day on, making things — the molding and arranging of external objects so that they shall give him back his own thought, shall render to him what he had in mind and yet could not otherwise have truly known — will be for him an essential strand of life. The constructive instinct runs thenceforward through the whole of infancy, prescribing at each stage of the child's development some special exercise through which it grows and takes possession of him. He will not now be happy unless he can not only handle, wield, and strike, but make.

In this first period the instinct takes a rudimentary form. The mud pie, the classic and aboriginal production, owes its fascination partly perhaps to its gooey consistency, partly to its satisfying response on being spatted on the top with spoon or digger, but chiefly I think to its supreme simplicity of construction. Sand operations are as yet mostly confined to simple piles or pyramids — also much spatted with spoon or shovel — and to digging holes, the latter operation being at first carried on with a forward and back rhythmic motion, both hands at once, like a woman washing clothes, and accompanied by a runic ballad of some sort.

There is I think a special digging instinct, acquired perhaps in long centuries of an ancestral diet of worms — to say nothing of clams and other burrowing game. Digging early develops, with a little suggestion, into the coöperative enterprise of tunneling from one hole to another — making “geranium drains,” as a child I used to know called these subterranean passages — with much resultant thrill when the two hands meet below the earth. I remember my own first idea of “Sandy Claws” was thus obtained.

Soon the children like to use molds — the tin pail, yielding its standard brown loaf, or shells or box covers, or more elaborate ones producing scalloped cakes.

Every child loves blocks, and should have as many hundred of them as his parents can afford and their house will hold. And there should be a large supply on every playground. The brick-shaped block is best as most practical and least limited by its shape to any special form of edifice. “Building blocks” at this first age is not elaborate. It begins with simple repetition, placing one block on another and then another block on that, thus rearing a Tower of Babel — first form of architectural aspiration — as high as envious gods permit. Even before that the blocks are placed simply in a row along the floor.

Do not get impatient with these slow and tentative beginnings, or force the constructive spirit beyond its natural gait. Should music supersede architecture, and the block that was the head of the corner be suddenly diverted in its use to pounding upon that which formed its base as an accompaniment to impromptu martial song, accept the change as natural and probably well timed. Babies are pretty good self-trainers. They usually know how long to stick at a thing, and if allowed to leave off when they want to they do not get overtrained.

On the other hand children do not need to be constantly diverted as some parents seem to think. They should be given a chance to be absorbed — to be lost in their work, as they so easily and so fortunately become — carried by it, asleep in it, wrapped by the god in his own spirit and transported to his very workshop, their mind and body taken up into the thing in hand until distinction ceases between the worker and his work. There is no work, and there is no rest, like that. Such absorption is, in most literal sense, the very making of the child, the actual process through which his soul gets born.

Rules, it is true, are dangerous. Children can overdo, and must sometimes be taken shrieking from their work and put to bed. But do not dissipate. Do not be forever meddling, interfering, asking questions, showing them a better way. The soul also knows a little even if you are so wise; and a child whose attention has been ruthlessly cut in two whenever he attempted to enlarge its span, who has been pulled up by the roots whenever he began to get a little into the song and swing of growth, has been spiritually maimed. Give the constructive power in your children scope and elbow room — the temple that it builds is invisible to any eyes but theirs; if you blur and joggle their vision it is lost, and its work in them will remain forever unaccomplished.

In all the material the child will now or later learn to use — sand, blocks, clay, cloth, beads, paper, wood, or raffia — adaptability is the main consideration. It must be plastic to his hand and mind. Not something you have shaped for him, but something he can shape for himself, is what he wants.

Sand is the classic material of childhood because it is the least committed. It is the open-minded substance, to which one shape is as welcome as another, that will enter with equal geniality into any form. Sand seems to be the correlative of

children's hands. They must have grown in it originally; and they seem to remember the long amphibious ages when our sea-born ancestors first made good their footing on the beach, and to recognize their ancient playmate. Sand is the silent comrade who understands, to whom children confide their notions of how the universe should be arranged. There should be sand, a little damped so as to hold its shape, for every child to use: a sand pile in the back yard, a sand box or sand table in the playground, with a cover folded back or other good place for the young Phidias to fashion and set forth his wares.

Here, in this manual form, the great creative impulse branches off — a little bud at first, but destined to carry a main interest of human life. The mud pie contains all the constructive works of man. From handboxes to religious systems the things men make, the images and institutions they produce, lie folded in this form of play. Married to rhythm, the building instinct is parent of all the arts. Men build in music, in words and laws and institutions. Whatever is molded or put together in expression of a purpose is of this origin. Other instincts may bear their part, prescribing the purpose of the special edifice. But wherever thoughts or material things are put together to form a whole, there man the artificer is at work.

The building instinct is essential in all science. To think at all is to think constructively. To pass beyond an unconscious series of sensations is to form, build up, conceptions out of the raw material of thought. And thought is fruitful in proportion as the ideal structure produced is large and firmly knit. The productive thinker must be able, by an expansion of the imagination, as Professor Keyser of Columbia has said, to comprehend whole systems of ideas within a single vision, and to hold them fast — as it were by the hair

of the head — while he subjects them to a unifying intuition and tests his intuition by their acceptance of it ; as though a man with a hundred hands were to build an arch of as many blocks by putting them all into their place at once. Consider the great hypothesis of Darwin — regiments of facts, marshaled in brigades and columns, in whole army corps, converging under one master mind upon a single point. There is no more definitely building operation, nor any construction on a vaster scale, than is found in the most abstract scientific work.

Constructive power is called for even where there seems at first sight no originality required, as in singing or reciting, even in dancing, because one must first project the verse or movement in one's mind in order to produce it. You cannot even listen intelligently without constructing the music or the argument in your own mind. As Emerson said, it takes two to tell the truth, one to speak and one to hear. The hearer's task, to be sure, is easier because the span of his attention need not be so great, and because he has only to build, not to invent. Constructive power, in short, is necessary to all action, including thought. To make is in most languages the same verb as to do. Man is a maker if he acts at all, and without action he becomes extinct.

But whatever the later incarnations of the creative instinct, however wide its subsequent variety of form, its first unfolding, the germ of whatever power it may afterwards attain, is in the child's instinctive molding with his hands. Small children will not write books or poetry or construct scientific hypotheses. It is true they will invent games and dances and compose sagas of a primitive sort ; but the main stress of their creative impulse is upon manual production. To construct is in these first years to make things with one's hands.

And construction in this first, manual, form must be allowed its scope if the full power is ever to be born. The mental process in all construction is the same. The power to imagine the finished structure before you start, to hold its image in your mind as you grope about for the methods and material necessary to its execution: these are the powers needed in all constructive work, and these are the powers exercised in a child's instinctive building with his hands. As river systems are said to grow backward from their mouth, so the creative impulse works inward from this first form of utterance until it permeates the entire nature and the child becomes a maker throughout — his whole being is polarized toward this end. The instinct thus generalized finds many issues, though I think it always retains a manual bias. But it will never reach its full growth, will never soak into the system with the efficient power it should possess, except as it finds its first outlet in the primal and instinctive form. Once a builder, the child may build in many ways and to a wide variety of ends, but the power must get its first growth in the form that nature has prescribed.

And as of the method, so also of the period of growth. The time to receive an inspiration is when it comes. An instinct must be utilized while it is there, and while the child's nature is plastic to its impress. The chicken will not learn to follow after the days of its instinctive following are passed. In the child's impulse to make things during these early years the creative instinct is offering its gifts. This is the time if ever to receive them; the opportunity will never be so good again. Now is the budding-off time of this great instinct. A check at this stage will stunt its growth and permanently lessen its fertility. It is the offer of the sibylline books. Each year there are fewer to be purchased and at a higher price.

Such is the place in life of the constructive instinct. Each of these great constituent impulses seems when one is studying it to be almost the whole of life, the center around which all the rest revolves. And indeed these elemental forces of man's nature do each permeate the whole of him. They are not divided in their jurisdictions, but, like the colors of the spectrum, are each present throughout. Of the creative impulse it may be said that it is the captain of the instincts, the one by which the rest are marshaled in the ordering of our active life. It is true it is not the monarch; sovereignty resides in the belonging instinct or thereabouts; but it is his loyal and efficient aide. When your child becomes absorbed in the shaping of his sand house he does so in obedience to an instinct whose importance justifies him. The great Sculptor, through it, is shaping him.

CHAPTER XVI

CREEPING, WALKING, AND BALANCING

THE desire for locomotion appears long before the child learns to walk, usually unaccompanied by any conclusive suggestion as to how the thing is to be accomplished. It is true that many children crawl on their hands and knees after the manner of the picture books, and these may be following some faint suggestion from a quadrupedal past; but the majority, at least of those whom I have observed, do not adopt that method. Some jump like a rabbit — both hands first and then the legs brought up under, both at once; one child, whose arms were long enough to raise her off the floor in a sitting posture, used them like a pair of crutches and swung along feet foremost with great speed; one I have known to walk a good deal of the time like a young bear, really on all fours, using her feet instead of her knees. The majority, or at least a plurality I think, adopt a one-sided, crablike system, one leg being tucked underneath and the other used as a sort of side wheel or pushing pole, while the arms are either used together or else the arm on the same side as the leg that is tucked in gets the weight, while the other is flourished as a balancing rod.

But the important factor is not method, but desire, and locomotion precedes the development even of the crude methods above described. The first journey is accomplished by means even more primitive. A child about nine months old drops a ball and it rolls out of reach. He wants it; and it appears perfectly natural to him, as it would not have done

a few months before, that he should try to get it, only he has not the slightest idea how to go to work. Generally he gets there by sheer force of desire assisted by accident. He almost invariably turns round a number of times, usually forgets once or twice what he was trying to do, falls over once on the back of his head, gets his arm caught under him and squeals and groans over getting it out, and at last finds himself suddenly alongside of the ball but without the faintest idea of how he got there. As the days go by, the desire for locomotion and his consciousness of its possibility both become stronger. But the method not being even yet made clear by any subsidiary instinct, he is put to great exertion both of mind and body to reach the desired result, until he finally hits upon some solution which he has practically invented for himself. His wish seems almost to pull him along, by its very intensity, without any definite means of operation. His only thought is to get there, and the mind somehow, anyhow, draws his body after it across the floor.

The discovery of his first method of locomotion by each individual child is, like all other great discoveries, a solution arising out of a deep-felt need. Columbus discovered America, and Vasco da Gama sailed around the Cape of Good Hope about the same time, because Europe wanted to trade with India; while the high tariff at Suez, the marauding tribes of Asia Minor, and her own robber barons had made the existing routes too expensive. Europe found new ways around the world because she had to; just as, three and a half centuries later, canals were dug, and finally railroads evolved, because mechanical inventions had carried manufactures off to lonely spots possessing water power, far from their natural markets. In the voyage of Columbus Europa made the discovery of how to creep toward her desired rattle.

Walking, when it comes, seems to result from the combining of two strands, — the instinct of locomotion as above described, and that of simply kicking and pushing with the legs plus a specific walking instinct.

From a very early age the baby likes to kick, at first with both feet at once and then with them sometimes separately. Very early he likes to press with his feet against something and push it away from him, — for instance his mother's hand, — a predilection in which Froebel finds a general desire to encounter and overcome resistance. Then he likes to be held so that he can press his feet against the floor and feel his weight on them; then to pull himself up by a chair or his mother's dress, stand and look about him with an air of triumph, frequently cut short by a subsidence so sudden as to suggest a disappearing gun, — a catastrophe which he will learn to take as a great joke if that view rather than the tragic one is suggested to him by the attitude of his elders.

Another set of exercises, whether preparatory to walking or not I cannot say, but of which the child is certainly very fond, — perhaps more calculated to develop the muscles of the trunk than those of the legs, — consists of lying on his back in an Abraham Lincoln attitude, with his legs sticking straight up in the air, either contentedly manipulating his toes with an expression of contemplative interest or merely apostrophizing the ceiling. Opening and shutting like a jackknife, like the baby in Alice, to the great discomfiture of inexperienced male nurses, is another favorite amusement in the pre-walking stage.

When the instincts of locomotion, kicking, and walking proper combine, and actual walking begins to result therefrom, the pen above mentioned, with its fence of convenient height and its rungs to pull one's self up by, is

much appreciated. Then follow short trips from one haven of extended arms to another, the peril of the passage affording just cause for mirth at its successful termination. Next come voyages of discovery to the distant coast of the low-lying sofa, mad escapades to the far corner of the room, breaking away from one's guardians on the beach and making for the distant ocean—with some looking backward, however, to make sure that timely pursuit shall keep the delicious terror of the adventure within tolerable bounds.

And so at last Nature's object is accomplished and her favorite production stands and moves erect. The feat is indeed an extraordinary one. How any creature ever learned to perform it is almost as great a marvel as how he ever came to see.

And while he is in the balancing business the child takes occasion to carry his proficiency much further than merely walking on the level floor. He likes to walk along a board laid on the ground, as it is still quite a feat to walk such a strait and narrow path. When he is a little more advanced he likes to get up on the sofa, and rejoices in its lively and disconcerting response to his motions and in the way it pushes his feet up after him when he steps. He stands in the rocking-chair or on a wobbly board or box, and tries how fast he can make it vibrate before catastrophe ensues. Children when they have just learned to walk like running down a bank or slanting board, their feet going, apparently on their own responsibility, out into space before them as they descend. And they will frequently return to this adventure even when disaster has accompanied a first experiment. I have seen a small boy who had lately learned to walk stand up on a toboggan and in that position slide down a slope where many grown people would have found some difficulty. There should be banks or slanting boards, or something else

of the cellar door variety, to run down in this manner, as well as to roll or slide on, in every playground to which small children are invited.

I suppose the child in all these balancing feats is training not only his legs and other necessary muscles but his middle ear — which is, as I understand, the organ provided to tell him which side up he is, and how much, how fast, and in what direction he is declining from the vertical.

As soon as the child can walk he wants to run. From that moment locomotion develops on the two lines of the running, chasing, fighting games on the one hand; and of feats of balance and locomotion on the other, such as balancing on one leg, walking along the tops of fences or on railroad tracks, running across the rocks, skating, dancing, surf-running on a board. But of the two tendencies the more purposeful one, toward the chasing and fighting games, is by far the stronger.

BOOK III. THE DRAMATIC AGE

CHAPTER XVII

IMPERSONATION

As everybody knows, the play of small children — say from two and a half years old to six or thereabouts — is largely in the form of make-believe. They play doll and horse and soldier; sand at their touch turns into pies and houses; blocks become cows and schooners and railroad trains. If you listen to a child busy over his fortification against the waves you may hear him humming to himself a sort of chant; and this epic, often inaudible, is in many children an accompaniment to almost everything they do. Much of the child's life at this age consists of impersonation, directly or through playthings to which the various parts are assigned, and there is no understanding him without knowing what this sort of drama means.

The dramatic impulse is in the first place not an impulse to show off; that belongs to a later, self-conscious, period, while a characteristic mark of the age that we are considering is its lack of consciousness. In truth the reason why the first two periods of childhood are so little understood by grown people is that they are the ones they have forgotten — or rather that they never knew — for they were unconscious when they passed through them. They are like the parts of the country one went by in the sleeping car. Where patches of memory appear — the light of self-consciousness illuminat-

ing a hilltop here and there — such patches, though in the midst of the dramatic age, do not belong to it but are outposts of a later dispensation.

Nor is the impulse we are considering toward dramatics in the grown-up sense: toward representing to other people what is passing in the actor's mind. It is, rather, the converse of this, being the method whereby children make clear to themselves what they suppose to be in the minds of other people and of other things, or what is dimly passing in their own.

Essentially the dramatic impulse in children's play is the impulse to understand their world. It is the principal form in which the great human instinct of curiosity appears at this period of growth. And the mind's first ordered world is built of other minds. The attraction of life for life is the strongest influence in determining the child's objects of attention. Not stationary things but things that move, not dead things but things that live, have fascination for him. It is living things that are for him the normal, the matter-of-course, around which his world is organized, by which it is measured and understood; and he does not easily believe in departures from the normal type. Everything for him is alive until the contrary is proved. His sympathetic understanding goes out as readily to the wind, the waves, the fire engine, as to the dog or kitten. So also the interesting thing about any object is its life. To know what it is like inside, what it is for itself and when it is at home, how its personality feels when you are it, — is the child's great desire. The life in all things is the legitimate object of investigation for a rising young scientist of going-on-four-years-old.

The object of curiosity during this dramatic, animistic age is inevitably the world of wholes, of individuals. Not

the outline but the mass, not the details but the total effect — still more the essence, the song of the thing — is what is sought. We shall come to edges and differences later on. First is to know you have a father, mother, doll, hobbyhorse, etc., and what in the main, and for themselves, these are. To know in this way is an act of faith. It is to imagine, project the reality, and to stake your efforts on its being as you dare to think. It is an act of sympathy. It is by hospitality of mind, by comradeship, by a bonhomie as yet wholly trustful and unchilled, not only toward his fellow humans but toward birds and beasts and bits of wood or stone, toward grass and trees and brooks and furniture, that the child conquers the secrets of the physical world as well as the hearts of those about him.

The child's method of study is by impersonation, by putting himself inside the thing he wants to know, being it, and seeing how it feels. What he is doing when he acts mother, horse, engine, blacksmith, bear, is finding out by actual experience what these most interesting playmates really are. He learns the main characters in the drama in which he has been cast by assuming each in turn. Whatever personality interests him into that he transmigrates and shares the exhilaration of its deeds. Later he will study practicalities, will criticize, perceive methods and limitations. Now his instinct is to grasp the whole, to enter by one sheer leap of intuition into the heart of the object of his study and act out from that. His is the sort of power one gets under the influence of music in later life, that of making a bold and glorious assumption with a perfect disregard of difficulties and details. He can still see the forest wholly untroubled by the trees. The child instinctively, and upon the most heterogeneous problems, adopts the mathemati-

cian's device of assuming that this thing is so and so and seeing how the supposition works — only his assumptions are not abstract but most concrete and living things.

The child's active bodily presentation of his experience, the necessity he is under of acting out in the flesh his intuitions of the inner nature of his world, is due to the fact that imagination is as yet too weak to stand alone. He does not fully possess his mental image until he has given it a bodily form. He is above all under the necessity of personally partaking of the action of the thing he studies because only so can he feel the working of the active principle in which its essence is contained. He acts out in order to possess.

Of course the child does not know that he is studying. He does not say, "Now I am a young man starting out in life and the first thing is to lay a broad foundation of general ideas," and then decide that a study of conscious beings furnishes the most valuable curriculum. He does not even say "I'll be Mamma and find out what she's like," but just "I'll be Mamma." Mothers, schooners, fire engines, and the like are simply too fascinating to resist — who would not embark in such a personality if a ticket were offered him? The thing, whatever its explanation to us grown-ups, comes to him simply in the chunk — all one undifferentiated impulse. As the egg is to the hen, according to James, the never-too-much-to-be-sat-upon object, so the mother is to the child the never-too-much-to-be-impersonated phenomenon. In both cases Nature has her own end in view, but has intrusted to her offspring only as much of the secret as was necessary to make him serve that end.

I believe, however, that the child's impersonating impulse, though it comes to him all one, partakes of the nature

of the great instinct of curiosity of which it is a phase — that in the impulse to impersonate, as in the exploring, investigating, classifying impulses that will command him later on, there is the unconscious desire to master, to take hold of his world and assimilate it to his mind and use. He desires to approach, to experience, these fascinating personalities in order that he may make them his. The successive studying impulses are the branches of one tree — of the mind as Knower reaching out into its world — and the whole stem vibrates to their activity and growth.

The impersonating impulse is, I suppose, partly a phase of the imitative instinct that we hear so much about. But it is imitative in a very special sense. Not the outer act but the inner spirit is what the child desires to represent, or rather to possess. He imitates, indeed, all kinds of actions — prances like a horse, creeps like a kitten, says bow wow like a dog. And it is true that the fascination is partly in the act itself — it must be very nice to go like that. But it is never a dry imitation. It is not like the phonographic reproduction of a parrot, to whom “damn,” “good-by,” and the squealing of a much-moved sofa are equally significant. Never the bare act but always the act as a vehicle of life is what attracts him, — the prancing soul, the sinuous personality, the dog behind the bark.

In getting at the heart of personality the sharing of its action is, indeed, the important method. The best way to be anybody — to get the feel of him as he is from the inside — is to act out his character and function. Even in his names for things a child shows insight of this principle in the importance he assigns the verb when he calls the cow the moo, the dog the bow wow, the sheep the baa. If one could say in a single word what so complex and pervasive a person as a mother does, that word would also be her

name. Thus the child will reproduce many actions of his original; his whole performance may be so composed. But as Shakespeare wrote his Julius Caesar not from Plutarch but from the Rome which his reading of Plutarch enabled him to construct — as all true artists paint not from the model but from the mental image to which their model helps them — so the child's reproduction is never merely of actions seen, but always of actions as expressive of the character he feels in them. Not going through the motions but getting inside the person, not being like a steam engine, still less looking like one, but actually being a steam engine, partaking of its experience, is where the fun comes in.

As it is the spirit not the form that governs impersonating play, much laxity in method is to be observed. With very small children almost any sort of action may seem near enough the original for the purposes of a workaday world. I heard a boy three and a half years old going "baa, baa" in a plaintive tone of voice. "Hullo," I said: "is that a sheep?" He answered: "I'se not a sheep; I'm a horsie." Even one's "bow wow" is likely to become conventional rather than realistic. On the other hand, fierceness in driving away wolves and faithfulness to one's master, as more expressive of the soul, are usually of a high order.

Because of this superiority of spirit over form, costume is always of minor interest. You are a Shakespeare rather than a Scott in your presentation. It is the action, not the dress, that counts. As horse, accordingly, you prance, curvette, champ the bit; dark lightning issues from your rolling eye, fire from your distended nostril. But as for bridle, saddle, mane, tail, and iron shoes — well, there may be a visit to the blacksmith because of the scope afforded for character development. That standing with conscious self-restraint, pawing, arching the neck, quivering with

desire to be off, is a familiar but always valuable experience. But manes and tails and things, real ones, why anybody who is half a horse already has these in his soul, whenever in the tossing of the head or in stamping to keep off a fly the spirit calls for them; their physical presentment is a matter of negligible importance.

Even when, in any particular case, there is insistence upon some special mark of outward resemblance — a fur rug for a skin or a pair of pasteboard wings — this is often because such things have become symbolical, just as certain scenery at the Théâtre Français has come to represent “palace” or “drawing-room” without the necessity of any traceable resemblance to the places typified. I knew, for instance, a boy of three who could become “Mr. McGregor,” whose mission in life it was to chase “Peter Rabbit,” only when he glared out from the inverted waste-paper basket as through the bars of a helmet, although Mr. McGregor, the original of the part, wears only a skull cap. Not looking like Mr. McGregor but acting as that hero was the thing; you are doing this for your own satisfaction, not to please the audience. Outward resemblance may indeed be a help if it heightens the inward sense of impersonation, and you will not scorn to adopt such insignia, for instance a flag or soldier cap, as may prove a means of grace in this respect. A pair of reins to be driven by have a practical as well as a suggestive value, helping in the actual mechanics of the part. But as a rule a robust imagination scorns all merely visual accessories, while outward traits, apart from their suggestive value, are of no interest or importance.

What is true of literalness in your own personal costume also applies to your “support.” Toys, things of convenient size and shape to play with, are indeed essential. But it is what you can do with or imagine about them, not what

they themselves can do, that is important. Toys, not fizzes: it is the child's own achievement, not that of the clever man who made the toy, that counts. A toy, at this age, is chiefly a peg to hang imagination on. It is the child's alter ego, to whom he assigns the parts that he cannot conveniently assume himself. And literal resemblance to their originals is the last thing he requires in his subordinates. An oblong block will be successively a cow, a sofa, and a railway train, and will discharge each part with perfect satisfaction to its impresario. Too much realism is indeed a disadvantage. If the block had actually been in the likeness of a cow, a sofa, or a railroad train, it would have presented difficulties — not indeed insuperable, but a little daunting at the outset — in its assignment to the other rôles. So a horse with real hair and shining harness is a good horse if the harness is really workable and does not break too soon; and one still gratefully remembers that smell of sticky paint that characterized him. But such a horse may be, by the very perfection of his adaptation to a special service, disqualified from interpreting the finer spirit, the more universal essence, of horsehood in its deeper sense. A stick or a cane is really more to the purpose — something that can accompany you on your wildest flights — your Pegasus, Bucephalus, Rosinanti, as occasion calls — not a creature whose understanding of the business is confined to the pulling of a cart. The hobbyhorse, of all the aspirants in this especial line, best combines suggestion with adaptability — perhaps he owes his prominent position in the writings of our greatest dramatist to fond recollection of his companionship in early flights. And then a great thing about the hobbyhorse is that if his head comes off it is very little matter: the idea of the head survives upon the resulting stick. Better, at all events, a stick without a

head than a head without a stick. One of the most petted quadrupeds I have known consisted, to the prosaic eye, of half a barrel hoop — and I doubt whether its suggestion of a bucking broncho was even perceived by its fond owner.

So also a doll that could dance the polka and whistle God Save the King might be a very good doll for once — perhaps for fifteen minutes on Christmas morning — but after the first fascination of passive enjoyment had passed away she would be fit only for the rag bag or to serve as the subject of an autopsy. A clothespin with a rag tied round it more nearly answers the requirements because, like the American girl, she is not committed to one part in life but is capable of fulfilling any position to which she may be called: mother, duchess, cook or fairy princess, it is all one to her; and thus she holds her own in a world in which one doll in her time plays many parts — and has got to or lose her job.

It is true nevertheless that verisimilitude, especially if it has also a practical working value, may, as time goes on, become acceptable. There comes an age when real hair that can be brushed, clothes that button and can be taken off, eyes that shut when their possessor is put to bed, are felt to be an advantage rather than a drawback. It is interesting to note that the Father of his Country was so good a father to the little Custises that in the first invoice of goods to be shipped to him after his marriage he included, besides books and other toys, "a fashionable dressed baby to cost ten shillings." A progressive discrimination that begins by conceding a basic difference between cows and sofas and railroad trains, and finally extends even to recognizing differentiation of function among dolls, permits, or may even require, such accessories. And then the same imagination that could have supplied the special adaptation

when absent can abolish it when it is not wanted. Elaboration, furthermore, is tolerable if it is such as to be always in character. A baa lamb that will squeak when pressed to do so, or a pig that can be brought to utter a plaintive howl when he expires, clearly have their place in a rich environment.

While literal resemblances are usually of little moment and are often detrimental, practical workaday availability will always have its value. I have known an oar blade serve as a horse for a time, in spite of the wide gait which it necessitated, but it was soon supplanted by a plain stick because the latter was practically the better mount. So I have known a piece of kindling to serve as a doll, but I have not heard of chairs or heavy pieces of stone being employed in that capacity.

And the essential function will usually be respected. A boy of three and a half turns up caressing about 30 inches of garden hose. To him his parent: "What's that you have got?" The boy: "Why, that's my skunk. He will squirt you if you don't look out."

I suppose, though I have no figures to prove it, that the practice of impersonating during these three impressionable years, for many of the waking hours of every day, creates a power to impersonate, — a power, that is to say, to put yourself in another person's place, and to do this with something of the whole-souled manner of the play through which the power was formed. I believe that the impersonating impulse bequeaths sympathetic insight — the power to see people as they really are, the intuitive sympathy that sees with another's eyes, feels with his nerves, that can realize him not merely as a phenomenon of sense — a thing, an obstacle, a convenience — but also as a feeling, struggling

human being, embodying a purpose, commanded by ideals, subject to despair and hope.

I believe that the practice of impersonating inanimate things during the dramatic age develops a power to impersonate them, to see these also from the inside — to get the feel of them, to imagine how it must be to fall like a stone, fly like a bird, sail like a boat, tower and break like a big wave — the power to sympathize with matter, to speak its language, predict what it will do. And this sort of sympathy with material things is essential to any understanding of them. Observation can check off and verify — even passive, photographic observation. It can come in afterwards and criticize, show where imagination was right or wrong; it can never construct, foresee, or understand. No man is a real chemist, or scientist of any sort, who is not also the poet of his science, who cannot feel the longing of the substance for its natural compound, the dread potency of unstable chemical combinations, the triumphant logic of the arch, the swing and fierceness of the flying train. One man's hand upon the tiller of a boat is as different from another's as upon the rein of a horse, the life of a woman, the leadership of a political party. One perhaps knows all that can be told, all that was ever written on the subject or ever will be, but he cannot get the speed out of his own yacht. The other feels the boat as a living thing, humors her over the waves when she is fractious, sustains her courage in a head sea. So one man feels how the bridge arches its back against the load; the other only knows about it from the book. The one can compose in structure; the other is confined to repetition. No two vessels, bridges, steam engines, are alike; sense as well as science is required to deal with them. And often science, in emergencies, must give way to insight: while you are looking up the rule

the vessel swamps. Only through imagination can you project physical law into new combinations, make new generalizations, solve problems, invent.

The power to sympathize with matter is necessary even to correct description of its ways. Kipling has such sympathy in a remarkable degree. As some one has said of him, he is not only a man among men but a piston rod among piston rods. He can talk the language not only of the animals, but of wood or ice or iron, and can tell convincingly of things he never saw. His icebergs may do things no iceberg ever did; they may be eccentric in their actions; but they will never be out of character. His Captain Troop looks like a codfish when he is thinking where to sail next simply because he is a codfish at the moment. That is Kipling's method too, and that of every writer who is not a phonograph.

Observation reports a sequence of sensations but tells us nothing of a cause. It can verify or reject hypotheses, but without imagination there are no hypotheses even to reject. You cannot criticize things into existence nor refine upon ideas until you have them. To suppose a cause, to form hypotheses, to foresee at all, is wholly the province of imagination; and the truth of our imagining depends on insight — on power to be yourself the thing imagined and feel how it will act. First catch your hare. Imagination is the only net in which a world of cause and process and action can be caught. And imagination gets its growth in the dramatic play.

I have said that the child in his impersonation is not consciously studying: his impulse is simply to be the thing that interests him. The whole process is more unconscious than it is possible for grown people to imagine.

To be, to act, and to know are not yet distinct. The child's condition is like that of a person in a dream, who as soon as he gets interested in any character is apt suddenly to find that he *is* that character himself. What interests the child he acts, and lo he is!

But as between knowing and being, though these are still all one to the child, the accent varies. In some of his impersonation there is a larger element of curiosity, in some of it more of the desire to become — a difference which appears for instance in the varying permanence of his several rôles. A child is a horse and buggy possibly for an afternoon; but he will be his favorite hero — sailor, lamplighter, or Dr. Torrey — for weeks together — and woe to nurse or parent who addresses him out of character! Intimacy and permanence are greatest as we approach a personal ideal, until in these more serious impersonations there finally appears the first glimmering of a conscious desire for life in the spiritual sense. Froebel's game of the Knights, the group of ideal heroes, inviting the child into their fellowship, is a stroke of genius in its successful rendering of this highest note in the impersonation of the dramatic age.

All the world's a stage to children at this period. But the home has the best scenario and stage properties. You can there be Abraham Lincoln or Dr. Jones or a fire engine horse with less danger of Philistine interruption than on the playground. The playground can, however, by suggestion, and by taking serious things seriously (refraining, for instance, from asking George Washington half across the Delaware when his mother is coming for him) encourage this most important form of play, — an encouragement especially needed when imagination has been stunted by a

home suffering from that form of efficiency mania that would sacrifice a mind's development for the sake of a little precocious knowledge of the grown-up world.

At all events, wherever he is, whether at home or in school or on the playground, whoever has charge of the child should remember that impersonation is during this period a chief and necessary means of growth.

CHAPTER XVIII

SUBJECTS OF IMPERSONATION

As to the subject of impersonation, directly or by proxy, the dramatic impulse is very catholic. It colors almost every occupation of children during the time of its ascendancy. Anything they make is a house or a cake or some other object, if not "of bigotry and virtue," at least of interest and personality. The holes they dig are mines and tunnels, their games and dances are drama of some sort.

The question of what shall be reproduced is largely a question of what happens to be presented to the children in their daily life. Mother, father, family life; cook, carpenter, railroad train; kitten, dog, or horse — nothing that the child habitually sees before him seems alien to this form of treatment. Funeral is said to have been a favorite game of Boston children before the sand gardens were started. Marriage is very frequent among dolls. An omnivorous imitative impulse would seem at first sight to be the sole principle at work, rendering the child wholly dependent upon his environment for his choice of subjects. Or if there is a selection it seems to be merely of such actions as lend themselves more readily to imitation.

And sheer imitation does, as already observed, play an important part in all dramatic play, and helps to give to the child's actual surroundings the vast importance which, as we all acknowledge, they possess. It constitutes both a danger and an opportunity. It gives to bad surroundings their potency for future evil, while upon the other hand it

creates the opportunity, which Froebel has so well shown us how to utilize, to inject into the form of dramatic play almost any content, provided it be not wholly outside of the child's instinctive interests. Children at this age are very susceptible to suggestion, and it is our own fault if the characters they impersonate and the scenes they reproduce are not of an edifying sort.

Not that all their play should be supervised as strictly as in the kindergarten. The kindergarten is a school — a course of discipline through which the substance of our grown-up conclusions upon the ideals and aims of life is infused into the form of children's play. It is training, the bending of the young vine toward the trellis that our best thought has set up for it. Play leadership outside the school should be less strenuous and less exacting. It should be largely negative, permitting spontaneous expression within the wide area of what a sympathetic understanding deems permissible — content, chiefly, with putting up a few fences to prevent the children from straying and getting hurt. Our leadership moreover, especially at this age, is very largely in the sort of lives we live. What we are is what the child is trying to get at and reproduce and, for better or worse, he is going to come pretty near it in the end.

But the child is not in truth purely imitative, nor wholly dependent upon environment and grown-up suggestion for his choice of subjects. The dramatic impulse is not so un-biased as it seems. The child's mind is not a moving picture machine, fated to reproduce any action to which it happens to be exposed. The universal prominence of mothers and family relations among the objects of imitation, the vogue of soldiers — out of all proportion to their frequency of actual occurrence, — the ascendancy of dolls: such typical

preferences suggest that there is something else at work. Such accent upon war, home, motherhood, and the care of children, biologically decisive phenomena, indicates a slant in the direction of fundamentals. These and their like are the mold in which the species was first formed. It is no accident that they have so large a part in the shaping of its individual members.

Sex preferences are conclusive on this point of the existence of an innate bias in dramatic play. Boys see as many babies as girls do; girls see as many soldiers as boys; but their respective interest in dolls and soldiers is not the same. It is, indeed, often the case that while "Jack will be a soldier" yet "Maria'll go to sea"; and there is fortunately but slight divergence of the sexes at this early age. It is true also that allowance must be made for public opinion as to woman's sphere which already presses down, through the medium of parents and nurses, aunts and visitors, on the little heritors of the inferior status. Nevertheless there is enough sex preference left, after all allowances are made, to prove beyond question that impersonation does go partly by native tendency, and not wholly according to what happens to be presented to the child.

The marked preference for certain things that children never see is further evidence upon this point — a preference which places bears, lions, and elephants; sailors and dragons; fairies, ships, and castles; among their constant favorites. It may be argued, here also, that suggestion by their elders is the explanation. Mr. Noah, for instance, with his interesting if imperfectly individualized family, is invited and introduced by Santa Claus, not selected by the child; and so of most other toys. But how are these selections by the elder people to be accounted for? Why lions, bears, and fairies? Why not law books, chemicals, and power looms?

The choice, obviously, has really been made not by the grown-ups but by the child. Not by this particular child, it is true: it is infinitely more significant than if it had been so. It is the taste not of an individual but of all the generations of children, of the child universal, that has been consulted. Childhood demands bears, and the grown-up world responds to the demand.

Sometimes even, at a pinch, the child will create, without a pattern set either to sight or hearing, the object of impersonation that he requires. The imaginary playmate is the classic instance. Nobody needs to tell the little dramatist that he might have such a companion; and certainly he has not seen him in the flesh. He creates him not because an original has been placed before him, but directly, out of his need.

Perhaps in this matter of the unseen playmate the vexed question of imitation *versus* originality may be thought to be involved. Let us for the sake of argument — in deference to any who may believe that our civilization has evolved from that of the amoeba simply by the repetition of given elements — assume that the imaginary playmate is made, like a rag doll, from borrowed traits of children actually observed. All that I mean to point out is that the playmate as a whole is not a case of imitation. You would have to juggle the child's surroundings a good while before an unseen playmate would drop out of them. Of course it may be said that if the traits were borrowed there was no originality. So it may be said of Shakespeare that he merely shifted about the same old letters of the alphabet but added nothing new. Personally, I cannot see that it makes much difference what we label this sort of action, provided we can come more or less to understand it.

The dramatic impulse is, then, not wholly indiscriminating.

If it utilizes what it finds, it also looks for what it wants, selects, and even, when necessary, creates it. The child builds up his world, as a tree sends out its branches, in accordance with his law of being. He builds it as it must be if it is going to be his. The thing that interests him he impersonates. If an example of it happens to be before him, he will copy it; if not, he may impersonate it just the same. The question about anything he does see is whether he needs it in his business. It is true that a child may be starved for lack of copy: the antennæ of the imagination may find nothing to fasten on. Or his surroundings may select, from among the possible objects of his interest, the worst, or the least adapted to our civilization. The bias of a living thing is strong toward normality and health, but poisons do exist, and vital power may be defeated by cramping circumstances or lack of food, as it may be released by encounter with the objects and surroundings it was stored up to meet. Here, in the provision of the most valuable objects of impersonation, lies our opportunity. But in order that we may utilize this opportunity we must first see how wide it is and in what directions it exists. What are the leadings of the child's growth as seen in the instinctive bias of the dramatic impulse?

A study of the subjects of the child's impersonation during the dramatic age is a study of the directions of his growth. The dramatic impulse is a mold into which almost all his interests are run.

We come here for the first time across a principle that is of cardinal importance, determining the nature of all children's play — and of all the satisfying action of grown people as well — the principle, namely, that the best play fulfils more than one instinct. A good game, like a good

piece of real estate, is placed where two roads meet, and the more prevailing the instincts, the more important the thoroughfares, the better the game will be.

Not that the child, or anybody else, is conscious of several kinds of satisfaction in a game. It never comes to him that way. He does not separately enjoy the building of his pile of sand and the attributing to it of its character of fairy palace. Outsiders can see how the ingredients were mixed, but it is all one drink to him — like William James's example of lemonade, not sugar and lemon, but just a single taste. But the best drinks are the mixed drinks — in games at any rate — and, as I think Herr Groos has said, in all æsthetic satisfaction. It is when theme is piled upon theme and you hear them all at once, when the reverberation of the beginning combines with foretaste of the end, when the harmony is deep and complex and the emotional suggestion manifold, that the music finally takes possession of you. In painting it is not alone, as Whistler taught, the decorative that is true art. Rembrandt's portrait of his mother — or Whistler's either, for that matter — does not owe its power wholly to decorative effect. It makes a difference that these lights and shades and harmonies of line or color, with the infinitely subtle balance that rules over them, do also represent a human face, telling what it would require many volumes by a literary genius to convey of the pathos and dignity of human life. A spot on the wall, of equal decorative beauty, would have less effect.

So the play of the dramatic impulse occurs at the points where it crosses the other main interests of the child's life. When some day a little girl acts mother for the first time she finds herself in the stream of a deeper satisfaction than when she was a panther or the master of a ship — though these were also good. Her doll she finds standing, like Diana

at the crossways, where the dramatic impulse crosses the great instinct of maternity. So the boy finds Launcelot with horse and shining armor awaiting him at the point where the ancient military road comes in. Back of the dancing, social, and constructive dramatizations — of ring-around-a-rosy and mud pies — stand the social and creative instincts and the great instinct of rhythm. The stock characters of the child's world are types, ideal forms in which the great constituent instincts of humanity appear to him and take him by the hand.

An important part of the child's play now comes at the intersection of the dramatic with the constructive instinct. The child is no longer content merely to see the sand stick together in the form he gave it — it must have a significant coherence. The hole he digs must be a mine, a subway, or a secret passage; the sandpile is a church or theater; blocks form houses, with real stairs and other modern conveniences — prominent among which in my own case was the "rat-cellar" with which building operations always began, and which, according to my notions, no family should be without. He now likes to surround his houses with a garden, smooth, spacious, and well protected by a wall, with vistas of trees, and stately walks marked off with shells or stones. Whatever comes within reach is pressed into the service, on condition that it will "speak up and be somebody."

It is true that, in spite of this new requirement that structures shall be practically useful — as houses, shops, rat-cellar, and the like — beauty is by no means ignored. Much attention is often paid to symmetry. I knew a little girl whose buildings, through the influence of the kindergarten school of architecture, blossomed out into twin

towers and a great variety of other symmetrical effects, suggestive of the cathedral form — a case of the constructive, dramatic, and rhythmic instincts working all at once. There was always in front of these buildings a square or *piazza*, bounded on each side by walls symmetrically placed, suggestive of St. Peter's and other great public buildings. Sometimes, indeed, the constructive instinct and the love of beauty work independently of the dramatic impulse, and the giving of a name to the structure is rather an afterthought. On the other hand, the buildings are often not merely known to be inhabited, but real people, in the shape of the builder's hands, or dolls, or bits of wood, are seen to frequent them. Usually the scene thus staged belongs to the domestic drama; the building is a house, and its great interest is as the scene and symbol of family life.

In general the subjects of the dramatic impulse, and of all a child's play for that matter, are expressive of his main relations, present or to come, as to war, maternity, the family. But how is it with horses, dogs, and kittens — especially with the lions, tigers, and other friends already mentioned — who live in Noah's ark or behind the ever-green hedge and in the dark corner of the entry? How with the ship we built upon the stairs, with the wolves and Indians who, as I well remember, were accustomed to jump out in droves from behind the stone wall when one was riding by — on a short swing in the play room? How do they fit in with this theory of main relations?

As to the dog and cat and horse, — these are themselves members of the family always accepted by the child as such. Horse is also, I believe, a specific instinct by itself. The centaur is not a wholly legendary animal. This four-footed ally is as much a part of some men as their hands and feet:

like Browning, they pine and grow homesick in a horseless world. Hengist and Horsa are succeeded by the age of chivalry or horsey period; then comes Carlyle's gigmanic age; and even to-day the horse holds his own, and will hold it against airship and automobile, because he is in our blood. Cossack, cowboy, or belted knight — the man on horseback is our favorite as an heroic figure because the horse is part of our inherited ideal of man. We have grown up with this friend so long that we are almost as much his product as he is ours, and imply his presence by a prophetic bowleggedness of mind.

There is also, of course, in this horse play, a wholesome joy in noise when a piece of tin is dragged as a fire engine, and in personal greatness when one mounts upon the chair as grocer's cart.

And as to animals in general — even the bears and elephants one never saw — these are members in full standing if not of the family, at least of the child's world — poor relations, perhaps, if not main relations. Children are primitive. They live upon the edge of the same world as the animals and can get upon terms of mutual understanding with them far more easily than grown-up people can. A child can half strangle a puppy or a kitten without creating hard feeling, when a grown person cannot even get near them. To be on visiting terms with one's friend the lion or one's gossip the elephant, to invite them to games and dinner parties, is the simple and natural thing to do. As they *are* our friends and gossips, why be rude? The child's view is that of the Indian, to whom the beaver, muskrat, moose are his very good friends, to be treated with a grave courtesy and consideration, even if, driven by hard necessity, he must sometimes make a seemingly unsympathetic use of them. And which after all knows most about the

animals, the Indian or the white man? For myself, I half suspect that child and Indian are right.

And the ships and wolves and lions? These are servants of the spirit of adventure, heralds of man the wanderer, who thus like Siegfried sounds his bugle call before him as he comes. If man had not liked a little danger in the cup he would not be here. When you go down the entry as far as you dare and rush back in a state of delicious terror from the impending onslaught of "the howls and the wools," you are only repeating a game that must have been popular among the cave dwellers — and long before.

When the play is of fairies, kings, and giants, it serves, as stories later serve, to project the mind into regions that are its own by virtue of knowing how to long for them. Wings were, for many centuries before the aeroplane, a need recognized by the well-balanced mind—and it is remarkable how generally in children's play this lack has been attended to. It is in virtue of such imaginings that things at last take place. So in fairy music, in unseen messengers, seven-league boots, every discovery that directly fulfills a human longing has been thus anticipated. The child starts with an adventure of the imagination, assumes the thing as done, and looks out upon the world from the vantage ground of an ideal attained. The relation here fulfilled is that of the child to what belongs to him, not now as a child, nor perhaps ever as an individual, but as the blossom of a race that inherits the earth.

Finally the child seems often to be directed in his choice of subjects for impersonation by the sheer force of curiosity, the instinct to make acquaintance with the world, unbiased by any ulterior motive. The relation here is one of spiritual kinship to the world at large. He feels the universe to be at bottom of one nature with himself, and desires to know

more of it as in the case of any other friend. We are of one blood, you and I; he feels spontaneous sympathy for the sailing moon, the twinkling stars, the whispering leaves, the alert escaping squirrels, the talkative birds who make such cozy nests — something in his heart is fulfilled in each of these.

Whatever its precise character or direction, curiosity is certainly a mighty force in impersonation, as in all the play of children in this and in each succeeding phase. The tendency to question things, to find what they are up to and may mean for us, to see what lies behind, has been, I take it, among the chief fortune makers of the race. It is of the master builders of our nature, and must have its share in the molding of the child if he is ever to be recognized as ours.

Such are the subjects of impersonation. They radiate out along the main lines of growth — of fighting, nurture, rhythm, and social membership, of creation and curiosity. And upon these radii, by means of this activity, proceeds the growth of the child of the dramatic age.

CHAPTER XIX

SOCIAL PLAY OF THE DRAMATIC AGE

THE reason children impersonate so many and such various things — the trees, the wind, the fire engine, father, mother, doctor, dog, and cat — is that all the world seems to them to be alive. Thus all their dramatic play is social in a sense; they are true citizens of the world, and every object that interests them is their friend and playmate.

But children are also social in a more special manner. It is no accident that so much of their play centers in the family, that they are forever playing "house," making dining rooms and nurseries with the chairs, and taking the parts of father, mother, nurse, and child, or that their constructive play is chiefly a reproduction of domestic life. The children themselves go outdoors, and have adventures not especially connected with the family; but their dolls hardly ever enjoy such opportunities — or when they go abroad it is for the sake of being dressed for the occasion and to permit the display of parental authority in curbing their frequent and lamentable transgressions. Discipline — the family tie in its most salient, if least idyllic, manifestation — fills a large place in the imagination of the dramatic age.

This peculiar interest in the leading characters of family life and their doings is, as already indicated, not wholly because these are the chief personages of the world drama as presented to the observation of the child. Nor is it to be accounted for entirely by their practical relations to himself. It is not because he sees his mother more than any one

else (I am speaking of real families), nor because she superintends his dressing, meals, and exercise, that he is so obsessed by her. The reason she is so often his heroine is that he expected her, that there is a place for a mother in the world which he instinctively assumes.

And his expectation, after the first year or so, is of the mother not only in a personal but in a representative capacity, as an embodiment of home. Father and mother are the fulfillment of his anticipatory faith in this relation. As he first felt "this is she," so he soon feels "this is the place," and his heart turns to his home as flowers toward the sun because by his nature it is his source of warmth and life. His mind and affections imply the home as certainly as his lungs imply air or his stomach food. His heart goes out to it as inevitably as his hand reaches for materials and tools. The home is in his blood. His whole spiritual nature is built around this institution as his body is made to fit his physical environment.

Child and family are correlative — parts of a single whole. They grew together and are in truth but one phenomenon. It was the rise of the family that made infancy possible, — that long period of helplessness in a world of internecine competition. Without it there could never have been a child at all. He is the creature of this institution as the fish is the creature of the sea, the bird of the air; and his every thought and tendency has reference to it. So when a child acts father or mother for an afternoon he not only experiences an interesting personality, but he sees an all enveloping relation from the other side, enters more intimately into that primal social unit of which he is a product and a part.

Social membership, which thus has its first growth in the inner circle of the home, is the great moralizing influence

in our lives, the source of obligation and self-sacrifice. The mark of all morality is subordination. Surrender to something greater than one's self is of the essence of the spiritual life — of all life, for there are not two kinds. The egoist inevitably shrivels in mind as in soul; and if his body, being tough and well-fed, survives, it is rather as an encumbrance than as an instrument of life. Subordination is the first lesson in the art of living. The growing artist is not the slick and talented young man who has learned the trick and become self-satisfied, but he who has heard the god and still humbly listens for him. The growing man in any calling is the one who feels his insignificance in presence of its greater laws. It is when you lose yourself in the game, give yourself to the cause, begin to feel that the work is bigger than you are, that full life possesses you, or that true growth takes place. The game, the cause, the work, is in truth your larger self that calls to you. You can go forth to welcome it or you can sit shivering at home. But it is only as you do give yourself to it that the greater current will take and carry you along.

The doctor is as strong a witness on this point as is the educator or the moralist. He tells you to forget yourself, to travel, play games, take up some outside interest. The prescription may not be very practicable of execution, but its aim is plain enough. The way to save soul or body, physical or spiritual life, is to have your treasure, object of devotion, moral center of gravity, outside yourself. The very bones and muscles would rather be going somewhere, if it is only to the postoffice, than merely taking a constitutional. The mind soon wearies of self-improvement. The very word "culture" gives everyone a sinking feeling: rather go fishing, if it is only for flounders — go after something at least more refreshing than your own insides — than

fish forever with this melancholy bait, or rather for this melancholy fish, of self-improvement. The heart understands this principle. It can go out to many kinds of objects, some not so good as others; but it must go out to something, if it is only a primrose on the river's brim, before it can beat to any purpose. You must lose your life to win it; you must lose your heart or you will have no heart to lose.

And the subordination most necessary to health in human beings is this of social membership. It is not enough to be given to your art or business. You must be subject also to your parents, your city, your community. We are by our nature inexorably, and independent of any choice on our part, members of a social whole. Its laws run through us as surely as the law of gravitation runs through all matter, to make or mar our souls according as we obey or disregard them. Citizenship is a profession to which we all belong, having been apprenticed thereto for the last few million years, and according to our proficiency in which we are judged, not by a gullible public, but by ourselves.

The home is the first form of the state, the inmost circle in which our power of membership is exercised, the first school of the belonging instinct. It is through the child's membership in the family that the citizen in him gets his deepest growth. The instinct of children of this age is not mistaken. The home is the natural habitat of the human young, of the child's soul even more than of his body, the moral center around which he is formed.

Of course the child knows nothing of all this; he has no social theories; but he feels it none the less and is compelled by it. He acts father, mother, house, instinctively and in obedience to a law as inevitable as that which makes the wolf run with the pack or the bee devote his life to the hive.

For the same reason he acts out those trades that touch the family — as doctor, farmer, carpenter. These interest him as types, embodiments of the family relation to the outside world. The radiance diminishes as you recede from the home until it merges into the zone of comparatively haphazard selection.

A failure to recognize that the child's interest in certain trades is due to their relation to the home has led some educators to prefer that city children in the kindergarten should impersonate the crossing sweeper, whom they have actually seen, rather than the farmer whom they have not seen, as tending to arouse a more practical interest. Their mistake is that involved in all directly practical education of children of the dramatic age. It is true, for instance, that the immature hand, which might have squandered its time on dolls, may be taught to hold knitting, and in a year or two almost to knit. So the imagination that sees a cow or a steam engine in what is really only a bit of wood can be set right, and the child put to work, instead, at studying the difference between spruce and maple. He could thus be made to acquire, in the three years of the dramatic age, almost as much practical knowledge on that head as a child of ten would pick up in five minutes; but meantime the age for the inward realization of the family, the trades related to it, and other things that really interest the child — of obtaining a sympathetic insight into his surroundings — will have gone by and left its all important function unfulfilled.

The precocious acquirement of knowledge is a process by which one thing done badly at the wrong time takes the place of two things that might each have been done well when the time was ripe for it. The way to cultivate a child or any growing thing is to help it as it is growing now, not

to do what would help it at some other time. The end of the apple tree, from our point of view, is apples. But there is no use talking apples to it in the spring. If you can protect its buds from frost or its leaves from caterpillars, or can supply it better diet for its roots, it will be grateful to you. And however little the bud or leaf or root may look like apples to you, be sure that the tree knows the way and the time and that your best contribution is in assisting nature on the path she has marked out. Timeliness, as Emerson said, is the lesson of the garden, and it would be a blessed thing if we would apply this lesson to plants whose growth is more important than that even of roses or potatoes.

But the family is not the only social object of children of the dramatic age. There is also the society of their contemporaries. The child of the preceding period — that is until he approaches three years old — has little social sense toward his equals. At those functions at which a hostess aged some two years is at home to her friends and their respective chaperons, you will see one child crawl over another without the slightest sense of encountering anything more than a physical impediment. Or he will abstract a plaything from the hand of another child in perfect unconsciousness of doing anything unkind. He is not selfish, he is simply oblivious of the other's existence as anything more than a physical object in the landscape. He sees something he wants, in a convenient place, and takes it as he would take it off a cushion or a chair. A child below three years old will sometimes, it is true, show an interest in his contemporaries, as in other flora and fauna of his environment, or even a little more than toward the rest. But it is an interest that does not strongly impel to any common enter-

prise or often survive his natural absorption in his own pursuits.

But at somewhere about the age of three there comes a change. The child now seeks the society of other children, and begins not merely to like to have them round but to coöperate with them. Indeed the play of this age is, in form at least, more social than for many years thereafter; for it is always coöperative, the age of competition not having yet arrived. The children now join together in their building operations; their dolls form a visiting acquaintance; they themselves form households, or armies for the expulsion of the invader; or present George Washington, with a select group of his leading generals, looking sternly out upon his country's foes.

It is very important that this new social tendency should have its way. For the American child especially, who for all these years has had the care of the whole family upon his shoulders, directing the actions of his father and mother, of the servants and the stranger within the gates, it is well that he should occasionally have a chance to lay aside the cares of office and unbend. It is too much for any one to have to make all the decisions as to what is to be done. And in the society of his contemporaries he finds others ready to relieve him of this task. He is now among his equals, and after the first shock of finding himself seriously opposed he enjoys the experience.

It is not only American children in whom this need has been observed. Plato remarks that children under seven should be brought together in groups by nurses instructed to teach them songs and games, — which is, I think, the earliest mention of the kindergarten. The mere coming together — learning, as Goethe put it, to look level as well as up or down — is an essential part of any form of child-

gardening that can by any possibility succeed. Great are the disadvantages of the sheltered life, at least when a growing thing is sheltered from the sun and rain, or other elements on which its life depends.

Very characteristic of the play of this age is the ring game, and very significant. The fairies used to dance in rings; and these children are still in the age of fairies. It is true the meaning is at first not wholly clear to grown folks, to whom a game which has no particular end and in which you cannot say who won is an absurdity. I remember I watched that wonderful game, Ring-around-a-Rosy, for several years to see what it was. And then I found it wasn't anything. But it really was something nevertheless, and something very important. There is in the ring game the sense of belonging to a social whole. It is not merely you and me and Mary and Jim and Mike, but all of us together. We feel and care about the ring itself. There is a sense of personal loss if it gets broken — to have it squashed in on one side gives a sense of impaired personality like having your hat bumped in, and we hasten in such case, with much squealing, to mend or round it out again. The ring is now a part of us, as we of it; our joy extends through it, and we find ourselves engaged to maintain it in its integrity. It is an extension of ourselves, a new personality. We act now not as individuals, but as the ring; its success is our success, and what hits it hits us. The ring, like the family, is a social whole. Membership in it is participation in a firm, a corporation, a *persona*. The ring game is the first form of the democratic state, as the family is the original of the patriarchal form of government.

Children in the ring games, as in the family relation, are in the direct exercise of the belonging instinct, which is not an impulse to think about other people, or to feel their

interests in an altruistic way, but an impulse to think and feel *as* the social body of which you and they are parts — to have the soul of it in you and act out from that. No combination or elaboration of the relations of the individual members to each other would ever explain this new experience any more than motion can be explained in terms of position. The member of a family, firm, team, that has a real existence enters into, and is entered by, its corporate personality and, so far as he is truly a member, is governed by it as he is governed by his individual will when acting in his individual capacity. The citizen does not merely serve his country; he *is* his country — speaks with its voice, feels with its heart, thrills with its purpose, is instinct with its ideals.

I do not mean that there is in the social whole a personality in any supernatural sense — anything for instance that would survive if all the individuals that share in it were to be killed — or that it has any existence except in their several minds. Nor do I suppose there is any special or peculiar way of transmitting corporate thought or feeling from one individual to another. What I do mean is that each individual member of a true society conceives not merely of a number of other individuals acting with him, but of a corporate whole; that he acts toward this supposed personality, is acted on by it, and above all assumes it, puts it on, acts out from it as its voice and representative; and that he assumes that the other members do the same. The team, country, family, corporation, is an ideal body existing and acting in the minds of its members. It is, in each member, what he is able to see and feel in it. Its creation and maintenance is an act of faith, — the faith of each in his own conception of it and in the corresponding faith of all the rest.

Men, like the other social animals, have this conception and this faith instinctively. It is a force that acts in them irrespective of any choice on their part, though its power may be lessened or enhanced by obeying or disregarding it. It assigns to them a social life as truly as the leaves are assigned a coöperative existence in the life of the tree. And as the leaf is the original unit of the plant, so the state and family are trees made up of human leaves. Their roots and branches are invisible except to faith, but the connection is real and vital. The service of all our social institutions — history, public buildings, monuments, flag, patriotic song and ritual — is to clothe this unseen body of the state, give it reality to us and give us faith in its reality.

The power of corporate membership is the greatest spiritual power there is. It gives to an individual the voice and authority of a people's soul, gives the patriot a purpose transcending his individual existence, so that his private fortune, even his life or death, become to him of secondary importance. He enters the orbit of a vaster personality and moves with the power and serenity of a secular force.

Am I claiming too much for a mere childish game? Not when we realize that this game is the outcropping in the growing mind of an instinct without which there would not have been any child at all, or any human race for him to grow upon. What the child, in the ring game, acquires is a beginning only, a little bud, but the parent of a great branch. Except as he is member, citizen, the child will lack the chief basis of morality. He will scarce be human, will miss the most precious part of his inheritance.

And as this faculty is not reducible to other elements, it can be developed only by the practice of its peculiar function. No other powers, nor any combination of them, can take its place. It is like a sixth sense, and can no more

be produced from other elements than sight can be compounded out of taste and hearing. Thousands of years of sharing our hearth and home have not sufficed to domesticate the cat. He is still the cat that walks by himself, because membership is but a very feeble element of the feline soul. The only way to belong is to belong; and the only way to develop this faculty is by belonging. The child in whom the belonging instinct has not been exercised according to its nature will always lack the power of expressing it. The instinct itself will atrophy. The family, the state, will be left out of him, or only partially developed.

And the time for this development is now, when the instinct clearly calls for exercise. Our answer to this call will determine the child's power of membership, the extent to which, so far as he is concerned, the state or family or church or any social organism shall exist. This power, like the rest, must be developed when the time is ripe; if it misses this first instinctive training, its most precious opportunity is gone. No subsequent experience can set its mark so deep.

CHAPTER XX

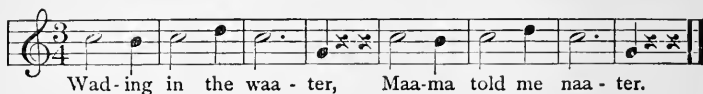
RHYTHM

A FEATURE of every ring game is the chanting of some sort of a verse and dancing to it. Half the sense of getting together is in the sing-song, made as sing-songy as possible, of these well-worn classics. In the method of their rendering nobody is left in doubt as to the interpretation of the theme. The long syllables are given with a peculiar drawl, of which even a little seems long, and which constitutes the special *vox populi* of this earliest commonwealth. The accent is come down on with the combined weight of the whole company, with the apparent intention of driving it into the spinal marrow of all hearers; the climax is reached in an ecstasy of common consciousness.

When, with the succeeding age of child development, the game itself ceases to be rhythmical, rhythm still survives in the form of counting out, — eenie, meenie, minie, mo, etc., — which, it should be noted, is not a mere preliminary but a part of the established ritual of the game. Children for instance never take the short cut of making the first on whom the fatal syllable falls It, but always go through the whole process of elimination until only one is left.

During the dramatic age there is rhythm not only in their games but in almost everything the children do. Not only is social fusion intensified, but social penalties are enforced, through this medium. The teasing rhyme mentioned by Herr Groos is applied only too rigorously to any unfortunate who has incurred the reprobation of the company, to the

tune (the identical one, I should imagine, that the old cow died of) that is also appropriate to the well-known lyric :



The early saga tendency persists through this age, along with that to celebrate almost any statement in a chant and to turn any repeated movement into a dance. As the age wanes into the succeeding one, the dancing and singing become more specialized, and the hurdy-gurdy has power to turn every street into a ballroom, at least for the little girls.

Rhythmic play does not indeed begin with the dramatic age. A sense of rhythm is manifest very early in some of the movements of the arms and legs and in the first forms of vocal exercise. There is rhythm in that emphatic repetition of one syllable — *gaa-gaa-gaa-gaa-gaa* — of which the earliest discourse so generally consists and in which the orator takes such evident satisfaction, as of one who has settled *that* question at all events. The cogency which the youthful Demosthenes so evidently feels is in fact present in the logical completeness of the rhythm itself. He really did land on the last syllable in a way to clinch the metric proposition. So also children often do their kicking — both heels at once, bang, bang, bang, on the bed or sofa — to a very spirited sort of march time. Much of the symmetrical crab-like movement with the arms, bringing the hands together like a pair of ice tongs, evidently gives a rhythmic satisfaction, — a fact that has been recognized by the elders in the game of pat-a-cake.

Pat-a-cake itself is the beginning of a new manifestation of the rhythmic impulse, combining as it does rhythm of

motion and rhythm of sound — dancing, music, poetry, and social intercourse — all in one. Many, and highly satisfactory to the youthful poet and dramatist, are the games of this class, such as rock-a-by-baby, ride a cock horse, I had a little hobbyhorse, this little pig went to market. These games fulfill the original undifferentiated rhythmic impulse, to which all forms of manifestation are much alike, and which loves thus to use them all at once. In them we see rhythm in its aboriginal form, parent of the Muses, for which song and dance and poetry are not yet separated. Mother Latona herself is revealed to us in the early mother play. It is true this undifferentiated form of rhythm has its forerunners in the kicking and talking rhythms; but these soon instinctively coalesce. They are perhaps the ancestors of the gods rather than the gods themselves. The uncommitted rhythmic desire finds its outlet now here, now there, then everywhere at once, before it again separates into more special and more highly developed manifestations.

Grown people, it must be admitted, have an essential part in the development of this whole class of song and movement games. The child knows nothing of pigs going to market, of adventures with a hobbyhorse, or of ladies with bells on their toes, until somebody instructs him in such matters. But he is nevertheless responsible for these manifestations as the public is always responsible for the sort of entertainment it receives. He and his instinctive predilections constitute the demand which the inventions of his elders strive to satisfy. These jingles first appear in the response of grown people to the child's rhythmic "talk." They begin by saying "gaa-gaa-gaa-gaa" after him, following his accent and gesture, as an instinctive sign that this is a responsive world and that his effort was noticed and under-

stood. Much nonsense talked to children is pernicious, but not so this first answer to their signals. Rhyme and reason are, indeed, two modes of thought, each with a logic of its own, and the instinct that responds to rhyme when it appears alone, as it does at first, is a sound one. If the Martians wait until we can talk plain prose to them before they answer, I fear the establishment of communication will be long delayed.

After a time, when the main stem of rhythm — with its combined expression in drama, dance, and song — takes definite form in the ring game, the instinct throws off a branch, combining song and story, but without a dance accompaniment, — from which branch again, a little later on, another sub-branch, the story set only to the rhythmic jingle but without a tune, again separates. (The final separation, giving us the story without rhythm, comes at a later stage.) There thus appear the distinctly literary — as distinguished from the musical and athletic — forms of rhythm, so well illustrated in the selected wisdom of Mother Goose.

I believe some people disapprove of this sportful old lady as a first guide to children in the august realms of literature. Certainly some of her more ancient lyrics are crude enough ; and once in a long time a Stevenson or a Mrs. Follen comes along who can improve on them. But on the whole her melodies are not only harmless but they have the great merit of possessing pith and point suited to the child's understanding, and of being free from tiresome and extraneous morality. But the prose meaning of these early classics (some people say the same of Shakespeare) is comparatively a minor matter. The sound is the important thing. As the successors of gaa-gaa-gaa-gaa, their meaning to the child is necessarily only a little less vague than that

of the lyrics that they have superseded. Their merit is in that they are of marked and varied rhythm, so married to the words that the two inevitably stick together and stick in the memory as a permanent possession and a means of further assimilation. What they mainly do for the child is to give him the freedom of the world of rhythm, teach him the first paces of the mind, the varying gaits of thought and action. It is an important enlargement of one's world to be made free of a variety of meters, to be enabled to think and act in trochee, dactyl, or iambus, as the spirit moves, and to enter into the feelings of others who do the same — to understand with Touchstone who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, and who he gallops withal, and how it feels to have him do it.

Children do in fact take up the various rhythms into their thought and action at a very early age, and the lyrics they compose show traces of their new literary power — as seen, for instance, in the following stanzas composed by a child of less than two years old, much and variously repeated but in substantially the following form :

APOSTROPHE TO A SISTER SUSAN

Susie, Poozie, tickety Oozie,
How does your garden go?
She is the Tootie, she is the Oozie,
She is the Baby Bo.

ON WAKING UP AND SEEING HER PARENTS RETURNED FROM A
JOURNEY

The lady she cooks at the back of the stair,
And when she woke up again
Who do you think she saw?
Papa and Mamma come back again
From Dubbelin, Bubbelin, Ubbelin.

The origin of the lady who cooks — a great character at that time, often reappearing in the productions of this particular child — I have been unable to trace.

A special manifestation of the rhythmic impulse during the dramatic age is in the popularity of the swing, a popularity universal and extraordinary, first attaching to the paternally supplied apparatus for

Swing, swong, the days are long,
Johnnie shall have a new master,

but soon applying to the familiar and more generally available arrangement of rope and board. Children, if permitted to do so, will swing for almost any length of time. A small girl on one of the first public playgrounds, who was forced to surrender her swing to another child at eleven o'clock in the morning, said, "I should think you might let me keep on; I have been here since six." Swings on a playground never stop, and I have no doubt that, with a little ingenuity and a sufficient plant, an enterprising community might supply itself with electric lighting by this means. Often the mere "See saw, Marjorie Daw" movement is varied by the development of stunts — standing up singly or in twos, going up until the rope slacks and gives an exhilarating jounce, jumping off, sometimes jumping on, kicking the ceiling if there is one — as well as by letting the old cat die. But even straight swinging, forward and back, the same motion endlessly repeated, has a perennial charm.

The source of this fascination is probably impossible to explain. A part of it to some children is in the stimulus to the imagination. I can remember dashing along on horse-back, hotly pursued by combinations of wolves, Kickapoos and Shawnees, who were always jumping out from behind

the stone wall and were to be distanced only by the most extraordinary leaps performed by the gallant animal I rode — a swing about five feet long. There is, I think, something in the nature of foreign travel in rushing through the air at such a speed, past scenes which the motion stimulates the imagination to conjure up. No doubt the rapid motion itself is also, as in many other sports, a large part of the attraction.

There is also something pleasant in the element of falling — as the proprietors of pleasure parks have so fully realized. There is no short cut to the emotions like the rapid drop. It gives at once the same visceral sensations (which *are* the emotion according to William James) which it would otherwise require a full-blown melodrama to produce. It is an interesting fact, at all events, that almost all of the successful playground apparatus furnishes this sensation, — from the most elaborate giant stride or traveling rings to the ancestral cellar door.

But I believe that the chief attraction of the swing is in its satisfaction of the sense of rhythm. It fulfils the rhythmic impulse in a special form that is very deep in us, namely, that of the perpetually recurring antithesis. The swing forward and the swing back, with the pause between them of an accumulating impulse, present this antithesis of the alternating rhythm in a very satisfying form. Forward and backward — up and down — society and solitude — exertion and repose — Republican, Democrat — Tweedledum, Tweedledee — you can go on forever with this alternation. The longer you go on, indeed, the less tired you become, the more indifferent to what is happening, or is going to happen. The experience is hypnotic: as a friend of mine has put it, swinging is a form of sleep.

The alternating rhythm that sets children swinging reap-

pears throughout life in many forms. There is fascination in antithesis of sound as well as in that of motion. I remember a small child who spent weeks repeating "the butcher the bear; the butcher the bear," and another who found added exhilaration in her bath by steadily proclaiming "I'm the bumsey, Ma's the wasserjunks!" This alternation runs through all our music, poetry, literature, architecture, decoration. Popular songs are often built on nothing else. The very names Josephus and Bohunker, in one fondly remembered, are of such satisfying antithesis that it seems strange their fame could ever die; the Walrus and the Carpenter are another pair that never will. A part of the beauty of the Psalms is that we seem to hear in their antiphony the eternal rhythm of morning and evening, day and night, the breaking and the receding wave. This alternation created the *terza rima* of the Renaissance and all that has followed from it, down to the common-sense antitheses of Macaulay and the political oratory of the commonplace that echoes these.

What is at the bottom of the rest and satisfaction that swinging and other forms of the alternating rhythm bring us it is impossible to say. It seems to correspond to the inevitable rhythm of human life; exertion and satisfaction, going forth and coming home, meeting at night and parting in the morning, a question and an answer, venture and success, a demand and a supply. But in the main I think our satisfaction here, as in the other forms of rhythm, cannot be analyzed. We like it because we are tuned to like it. As every bridge has its keynote to which it vibrates, so we vibrate to this sort of theme. Rhythm is an ultimate fact of our spiritual make-up. It is one of the motives that formed us and that still persist and act throughout our being. We are ourselves a song, an alterna-

tion, a metric composition, and to that which strikes the meter to which we live we inevitably give response. There are, it is true, physical reasons why inspiration and expiration, systole and diastole, feasting and fasting, work and rest, must alternate; but our ready acceptance of their alternation is rather to be explained by the fact that we are, spiritually speaking, rhythmic creatures than our joy in rhythm by these physical conditions. Very possibly Nature made our spirits rhythmic in order that we might fit in with the rhythm of all her other works, including our own physical make-up. But given our constitution as it is, our joy in rhythm is not derived from its physical convenience, but is an ultimate and controlling fact.

Tilting supplies another form of alternating rhythm that children like; and it is interesting to observe how large a part on any successful playground is taken by the trapeze, flying and traveling rings, and teeter ladder, which are various forms of tilt or swing. The really popular uses of horizontal bars and ladders are largely in the swinging from them.

Rhythm, which thus takes its start in the combined kicking and vocalizing play, and develops through Mother Goose on the one hand and the ring games on the other into dancing, literature, and the drama, is through life the basis of all the arts, or at least an essential element in all. Without the activity within him of this instinct a man cannot be an artist; without so much of it as to render him susceptible to sympathetic vibration, he cannot be an appreciator of art.

And the essence of rhythm is always in the sense of motion. Unless you feel it in your toes you have not fully caught the author's meaning. Dancing is the parent of the arts and survives in all her offspring. Chopin derived

the inspiration for some of his music from Fanny Elsler's dancing. Music is dancing freed from the limitations of anatomy. It is the reminiscence of motion in poetry, and partly even in architecture, that carries its appeal. All that touches us — moves us, as we say — is motion or some translation of it. And rhythm is the voice of motion to us, the form in which it has entry to our minds. Art, in whatever body it appears, has always a dancing fairy at its heart.

Those who desire their children to have the enlargement of the great world of art will do well to encourage those plays in which, through bodily motion, the soul and radiating center of all the arts gets established in them and entwined with the first and deepest elements of their growth.

CHAPTER XXI

RHYTHM AND LIFE

ART is not the only end of rhythm, if indeed it is, biologically speaking, an end at all, or anything more than a by-product. The instinct has some very practical uses suited to the strictly business level at which nature works.

One of these uses is to regulate those voluntary actions of which repetition is the characteristic, such as walking, running, rowing, and those monotonous forms of manual work that are not yet taken over by machinery.

Rhythm makes walking all one act instead of a succession of acts; each step not a new enterprise but the effect, along with all its brothers, of a single decree of the mind: the apparatus that coins them is set in motion by the pulling of a single lever and continues to reel them off as long as the power is applied. And each step is not merely suggested by the preceding one, as in a sequence of varying acts that has become habitual; nor is the simplification merely in the fact that they are all alike, replicas of a common plate, — the same step repeated rather than a new one produced each time. They are not merely strung one to another like links in a chain, nor merely repetitions, but are all one act. It is rhythm that makes this fusion. The process of walking or rowing, or of other forms of repetition, ceases to be a succession of syllables by becoming all one song.

And the value of the fusion thus produced is not merely in its economy of mental effort through reducing

many acts to one, but in giving to that one a peculiar power of its own. Once he has got into the swing of it, got into his stride, a man's gait or stroke carries him along by its own momentum, almost without exertion on his part. The song is a little different in different men; each has his own walk, set to his own motif, not only adapted, in its catapult or flail-like motion, to the physical conformation of his legs, but expressive also of his character and temperament. A Boston gentleman traveling in Bavaria looks down from the window of a show castle and remarks: "Why, that boy must be a Tremont." He had never seen the particular boy, but he knew the Tremont walk. A man has his own gait as he has his own voice or his own handwriting; but it always has this in common with all others that, once set going, it does his walking for him.

We speak of the burden of a song, meaning its time and swing, the heft or lift of it. The rhythm carries the walk upon its back; it puts a soul inside it.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,³
And merrily hent the style-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

A good gait has almost a demon of its own that does the work. When the baby kicks and waves his arms to a rhythmic measure, when he dances and claps his hands in time to the chanting of the ring game, he is invoking a power that will carry him over many a hard road and through many a tedious day in after life.

Closely allied to the carrying power of rhythm is its hypnotic effect. The cradle has been discarded along with other drugs, and fathers no longer walk the floor at night swinging their wakeful offspring in their arms so habitually

as the comic papers would have us think. But there is no doubt as to the effect of rocking. It is one of the recognized ways of the attainment of Nirvana.

And every repeated act, with grown-ups almost as much as with children, tends to fall into a sort of chant. People engaged in any monotonous occupation are apt to hum or to hear inwardly a musical accompaniment. And the humming, or the rhythm of the movement itself, soon deadens our sensibilities. Facts and sensations begin to lose their sharp outlines and then to fade away, until we become oblivious to the passing time. Repeated sound soon becomes a lullaby. Repeated action, when we have got as we say into the swing of it, rocks us to sleep. Some people see the effect of rhythm not merely in a comparatively quick movement, as in walking or rowing, but in any monotonous repetition, even that of a daily routine; and it is certain that the mind becomes easily reconciled to the half somnolent condition which monotony in any form is able to produce. We talk of being tired of routine, but more people dread getting away from it. It also is a sort of drug. It is the soothing influence of rhythm that through the long centuries has made monotony bearable to those who have had to walk or row all day, or knit or spin or tend the loom. So important is this function that some people find in it the biological explanation of the rhythmic instinct.

Thus rhythm is a narcotic, putting the keener sensibilities to sleep, shutting off the higher mechanism and leaving the rest of the machinery to run on without unnecessary wear and tear. And rhythm has through the possession of this property saved millions of toilers from death by slow torture, and has been a great blessing to the race. When the end has been decided on and the road stretches far ahead, it is a boon to have this good fairy descend, wrap us in her

cloud, and carry us through as in a sleeping car. It is well that the captain can sometimes set the course and go to sleep.

A drug, it is true, has always its dangers, often commensurate with its advantages — especially when it carries the blessed power of oblivion: the putting to sleep of the higher faculties is sometimes a perilous proceeding. Alcohol, for instance, produces its characteristic effects not chiefly as a stimulant but as an anæsthetic. We shall see when we consider the effects of rhythm at a later period of growth what these dangers are and how they may be lessened or avoided.

If rhythm can kill time, it also made time for us in the first place; or if not quite that, if it is not the very substance of time to us, it is our means of establishing a firm hold upon it — gives it thickness, weight, consistency, and enables us to deal with it as something having recognizable parts. Meter, measure, are our words for definite rhythm; and rhythm is the only measure of time that has a concrete meaning for our feelings; it alone gives us time units whose equality we immediately perceive. Rhythm has given us our whole arithmetic of duration, enabling us to think ahead and backward with some real measure of the distance, to chart the future and the past. It helps us to drive a peg into a given moment and know in an intimate way when it is coming or how long it has gone by. I believe, indeed, that rhythm is important in our way of recognizing units of any sort — that, to some people at least, even the measurement of space becomes most real when reduced to units of the time that the imagination takes to traverse it.

There is a very important practical faculty which, if it should not be classed precisely as an application of the sense of rhythm, is at least closely allied to it and, as I believe,

greatly assisted by the familiarity with time units acquired in rhythmic play. I mean the faculty of learning the accent of any physical act — especially of those in which momentum plays an important part.

The faculty itself is certainly an important one. It is at the basis of every form of skill. You cannot be a good carpenter, blacksmith, pianist, you cannot row or paddle or play golf, until you have formed an accurate image in your mind of the time length and sequence of those motions of which the special skill consists. To learn how to do a thing is to train the mind and muscles not merely to the form of the required movement, but to its swing and ictus. The skillful violinist foresees his stroke in its exact emphasis. The good batsman accents his swing at the ball with an extraordinary nicety before he makes it. Rightly to perform any physical act you must, as we say, first get the hang of it. You must know before you start just how it ought to feel, the rate at which the momentum should accumulate, and just where the stress of it should come. You cannot even feed yourself until you can thus feel beforehand what the temporal sequence of the movement is to be — you must get the tune of it in your head or your mouth and hand will not coöperate. The accent of any movement, once learned, can be impressed upon the lower nerve centers and its direction passed on to them. But the accent must be possessed somewhere, or the movement cannot be efficiently performed.

Especially is this true of the handling of tools of any sort — in the development of the wielding faculty spoken of in an earlier chapter. To be a master of any instrument, from a tack hammer to a battleship, you must have an intimate sense of its weight and balance, of its rigidity, give, and timbre — what we call knowing the feel of it — reduced to terms of rhythm, so that you can foresee with accuracy the

swing of the stroke or of the encounter with a wave. Even a child's learning to walk consists largely in acquiring a similar knowledge of his legs.

The same thing is true of the handling of individuals or social groups. There is a psychological swing and balance — a rhythm, *tempo*, or *motif* — wrapped up in every temperament, a natural period of oscillation in every personality, just as in every physical structure that really holds together. If you push according to its law, you can get sway over it. If you strike the wrong note or work against the rhythm, you will not get far.

There is furthermore a sense of climax, or rhythmic syllogism, in many forms of skill, both physical and psychological, from snapping a whip (with me it was a towel mutually applied by comrades of the bath) to carrying a breastwork or an audience. The skating game of snap the whip is a joyful recognition of this fact. Climax is at the root of any enterprise which involves a supreme moment in which all the accumulated power should be let loose — in which, if the undertaking is of a social nature, the ordinary inhibitions are overcome and the unconscious resources of the participants released. Nobody is capable of social leadership who cannot feel in his bones the cumulative rhythm of the breaking wave. Hear Antony's rough sketch of his political campaign :

And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from Hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war.

The wave reaches its height at "monarch's," breaks at "Havoc," and you can see it rush as it lets slip the dogs of war.

Rhythmic play contributes in several ways to this power of learning the accent of a given motion. There is undoubtedly an unrhythmic way of feeling time, but as soon as you accurately imagine the temporal sequence of a given movement — as soon as you see time with features in it — you are at least getting near to rhythm. There may not, in a given physical action, be rhythm in the sense of a repetition of equal units, but there is a balance of one period against another, like the balance of a line or of a physical body; and the acquiring of an accurate sense of this balance is an act implying measurement. The practice of rhythm, with its division of time into equal units, furnishes perhaps the frame and calculus by which we unconsciously plot the different curves and measure the varying rates of speed.

Children, in rhythmic play, do not merely learn the accurate sequence of the motions they go through, but the character of each motion is prescribed by the especial emphasis of the tune it goes to. The music tells how each step should be accented as well as when it should be made. Rhythmic play, in fact, with its constant association of time units with muscular action, familiarizes them with the whole subject of the relation of time and motion, and gets them used to judging temporal distances, just as the running and dodging games teach them to judge distances in space. Rhythmic play is the play of the timing faculty. It makes Father Time himself a playfellow, and the children get to know him as you can only know a person when you play with him.

Consideration of the social importance of climax brings us to a function of the rhythmic instinct through which it has been of inestimable service to mankind, namely, that of social fusion. Rhythm is the great get-together agent of

the world, the mightiest ally of the belonging instinct. It is essential even to physical coöperation of the closest sort. I found this out when learning to jump a horse. I landed, uniformly and with precision, just behind his ears, until I learned the rhythm of the motion and could foresee it with some accuracy before it started. You cannot get a big trunk into a cart or a dory down the beach; you cannot go, in anything, beyond what one man, or a succession of men acting severally, can accomplish, — except as you induce the Muses to act with you.

When the act of coöperation is of the repeating sort, the importance of rhythm is yet more marked, as all rowers know, and as the hundred old chantys of the rope-hauling days of sail navigation testify. Stroking a crew is much like leading an orchestra. The Argonauts required Orpheus to make them swing together, and from that day to this the turning out of a winning crew has been largely a musical achievement.

And the psychological combination is the most important part of the effect. Orpheus makes of his crew not merely one body but one soul, and has such power that even the beasts and the trees obey him. The regiment keeps time not only with its feet but with its heart. A heart is born to it — a soul shared by its individual members — as it marches. Rhythm is the social alchemist, who can fuse individual minds and temperaments into one substance in obedience to his spell.

As a question of the mechanics of the process, there is nothing that produces such identity of thought and feeling, and such consciousness of it on the part of each. When people sing or march or dance together, each knows with accuracy, as in the ring game, what all the rest are doing and are going to do and in great part how they feel about

it; and each knows that the other knows — and so on; to the depth that the song or movement goes the mutual understanding is complete. And it goes deeper as the rhythmic influence continues — a ripple, a wave, a ground swell, until the whole emotional being of each member of the company swings to the same pulsation like a tidal wave.

Historically the service of rhythm to social fusion has been very great. It is no accident that dance and song are the invariable accompaniment of the ring game. It was so from the beginning. From the first tribal dance down to the latest political demonstration, wherever men have sought to fuse their individualities into a common will and consciousness, they have instinctively turned to rhythm as the power that could perform the miracle.

The war dance and the war song have served for hundreds of centuries to break down the cold barriers of individualism and weld young men into those victorious bands that insured the physical survival of the race and have established the ascendancy of successive peoples. The religious dance, culminating in the religious orgy, was a very early social function and has lasted to our day. Ancient religion was tribal, always a community affair. And it was with the aid of religious ceremonies, with their songs and dances, that the *persona* of the family was enlarged to include the village, the tribe, and the city: it was in great measure through rhythm that political communities were formed. In reading accounts of the ways of savages one feels indeed that almost the whole of primitive social life was set to rhythm.

And it is partly so to-day. Every college has its song or yell — the two species of vociferation are not always distinguishable. Every successful nation, church, fraternity, has its anthem or its rhythmic ritual. Almost every great social movement has been set to music, from the *musiké*

of the Greeks to modern rag-time, and from Luther's hymn to the Carmagnole. Think what the Marseillaise stands for. The story of rhythm has almost been the story of civilization. It has even been suggested — by rowing enthusiasts, I presume — that there is significance in the fact that the great rowing nations, the peoples of the Ægean, of the Baltic, of the German Ocean, with their training in rhythmic coöperation, have been the great democratic nations of the world.

Rhythm presents to people in warm and vivid feeling their common soul. A march or chorus is a real though transient commonwealth. It gives for the moment a foretaste of what the end will be — illumines the intention, establishes the color, gives immediate experience of the enlargement of personality to include a social whole.

Rhythm has the power of kindling the social imagination. It enables people to project forward a given purpose with that warmth and reality that make it feasible. It arouses in preëminent degree that sense of imminence — that actual presence of an impending act here in the passing moment — that renders its execution possible and at last inevitable. Rhythm is the vivid form of purpose — or rather it gives to purpose warmth and momentum even before it has a form. It gives to pale intention, provisionally, the reality of accomplished fact. It borrows of the future, presents us with a finished act at the beginning to defray the sacrifices of its own accomplishment.

The adoption of song and rhythmic motion in the ring game shows the ancient partners, rhythm and the team sense, at their time-honored and momentous work. These two, that have built up all the tribes and nations of the world, still pursue their joint vocation in our children's games. We speak of political rings and social circles; the ring game

is the second circle through which the citizen, or belonging, instinct extends, as the family circle is the first. It is of vital interest to the State that its children be given full opportunity to form these infant commonwealths and to sing and dance themselves into the spirit of them.

As to the particular story or drama to be enacted in the ring games, the children themselves are not particular so long as they have the two essentials, the circle and the dance and song. The dramas of love, or of trades or household occupation, even of medieval mythology, which the traditional ring games represent, are survivals of grown-up games and dances. There is opportunity here — which Froebel has so well made use of — to select those stories which we think most worth telling and to eliminate those that are stupid or convey an undesirable suggestion.

The Greeks founded their education on rhythm in its various forms — *musiké* as they called it. The Italians of the Renaissance were rhymers, decorators, students of the Greek masters and their Latin imitators. Milton gives a high place to music and poetry in education, believing that the pupils in his model school, at the time of rest before meat, “may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travail’d spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learnt; either while the skillful organist plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugue, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute, or soft organ-stop, waiting on elegant voices either to religious, material, or civil ditties; which, if wise men, and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions

and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distemper'd passions."

It was in the poems of Schiller and the symphonies of Beethoven that German nationality was achieved. The fatherland lived in these before her political institutions were bent to correspond. War and statesmanship merely ratified what rhythm had already done. And the power that built is still there to sustain its work. A friend of mine only yesterday heard a German say, after listening to one of their civic choruses, "Germany will never be conquered while Germans sing like that."

To many people education by rhythm appears unpractical. The demand of business men is often for boys who can spell and add and have no nonsense in them: the less education beyond that of a machine, and the less fool poetry and aspiration the machine has in it, to get into its bearings and interfere with its smooth action, the better. What is the use of rhythm in business affairs? People who feel and talk in this way always have, for some reason, the curious obsession that they are very practical. But are they really so? Were the Greeks, or the Italians of the Renaissance, less successful than others in living a life that posterity can value and bequeathing permanent acquisitions to mankind? Merely as a matter of business, are the Germans falling so rapidly behind in neutral markets as to indicate some fatal flaw in their procedure? Are they not, on the contrary, universally recognized as the most successful business nation of the present day? And yet the first and last word of German industrial education is patriotic idealism; and music is deep in the warp and woof of it. A soul, it would appear, is a not unimportant part in the human mechanism, even in business affairs.

And if a soul were, as is sometimes thought, an encum-

brance in business, and if it could be dispensed with like the tonsils or the appendix, would it even then be wise to let it atrophy? Does success in business necessarily mean success in life? The efficient man, as we all know and really recognize — whatever in our irritation with humanitarians we may be led to say — is he who is efficient in saving his own life, who can effectively translate his soul into action. It makes no difference to you how far you go if you leave your heart behind: in that case you may as well turn back and start again. What counts is not how far you travel, but how far you carry your ideal. The rest is merely the squirrel in the cage — motion, perhaps very hot and strenuous, but without progress. And rhythm is the method of the soul's progression, the natural manner — not indeed the ruling motive, but the gait and habit — of the human spirit, its way of proceeding toward its end. As Emerson said, even our practical pursuits "must sing and soar." To deny the child the exercise of his rhythmic instinct is to send him hobbled out to run his race.

BOOK IV. THE BIG INJUN AGE

CHAPTER XXII

THE HUNGER FOR REALITY

THERE comes a day, when your boy is about six years old, when he suddenly loses interest in dramatic play. He doesn't want to be a mother bird. He won't hop like a toad. The stick ceases to be a gun; walking in a peculiar way no longer makes him a soldier, and there is not a single pirate in the house. He kicks over his little sisters' houses, and to all suggestions that he take part in their accustomed play he returns scornful and unconciliatory response. He says all these things are silly. Silly, indeed, is now his favorite word; it is almost the earmark of this period: when he begins saying things are silly you may know that it is the beginning of the end.

It is the same way with his sister when she reaches the same advanced and sophisticated age. The ship we built upon the stairs has dissolved into its component parts; her doll is stuffed with sawdust, and all the illusions of her youth have disappeared. The sexes indeed are much alike throughout the period that now begins, — what I have ventured to call the Big Injun age.

Thus the first symptom of the new age is disillusion. Imagination is no longer the same thing as reality. The child cannot be a lion or a full-rigged ship at will; a stick will not become a horse because he wants it to; the donning

of his father's hat ceases to confer a medical degree. The joy has departed from these things. Indeed when the new spirit is upon him the child now shows a special aversion to dramatic play. He turns violently against those forms of occupation that have been hitherto his chief delight, showing especial scorn of whatever savors of make-believe. He even glories in his own sophistication about Santa Claus.

Not that there will be no relapse. A child, however much he may be above that sort of thing in his more exalted moods, will continue to return at intervals to dramatic impersonation — even to playing doll or house — especially when the men of his own set are not looking, for many years after the new dispensation has commenced. But impersonation will no longer be his most serious pursuit. It will return in patches; he will revisit, frequently at first, the old enchanted ground of the imagination and renew the joys of his youth; but such play will now be relegated to a subordinate position; it ceases to bear the main burden of his growth.

A second characteristic of this age is its sterility. Not only does the child turn against make-believe, but he sometimes seems unable to find anything to take its place. A group of boys will stand about for hours on their favorite corner, debating "What let's do?" and throwing snowballs or well-worn and much valued jokes at the passers-by. Occasionally one will shy a stone at a bird or squirrel, while another will draw a channel with his toe to let the water run from one wheel track to another. Once in a while some one will suggest a game, to which all the others answer "Rats!" And unless haply there is in the company somebody with a special genius for mischief, the whole afternoon is likely to go by with nothing very much accomplished —

nothing at least at all worthy of the physical and moral powers of the assembly, or satisfying to their restless desire to be doing something if they could only find out what it was.

What games they do play if left wholly to themselves are apt to be desultory and spasmodic, and of a not especially exalted type. The present head of a successful boarding school, who for some years had charge of the play time of boys of the Big Injun age, once told me that the only thing they would keep on doing if left to themselves was to set on one of their number and tease him. That was the highest form of social institution they seemed able to support. This is the anarchistic age, the age of the individual, in which the critical faculty is so much stronger than the power of social organization as to almost always get the better of it.

You think it was not so when you were a child, — in those days when there were real snowstorms and the fish always bit and there was something heroic going on every afternoon. And you think perhaps that it is not usually so with the country child. Perhaps it was not so in your case, especially if there were bigger boys to set the pace, or a strong and unbroken play tradition to grow up into. But if you will follow any set of children of this age about and note down what they are really doing, Wednesdays and Fridays and all, whether in the city or the country — even if you could have moving picture records of what you did yourself — you would find, I think, that there is, and was, less going on than you imagine. The big games and big snowstorms of forty years ago, like the lamp posts down the street, are near together; but in the present, wherever located, they are, and always have been, comparatively sparse.

It is not that the child of this age is lazy or in the least contented with doing nothing. He does not desire to be idle. On the contrary, he is the most restless creature in

the world. Not even the great American club man is more bored or discontented in his inactivity. Nobody could be more desirous of finding the thing, whatever it may be, that he truly wants to do. The child of the Big Injun age has been well likened to an engine with the steam up. But he is also an engine without a track, almost it sometimes seems without an engineer. He is not able, unassisted, to find occupation commensurate with his desires.

What is the cause of these purely negative symptoms? What is behind the disillusionment and the sterility of the Big Injun age? Is the phenomenon all negative? Is the child going to die? Has the vital impulse spent itself and left him at the end of his physical and spiritual resources? No, it is not quite that. Parents and teachers will testify that there is plenty of life there — as much indeed as they are at times well able to handle. Whatever else the symptoms may mean they at least do not signify a lessened energy. There is plenty going on inside the child at this stage of his existence, and he often succeeds in producing external symptoms which, whatever may be their other deficiencies, at least lack nothing in actuality. The persistence and high potential of the vital energy in him is attested by his supreme and varied troublesomeness.

And this brings us to the great positive symptom of the coming of the Big Injun age, and the one that gives the key to all the rest. Why is it that when the child at this period of existence does think of something to do, you almost always wish he hadn't? How is it that he shows such unerring instinct for precisely the most inconvenient form of occupation open to him, considering the resources at his command? Why does he want to turn on the water, scratch the matches, play with the hind legs of the horse, sail the boat when he

doesn't know how, find out whether it is loaded? Why, in short, are the words mischief and small boy (or small girl either, for that matter) so closely and proverbially synonymous? The question is one that has troubled the minds of many parents since Cain first demonstrated the activities of the Big Injun age, in connection with which his spirit is still so often raised. Some people have supposed that the enemy of mankind has peculiar access to the child at this stage of his development; and a good argument could undoubtedly be made in favor of the supposition. Personally, however, I believe that the explanation is something different. I do not think the truth lies in the theory of pure cussedness nor in any negative supposition.

What is at the bottom of the mischief of the Big Injun age, what has turned the child against dramatic play and left him for the time with no clear suggestion of what he is to do—the cause of all the surface indications—is a positive and not a negative phenomenon; not a leaving off but a beginning. And it is the love of mischief that gives the clearest indication of its nature. It is precisely in this most annoying of all the symptoms he presents that we find the great and sufficient cause for hopefulness concerning the Big Injun, the key to his vast possibilities of growth. What has happened to him has been the coming into his life of a new desire—the overmastering desire for the real. The thing that has driven out make-believe is the passion for that which shall not be make-believe, the longing for objective truth, the hunger for hard pan. It is this insistent desire that is at the bottom of his love of mischief: the reason he has to do the most noisy, the most startling, the most inconvenient, thing is that it is also the most real.

The child when the new spirit is upon him will not be contented with pretending things: like Orlando he can no

longer live by feigning. He wants to come up against real life, real things, real obstacles. He wants to encounter real experience; and the more reality it has the better. He loves the wetness of water even if he must fall into it to make sure: the heat of fire, though it should burn his fingers or supply one more perforation in his nether garments. Trees are good to climb, stones to throw, grass to chew, or make a shrieking noise with. Almost everything is an object for close physical contact of some sort. The very ground is good to roll on and rub your nose in. Better rub your head on a brick, as a concrete study of architecture, than lack all bodily contact with the real.

The child at this age is out for blood, out for big game, desirous to exploit the largest and concretest thing in sight, to get up next to it or make it happen. He loves a big noise, a big event, — especially to be the cause of such. The reason the things he finds to do are precisely the most troublesome ones within his reach is because these possess in preëminent degree the desired quality of realism. An alleviation to the cold blue morning bath, even when you had to break the ice in the pail to make it pour, was in the thunderous possibilities of the old-fashioned hat tub. Life, truth, reality, are the objects of passionate desire during the Big Injun age, and explain its leading characteristics.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SKEPTIC

THE Big Injun age is on its intellectual side, as Froebel has told us, the age of exploration, when the child turns over every stone to see what is under it, climbs a tree to discover the strange countries lying beyond the garden fence, and when he goes to walk returns with mice and spiders and other weird and distressful specimens in his pockets. Boys like to take a bee line across country, not because they really think it is shorter, but because of the swamps and fences, gardens and chicken yards, "mosses, crossings, slaps, and stiles," and other perils and adventures it is likely to take them into. Every one knows that the many-counseled Odysseus did not really want to get home too easily; and the child is now at the Odysseus age.

"I like boys, the masters of the playground and of the street, — boys, who have the same liberal ticket of admission to all shops, factories, armories, town meetings, caucuses, mobs, target-shootings, as flies have; quite unsuspected, coming in as naturally as the janitor, — known to have no money in their pockets, and themselves not suspecting the value of this poverty; putting nobody on his guard, but seeing the inside of the show, — hearing all the asides. There are no secrets from them, they know everything that befalls in the fire-company, the merits of every engine and of every man at the brakes, how to work it, and are swift to try their hand at every part; so too the merits of every locomotive on the rails, and will coax the engineer to let them ride with

him and pull the handles when it goes to the enginehouse. They are there only for fun, and not knowing that they are at school, in the court-house, or the cattle-show, quite as much and more than they were, an hour ago, in the arithmetic class.

“They know truth from counterfeit as quick as the chemist does. They detect weakness in your eye and behavior a week before you open your mouth, and have given you the benefit of their opinion quick as a wink. They make no mistakes, have no pedantry, but entire belief on experience. Their elections at baseball or cricket are founded on merit, and are right. They don’t pass for swimmers until they can swim, nor for stroke-oar until they can row: and I desire to be saved from their contempt. If I can pass with them, I can manage well enough with their fathers.” Emerson is still not only our greatest prophet but our best portrait painter.

This is the age for collections — of bones, bugs, butterflies, and birds’ eggs; of shells and stones and postage stamps; of coins and caterpillars, and of the punches that the different conductors make in your season ticket; the age of hoarding — a bone ring and a broken knife, a piece of agate and the bottom of a retired inkstand, an invalidated castor and a static watch, a peacock’s feather and a skunk’s tail (imperfectly denatured though it be), with

Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

and many other objects of recognized though mysterious virtue — even to the treasuring, by the highly favored, as Mark Twain records, of a dead rat with a string to swing it by.

It is the age of things, when almost any object appears

worthy of investigation, when the child's intellect, like his physical appetite, seems both omnivorous and unlimited, when

The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Educators have, it is true, with wonderful perseverance and ingenuity, searched out or invented classes of facts — such as dates when nothing interesting happened, lists of kings and capitals, and the mummy of, say, the Third Punic War, 8th Period — that even a child of this age cannot assimilate; and have thus both taught us something as to what does not contribute to his growth and shown that there is after all a selective principle at work in him. But this feat of the schoolmaster is a remarkable one; there is hardly anything the child hears or encounters outside of school that does not interest him.

This is especially the age of coming close to nature, not by way of book knowledge or platonic appreciation, not through lists of words with no experience behind them, but by sight and feeling, taste and smell, by entrance into the intimate society of all kinds of facts, establishing comradeship with birds and beasts and waves and winds and fire and electricity. It is the age of making the personal acquaintance, through peace or war, of the squirrel, the chickadee, and the neighbor's dog. The child of this age ought to be in the country. There is his world, the fulfillment of his prophetic curiosity, the assemblage of those objects and opportunities to which his instinctive interests relate. The summer tide of childhood should set away from cities to woods and farms and summer camps. There should be great extension of the country week, of expeditions to the beach and farm. And play provision should largely take

these forms. A city playground can successfully carry on a summer camp of its own from the middle of July to the end of August, when, among children over ten years old especially, activity on the playground is apt to languish. And, to anticipate, playgrounds ought, for the older boys and girls, to have voyages of discovery and exploration and excursions preferably to places where they can get a swim.

And if the child cannot be brought to the country, the country should be brought to him. Summer playgrounds for small children should be so far as possible in parks on the grass and under the shade of trees. It was formerly supposed that children killed the grass; but it has been demonstrated that, taken in moderate doses, they do not do so; and Keep off the Grass signs have been largely banished, so far as the smaller young ones are concerned, in civilized communities. Nor is there any need that playgrounds specifically so called should be hideous and devoid of growing things. Trees take very little room and are useful for goals and bases. We must think of the future a little and plant elm trees in all our children's corners; and in the meantime there can be shrubs. Children's gardens are not only valuable in themselves, as we shall see later, but help greatly to make the playground habitable.

This is the age of dissection, investigation, first hand experiment, for puzzles and conundrums whether presented by nature or by man; the time to see what the doll's insides are made of, to locate the squeak in the baa lamb, to find what makes the wheels go round. It is the time to explore the gustatory properties of sorrel, of beech, spruce, or linden buds; of seaweeds and grass pulled out of its stem, of ants, acorns, and various nuts; the time of unlimited gorges at the currant bed or in the blueberry swamp, to

say nothing of that disastrous day in which the raspberry was loved not wisely but too well, or of disappointing experiences with soap, horse chestnuts, and other objects presenting a fair outside. The small child is a convinced disciple of the laboratory method, testing things by fire and water and touch and taste and by getting up and jouncing on them. His mind is clearer and more empty than at any previous or succeeding age. He is the great skeptic, and therefore the great learner, of all time.

Now is the time for kites and bonfires, fire engines and water wheels; for baking clay, pouring lead, and seeing how rubber really smells when it is melted; for hunting and fishing and bird's-nesting. It is the time to smoke out the really interesting fact — see what you can do with things, or what they can be made to do, that is worth while — to get out of each its full reaction, the biggest event, crash, shriek, catastrophe, it has to give.

The same investigating tendency exists in many of the higher animals. I have whistled back a deer who had come to feel that things were getting too personal and had retreated into the woods from the solitary lake shore where we had been conversing. It is common to attract caribou by setting up a red flag on the ice. A healthy-minded chipmunk will come to his front door to investigate any unusual noise. Thus science for its own sake — which is the dress suit name for curiosity — is pursued by all of the broad-minded species. Especially is it cultivated among our near relations — so much so as to be accepted as a family trait. And the instinctive methods, namely impersonation and experiment, are the same in our humble relatives as in ourselves, and have indeed received their popular designation from this circumstance. The fact that, on our part, we first *ape* and then *monkey* may be

noted as showing the long descent and inevitable nature of our procedure.

Children should have a vast variety of materials not merely to use in definite and foreseen ways, but to try experiments on. The passing of the woodshed and the old garret have been a loss to education, not compensated by anything that the sloyd room, the school laboratory, or the playground have yet provided. A truly educational environment contains not only sand and boards and blocks but old boxes and broken furniture, odds and ends of wood, nails, screws, tacks, staples, straw, tin, lead and iron, glue, paint, clay, sandpaper, things to cook with and means to explore the infinite variety of smells.¹ The world has many faces; every substance has a trick and a language of its own, and the child is entitled to the whole vocabulary.

It is not merely aptness in dealing with material things that is at stake; the child's whole future effectiveness depends in many ways upon that full comradeship with nature's world that comes from having grown up with nature as a playfellow. I have known a man to remain a square-toes all his life, partly as I believe from having dealt too exclusively in boyhood with things that could be handled neatly and with exactitude. He would be a better all-round man to-day if he had had more of a rollic with winds and waves and hay-cocks and dams made of slosh or gooey sods. Another man, perhaps, never built fires or took care of plants, and is oblivious to the growing power or contagious affinities in things. Another, who was brought up with boats and horses, is all intuition, but cannot build a good simple stupid pile of bricks. A boy should be at give and take with all sorts of material and with living things for the lesson in the infinitely varied language that nature speaks.

¹ Stanley Hall has long taught this doctrine.

Playing with fire is especially important. The nurturing of the baby flame, the coaxing of the embers back to life, the feeding of the growing blaze according to its power to assimilate — the whole process of unloosing the fire demon and controlling him — has educational value almost in proportion to its attraction.

There is fun in touching off any force and then sitting back and seeing things happen as you had planned. A favorite game I knew was setting many blocks on end in a series running up hill, down dale, and round corners, until at last the final block upset the balance of a tower with a heavy junk of soapstone at its head, whose fall furnished the joyfully foreseen catastrophe.

This is the age of hospitality to mechanical laws, of joyful appreciation of the screw and pulley and inclined plane, of feeling the bite and cogency of levers, of sympathy with the kite and sail and windmill and with the parallelogram of forces, — not known as such, but intimately felt in action. The child likes to find how the camphor trunk, and even the big bureau, can be made to dance at the persuasion of a couple of blocks and a bit of joist with his small person on the other end. He will be lever-wise, feel and inwardly possess the compelling power of that method of applying force from that time on.

A wheel has an endless fascination for the young. They seem almost to recognize its service as one of the great emancipators of mankind. To roll a hoop, a ball, a marble, a cart, or even to watch the coachman spin the carriage wheel as he washes it, is in itself a joy; while a big wheel rolling down a hill, even though it finally gets away from you and makes the last hundred yards well under the world's record, to the imminent peril of traffic when it gains the street, represents an acme of exhilaration to be remembered

ever after. Half the joy in coasting, sailing a boat, riding a bicycle, is in the comradeship with natural forces. There seems, besides, to be almost a special instinct for the use of vehicles, as shown in the love of sleds, boats, toy carts, carriages, buckboards, steam engines, and automobiles.

To watch the operation of a great machine gives every one a sense of satisfaction. It seems to fulfill our own will and bring us into coöperation with the universe. It satisfies the eternal element in our desire, as illustrated by Kipling in MacAndrews' hymn. The Big Injun age is the time to acquire an intimate sense of how the world forces operate and how they feel about it.

Boats especially seem almost a part of the growing child. We are all of us a little web-footed; our weaning from Mother Ocean has been not quite complete. As the child's hands have an affinity for sand and his feet for wading — both recognized on modern playgrounds — so has his heart for boats. He throws a leaf into the pond and watches it sail away. His nurse cannot drag him from the puddle on which his argosy of chips is once afloat. Children I knew used to put in about eight hours a day for weeks in sailing shells. Toy boats, making and sailing them, are the proper intermediate course. But being in a real boat yourself, and in control of it, is the true fulfillment. Boys push off on rafts made of two sleepers, with their complement of loose boards and sticks, to explore the Spanish Main; there is no pond within walking distance of a town or village that has not seen its Armadas. I know a boy who started his experience in full control of a small skiff at five years old and of a sailboat at eight. And incidentally it is full control that counts — better first man on board of two sleepers and a barrel stave than second in command of the biggest battleship. You can learn more as captain

of a two-inch plank than as first mate of your father's schooner.

The Big Injun age is in a peculiar degree the age of tools, of finding where Father keeps the hammer and saw and screw driver, and of going to work with them — if not on a boat or a soap box mansion then haply on the parlor furniture. If the chisel is missing, it is probably not the cat who has taken it. Be sympathetic with this hunger of the hand. Even if your hatchet should show the modifying effect of chopping lightning rods or your saw's teeth have been set on edge because your children have cut raw nails with it, be not too severe; in all experimental science the limitations of things have to be established by actual experiment. In any case, be well assured that no child can reach his normal growth without free access to the tool drawer. The tool is a part of Man, his normal complement, as intimate to his active being, as essential to its unfolding, almost, as the hand itself. The toolless man is maimed, truncated; and the toolless boy is father to him. And the time for this growth is now when the hand hungers for it, when the sap is running toward this extension. The joint of tool and hand can never be made so well at any later period.

Partly this necessary extension may be won by the handling of any sort of tool or weapon. A child who is merely hammer-wise or bat-wise or racket-wise has at least the rudiments of toolmanship. To some extent, however, it is the particular tool through which he is to find his life and utterance that must now be learned. Musicians say that the violinist should begin by the age of seven, and baseball men tell us that the batting eye must be acquired early. I believe that the stammering utterance of so many

of our modern artists is due to an imperfect, because too late acquired, joint with their tools, as though a man's tongue were to be put into his head after he was grown up. So far at least as to the use of edged tools practice should certainly extend. The pocket knife is surely an integral part of the small boy. With this instrument he whittles his way from the stone to the iron age. And the same ought to be true of the small girl.

The child's love of tools is not a mere desire to see what he can do with them — or does not long remain so. Very soon he wants to get results. The constructive impulse is not dead in him during the Big Injun age. It now finds expression not only in more elaborate and realistic play with sand or blocks, but in many other kinds of constructive work. Boys like especially to work in wood, whether their efforts take the form of whittling or of the use of carpenter's tools, and of course they like to make something that is of real use like a bat, a sled, a double-runner, a hut, or a box for tools. Children who before could never get on at school have been made over when given an opportunity at clay-modeling. If you can introduce some form of sloyd work in your summer school or playground, you will meet the true play impulse of the children more squarely, perhaps, than in any other way. There is often a chance on the playground to carry further than can be done in the classroom the fundamental sloyd principle of reality. The small children will be glad to serve the state by carrying off stones and rubbish in their carts. The bigger ones can help to make benches, mend fences and backstops, shingle the roof of the shelter, or lay out football fields and diamonds. Boys are easily encouraged to make window-boxes for themselves and others. A boy that I knew did all the splicing for the

swings, and has since taken the course on the Massachusetts nautical training ship and become a full-fledged sailor. In country places much more ambitious things can be accomplished. In Andover, Massachusetts, Mr. George E. Johnson, in the best country vacation school I have heard of, had the boys first cut and haul the logs and then build the log cabin in which the school's final exhibition was held.

This is also the time of social criticism and experimentation. From the first number of *Punch* down to last week's edition of the comic papers, the small boy has been the disconcerting critic of men and things. He must be shown; here as elsewhere his whole attitude is skeptical, demanding proof.

The impulse to investigate social phenomena is a great factor in the love of mischief. What makes the small boy pull his little sister's hair is largely his desire to ascertain by actual experiment the exact nature, direction, and social value of the reaction to be thus obtained. It is in this Big Injun age that discovery is made of the special flavor of stolen fruit — clearly a social, not a chemical phenomenon — that surreptitious visits are made to the store closet, that one learns how to stand on one's head in the apple barrel and studies the most unostentatious method of testing the orchard of the old gentleman next door. There are several motives for following these and similar branches of endeavor, but one common to them all is the desire for social research. As a part of his business of testing all things to see what they most truly are — to ascertain by actual experience what William James would have called their cash value — the child is also testing you. He tries these various stimuli upon you to ascertain whether you too are real. And he is testing at the same time the social laws and institutions which you

represent. You say Don't pretty often; he wants to find out which time you really mean it — just as he sticks pins into his companions in order to determine by actual experiment where they really live. He finds that you — even you, the American parent — will not, as a rule, allow him to put his feet on the tablecloth or sail his boats in the soup. He wants to find how much further your effective personality extends. He is like the man who goes along the train at night when you are trying to sleep, striking every wheel with his hammer to see what kind of sound it will give forth.

And it is important to him, in this connection, that you, the representative of the grown-up world, should not give forth an uncertain sound. Mischief is the outcropping of a healthy tendency, but it does not follow that all its manifestations should be indulged, on the playground or elsewhere. On the contrary, to find in you a "mere mush of concession" will falsify the child's reckoning and defeat the object of his search. If you look with bland and equal complaisance upon harmless exuberance and rough infringement of the interests of property and order, he must inevitably conclude that the two are equally permissible. And it is interesting to observe that he will not be pleased by the discovery. He is like a man prodding in the snow to find the outline of the solid ledge. It will not answer his purpose to find that there is no ledge there. He cries perhaps when he burns his finger in the fire or falls through the ice, but he would not care to live in a world of water that was not wet, of fire that did not burn, or of institutions that were capable of no reaction. The child's search for reality in social matters must not be baffled by tampering with the buoys that society has placed to mark the shoals.

Neither, on the other hand, must the tendency to mischief be merely snubbed. As an indication of the main current

of his life it must be guided and made use of. A teacher, a leader of some sort, is as much a complement of the child at this stage of growth as the mother at an earlier period.

This searching, criticizing attitude of the mind is the second phase of the one great instinct to know — that is, to search and organize our world — for which curiosity is too mean a name. It is the phase of experiment succeeding upon that of intuition. The dramatic age is the age of conceiving things as wholes, getting their general intention and idea. Now comes the time for finding their specific qualities. Nature seems to have assumed that the child will by this period of his growth have conceived, sufficiently for his present needs, the principal factors in his world — will know well enough how they feel from the inside and when they are at home — and that his great need now is to become acquainted with their practical use and limitations, to establish the frontiers and hard edges of the world that he will have to deal with. It is for this reason that she has implanted in him the necessity to scrape and bang himself against it with so passionate a desire to know, in most concrete and feeling way, exactly what it, and what he himself, is made of.

The change from the dramatic to the Big Injun age is the most marked instance of a phenomenon that recurs through life. It is the same ascent, from a more complete but narrower world to the at first sight prosaic realities of a wider one, that occurs when, upon graduation from college, the revered captain of the university crew goes to work running errands for a broker's firm or shoveling coal at the dictation of a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Its counterpart in history is the passing away of the old régime with its glamour and its romance, its silks and satins, its gold lace and powdered wigs, its tinsel and its masquerade, at the awakening of a deeper life, though on

the surface a more barren and unattractive one. The fairy-land of childhood has grown pale before the clear light of dawn. Oberon and his train scent the morning air, dance their last circle around their little friend, and depart. They will come again in another form, but their time is not now. The child has to be a Hume before he can become a Kant, to pass through the age of cold, critical skepticism and disillusion before he can reconstruct his world upon a firmer basis.

We call the investigating tendency in children a love of mischief. When they are grown up the same thing will be called science for its own sake. And all the while it is just the perennial instinct of curiosity, the instinct that insists on knowing—that would rather die than not have gone to the middle of Sahara or to the North Pole—that would go to the back of the North Wind if that were possible—just to know what is there. It is the instinct that investigates the largest and the smallest, weighs the stars and makes the personal acquaintance of the microbe—partly, and professedly, for the useful results that may be gained, but chiefly and more truly for the sheer love of finding out.

The child, it is true, is not coldly scientific: no true scientist is. Both in its boisterous and in its sympathetic expressions his camaraderie with Nature, won during the dramatic age, survives. He feels akin, beneath the surface antagonisms, with all he meets, and wrestles with Dame Nature in the conviction that she too enjoys the game. His exploring, investigating, testing, collecting, is the entrance of Man the Knower into his kingdom. Fire, water, tools—with edges to them—plants, animals, the sea, the earth, the air, and all that in them is, are his—even the starry heavens are his—if he can find their secret. And to such conquest he is predestined by the invincible desire of his soul.

CHAPTER XXIV

BIG INJUN

OF all his quest for reality during the Big Injun age the child's most passionate search is in himself. He wants to be somebody and to be aware of it. It is for this reason that he is so obsessed to weigh and measure himself against all kinds of obstacles, and especially against his own companions. He secretly doubts his own judgment and wishes to be convinced by outside evidence, to see himself as real in others' eyes. He seeks the testimony of his contemporaries not alone because these are his natural rivals, but also because they are his severest judges and least corruptible. The child of this age wants to impress others, to let the universe know that he is here ; but his deep desire, behind all other objects, is to convince himself.

It is above all for this absorbing purpose of establishing his reality in his own mind that the child has abandoned make-believe. He turns from defeating the Spaniards in that hard-earned victory in which he led the advance while his little sister had charge of the rear guard, to the more difficult task of defeating Billy Jones in single combat — partly, it is true, from sheer fighting instinct, but partly also because he believes in Billy Jones and knows that he can get from him a true report as to his own real value. Games are now uniformly competitive. A year, a few months, ago they were largely coöperative and dramatic ; but now the question is who is the better man, or the greater and more enviable in some respect.

We all know the sort of conversation that goes on. "I can run faster than you can." "I can jump higher than you can." "I can climb higher, dive deeper, and come up drier than you can." "My father knows more than your father." "My uncle is richer than your uncle." "My big brother can lick your big brother." He may not have a big brother, but he will stick to it just the same; for at this period it is a rule of life that no inferiority shall be admitted in any manifestation or accessory of greatness, of whatsoever sort. The power of unblushing assertion, so valuable in business and social life, receives its first development at this tender age. Such and such like are the preliminary pleadings by which the final issue gets defined. There is no sort of attribute that is not made subject of emulation. Preëminence is even claimed by him whose feet are larger or his nose snubbier than the rest. Readers of that dreadful story "Sentimental Tommy" will remember that when the other boy alleged that his father had been to a hanging, Tommy promptly replied, "It was *my* father that was hung." It is true that the fighting instinct is a powerful factor in this sort of dialectic and the many forms of contest that it ushers in. But the need of ascertaining personal values by actual measurement in the most applicable scales is also strongly present.

But the child wishes not only to find whether he is real, but to prove that he is so: not merely the ascertaining but the assertion of the fact is the object of his desire. Perhaps the same is true of his whole search for reality — that he purposes not merely to discover his world, but to create it. Such at all events is his impulse as regards himself; his heart is set upon making actual the original motions of his soul; his inclusive desire is, in our accurate phrase, to "assert himself," to affirm in most dogmatic form his own reality. In their

entirety, indeed, the child's instincts, now as ever, are the conscious promulgation in his mind of the law of the growing thing; his obedience to them is simply the process of the birth of man. But at this period the conscious form of the impulse is that of a self to be expressed. The constituting instincts are tied up in a bundle labeled "I." It is I against the world—a personality to be wrenched free, and outwardly projected in the real. The child identifies himself with the forces welling up within him and finds his life in their expression—or perhaps we should say these underlying forces burst into individual consciousness as the child and claim in him their right of utterance. Inspiration is of that particular syllable in the race life which it is his peculiar mission to pronounce. And the form of the commandment is toward outward and visible expression, the concrete demonstration of himself.

In short it is the inclusive instinct to live, to be somebody in the ethical as well as in the physical sense, that dominates the Big Injun age and determines its most salient characteristics.

The child's self-assertion is crude, clumsy, objectionably loud. And it must be so. The spirit cannot spring to full life at once. Purposes do not come to any of us ready-made, but are born of obedience to the first dim hints of inspiration, hardly more than a pain at first, an uneasiness—a need to arise and go forth, not knowing whither we go. Such is the first coming of the spirit even in grown men. And in the small child, to whom the conscious need of self-assertion has newly come, a smooth and perfect presentation, or even knowledge of his own purposes, is wholly impossible. In his anxiety to speak out, to assure himself that it is his own voice and not another's, he is often noisy and rough, and is apt to be annoying to his elders, whose constant effort is to

suppress him — an effort harmless enough if care is taken that it be not too successful, furnishing, indeed, a convenient obstacle against which the child may find and exercise his powers.

With the child meantime it is crude expression or none at all.' To be or not to be; to blurt out what he has it in his heart to say, with the almost certainty of being misunderstood, or to shrink back, shun the risk, and assume yet a little longer the smug and harmless little boy, commended of his maiden aunts: that is the question his soul puts to him. It is the question of accepting or flinching from the throe of birth; now is the moment of becoming, the passion of the budding soul. Shall the leaf be put forth, or shall one more opportunity go by, one more item be omitted from the final stature of the man he should have been? What moves in him is the instinct to be alive, to realize the law that Nature placed in him. It is the same power that makes the flower grow, the oak stir within the acorn. If he did not burst forth in rough and uncouth ways of speech and action, he would never authentically act at all, but must forever remain a life unrealized, a recreant to his informing soul.

Outwardly what the child seeks through all his contests and all the mischief that he does is to show his own importance. He wants to prove himself a devil of a fellow, a power to be reckoned with, a bold, bad man whom it is unsafe to cross. "Let them not go too far," "A time will come," and similar declarations of the stage villain or stage hero (it makes little difference which) are all congenial to his state of mind. He wants to make the world sit up and take notice in order that he in turn may take notice of its sitting up. If he accomplishes the latter result, by whatever method, he feels that his efforts have not been in vain.

In order to obtain an outside and unbiased view of the

Big Injun attitude of mind I once, at considerable personal sacrifice, made a study of the five-cent magazines that are sold to children, named for the most part after famous characters of life or fiction whose wonderful adventures they narrate. The purpose of the publishers is, I suppose, not primarily philanthropic; their productions are undoubtedly meant to sell; and they do sell if one may judge by the number of them that exist. To that end they have to please the children who are their purchasers. And they do this, doubtless, by telling them what they want to hear. They hold not indeed a mirror up to nature, but a mirror up to the child's dearest desire — the desire for acknowledged greatness in himself. A study of these magazines is a study of the child as he would like to be, and has a special interest on that account.

The very first number that I read contained adventures fit to satisfy the most exacting. The hero starts out in the morning to attend a clambake. When he arrives near the appointed place a masked ruffian jumps out from behind a tree and points a pistol at his head. The boy, with a certain easy grace, knocks down the masked ruffian and is about to pull off his mask when he is interrupted by terrible screams coming from the direction of the beach. He rushes through the trees just in time to see one of the girls of the party about to be killed by a bull; puts the bull out of business by the simple process of shooting out his eyes with the pistol which he had just taken from the masked ruffian; and then explains in a few well-chosen words to the owner of the bull, who appears upon the scene in some excitement, that the bull has been making a nuisance of himself and had to be restrained. Then, immediately after a hearty meal of pie and doughnuts, he very appropriately takes part in a swimming race. He is just about to win the race by rounding the

mark inside of his hated rival, when the masked ruffian, accompanied by another masked ruffian, turns up in a dory and begins batting him over the head with an oar, — that is to say, they try to hit him, but every time the masked ruffian strikes the hero dives and comes up on the other side of the boat; until at last the masked ruffian gets on to his rhythm and hits him just as he comes up. He then goes down plump upon the bottom and would have drowned if he had not been rescued by his defeated rival in the swimming race. These however are only the introductory proceedings — a few little preliminary stunts leading up to the real climax of the day, which comes in a ball game in the afternoon.

Now that, I suppose, is a boy's idea of passing an agreeable forenoon, his notion of a pleasant routine, the sort of thing his daily life would be if he could have the arranging of it.

It is because of this predilection for demonstrated greatness that I have ventured to call this the Big Injun age — the age in which the child wants to be Big Injun, to show himself great and glorious and to be acknowledged as such. The cigarette is I think in some sort the equivalent of the paint and feathers, the scalps and claws of grizzly bears, affected by the original Big Injun. Boys smoke not wholly from any pleasure which they may derive from the experience, but largely to be seen to smoke — though there may be a choice as to who sees them.

There appears indeed to be a special instinct to show off, to shine and make one's self feared, admired, and envied, to establish a triumphant social personality. And this desire sometimes carries children to extreme lengths both of lawlessness and of heroism. But the desire to show off is not the whole of the self-assertive impulse nor the strongest part of it. No boy will be really satisfied by making people

think he can do things, if conscious in his own heart that he cannot do them. Indeed Big Injun truth gives even Big Injun fiction a close race for it. I remember one time when the Sportsman's Show was in Boston a part of it was the performance of a man who dove from a platform fifty feet high into a small trough. The man gave his exhibition in the presence of a large audience, and was presumably paid for doing so. But one afternoon two boys, not seeking publicity, but rather shrinking from it, waited in the gallery until the people had gone out, and then climbed forth upon the man's lofty perch and dove into his bath tub, gaining no extrinsic reward for their performance except a wet walk home to South Boston and a possibly unsympathetic reception when they reached there. The motive was the exercise of a higher degree of daring than most boys, or most other people, possess. Deeper always than the desire to impress others is the child's longing to convince himself; his own reality is still the dearest object of his search.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FIGHTING INSTINCT

THE impulse to wrestle and punch each other is strong in children, especially small boys, from a very early age, and is the basis of much play of the roly-poly sort. Like the corresponding instinct in young puppies, it implies no ill will, but quite the contrary, and is indulged in without hostile intent. The fighting instinct, indeed, is never really malevolent; its aim is not to bring evil on the adversary, but to fight and overcome him. Among the Irish, in whom the instinct is especially vigorous, fighting is properly, like dancing and conversation, a social function. Mr. Dooley's description of mental depression as a feeling "as if ye hadn't an inimy in the whole weary world" is expert testimony to the genial nature of the impulse. The notion existing among Latin nations that the object of fighting is to kill your adversary is foreign to the better interpretation of it — what is the use of an enemy when he is dead? The pistol and stiletto are instruments not for fighting, but for putting an end to it.

The fighting instinct, it is true, when thoroughly aroused, induces acts that often result in death. There sometimes, indeed, supervenes the definite desire to kill. But I cannot think that such desire is of the real essence of the fighting spirit. One does not picture Hercules or Roland as slaves of the blood lust or wishing evil to their adversaries, even though it may become necessary, in the course of business,

or in the interests of art, to put an end to them. Certainly to King Arthur and his knights, as presented by Sir Thomas Malory in the days when fighting was still the serious occupation of a gentlemen, the slaying of an adversary was the very last thing to be desired; he was a great deal too useful as a whetstone of valor and a witness to its effects to be wasted in any such careless way. There is often in a serious fight a vindictive sense, a desire to punish. Of course there is a desire to win. But there is not necessarily a desire to harm. Ill will to opponents, even in war, is found not among the soldiers, but in the stay-at-homes.

Actual fighting among children (or adults either) is not agreeable to witness nor for the weaker side to take part in. But the instinct itself is so deep in the race, and carries within it such a valuable element of character, that it ought to be guided and encouraged, not repressed. Unwillingness to fight on due occasion is perhaps the severest of all moral handicaps; while on the other hand the fighting quality is of the bed rock of human character.

And fighting, like all the major instincts of human nature, serves not only its narrower and more primitive purpose, but is protean in its manifestations. The instinct has eaten back into our nature until it has colored our whole being and issues in an infinite variety of forms. Men fight disease, ill fortune, failure, their own temptations, as well as enemies of flesh and blood. It is the same dour quality which receives its first development in fisticuffs that refuses to see defeat in any enterprise. It is largely the fighting spirit that has supported the martyr and the missionary, from Stephen the Roman legionary down to the fighting Quakers and Transcendentalists who officered the negro regiments in our Civil War. You may not trace the pugilism in the later stages of the martyr's life, but the hard kernel of character is still there.

The polliwog's tail does not look much like a pair of legs, but, as Stanley Hall has shown, a polliwog whose tail has not been allowed to develop will never have the legs he was entitled to. From defeating the village bully to the Second Inaugural is a long journey, but the Generous Conqueror is there in both achievements.

But whatever it may develop into, the first incarnation of this great spirit is pugilistic. The god appears first as Mars or Thor or Hercules. His lessons are fierce and hard to learn, but they must be learned as he prescribes them if you would have his help. And the time to learn them, as in all like cases, is when they are set by nature — beginning, in this instance, at the age of six or thereabouts. Its first years are often a crucial time in the development of this instinct. It is a sort of maidenliness, rather than the lack of innate courage, that overlays the martial spirit in the people of a peaceful age. As a clever French writer has said, the trouble with good people is that they are such awful cowards. But the disability is not inevitable; the peaceful yeoman or civilian has pretty regularly defeated the aristocrat or professional fighter at his own game whenever he has found it worth while to take it up in earnest and has, in material equipment, possessed a fighting chance. His initial difficulty comes through neglect to train the instinct when it presents itself. Civilized people lose the use of the quality through its systematic suppression, or insufficient opportunity, at the age when it calls for utterance.

I do not mean that we should go to the opposite extreme and, like the Spartans or the old-fashioned English boarding school, encourage mere savagery among our boys. A society of bulldogs or unlicked bears is too expensive an escape from cowardice. There should on the contrary be the insistent teaching of chivalry, consideration for the weak, respect for

the defeated, sympathy even for the big and clumsy ones who are such easy game. Yet on the other hand the boy who is timid ought somehow to be taught to break the ice and to make the discovery, so important to his future welfare, that he also has fight in him, and that defeat itself is a victory within the reach of all and worth far more than it costs.

The expression of the fighting instinct among children, however, covers a far wider field than that of actual fighting. With the impulse of self-assertion, it is a constant ingredient in the obsessing desire for contest that is so strong a characteristic of the Big Injun age. As the child emerges from the roly-poly phase of the dramatic and immediately post-dramatic period the desire for contest becomes both stronger and more generalized and shows itself in an almost infinite variety of play. The form of competition is, however, seldom of a dry abstracted sort. As in all the arts and all the forms of play, the favorite expression seldom rests upon a single instinct. Children will occasionally take part in an impromptu race, "Here to the corner — one-ter-three-go!" — but there is not enough real life in such a contest to hold their interest very long. The issue must be something more significant; superiority must be shown in the accomplishment of some otherwise desirable end. Not merely running faster, but catching or getting away; not merely throwing straighter, but hitting a mark, preferably a live one — as for instance your competitor himself or the hat of some innocent third party; not lifting a greater weight but lifting your antagonist off his feet and depositing him gently in the snowdrift — such are the preferred forms of contest, combining the satisfaction of some other instinct — of chasing, hitting a mark, or personal encounter — with that of competition pure and simple.

Or competition may take the indirect form of doing stunts — climbing to a branch or window where the rest dare not follow, making a higher dive, swallowing a more repulsive object. But, with stunts also, continued interest depends upon the sort of thing achieved. There will be less glory for the hero who threads the finest needle than for the one who jumps the widest brook.

But always most popular of all is that form of contest which satisfies the social instinct, in which every one takes part, in which, through many episodes, effort is directed toward some momentous end — tagging “gool” or getting back to gool untagged, freeing or holding prisoners, getting safe across a dangerous territory. In short, the favorite form of contest is the game, and competitive games are accordingly the favorite play of the Big Injun age.

All the games of this age are competitive, and all I shall say of them in other chapters is part of a description of Big Injun competition. But there are certain general characteristics of competitive play that should be spoken of. First: the fighting instinct, though its coming is comparatively sudden, does not appear in its full strength all at once. The competition of the earlier part of this age has large elements of fooling and of sheer physical exuberance. The games are still very roly-poly and informal, and ought to be so. “Nature makes no jumps;” a child does not become fiercely competitive all at once. Competition, like any impulse, appears first dimly and in the soft, and hardens gradually. It is accordingly a great pity that children of the Big Injun age in our cities are so much under the influence of their older brothers — who in turn are too much led by the newspapers and by grown-up opinion — so that they think the only games worth the serious attention of a young man of seven or eight years old are baseball and foot-

ball as played by the professional or college teams. The greatest specific need of American play life at the present time is the revival on a national scale of the informal, happy-go-lucky, laughing, fooling, loosely organized games like three deep, hill dill, old man on the castle, puss in the corner, and, as a halfway station toward the solemnities of the major games, some form of prisoners' base. It is a good thing to be foolish in the right place, and surely there is no righter place for foolishness than wherever you happen to be when you are seven years old.

Second: there is the one-game tendency. The early, more informal, competition of this period is dispersed among many games; small children often invent new ones for themselves, or sometimes change to a different game every few days. But as the Big Injun spirit intensifies and competition becomes more keen, — a development which continues far into the next age, though then in subordination to a mightier instinct, — the games become more set and definite, and their number greatly lessens, until in any one group there is at any given time some one game that monopolizes attention. The child may still indulge in other sports of a subordinate nature — the amusements of his lighter moments, avocations in which he will occasionally unbend; and such should be encouraged on every playground, especially for those not yet proficient in the ruling game. But for the majority the main business of life — the real work on which you engage on your way to school, in recess, on the way home, during the afternoon, and after supper — will be the one especial game which happens just then to be in the ascendant.

It has been many times remarked that the morning the first boy plays marbles you will see a hundred others, though there was not one the day before. The same is true of the first top and the first baseball, — and so throughout the year.

The cause of this extraordinary unanimity, as of the whole one game tendency, is I suppose partly in the instinct of imitation; but there is also a deeper reason. Sir Thomas Malory tells of a knight who was noted for killing dragons and strange monsters, but was not much good at overcoming other knights. Now a boy has no use for a knight whose talent is of that sort. He does not care to excel in the game that nobody else is playing. His soul can find satisfaction only in winning, or making a place for himself, in the game that everybody plays. His reason is the same that turns the American man toward business. We do not care for walk-overs. In England politics may be the game; in Germany it may be science. Here it is running mills and banks and railroads, and those are accordingly the pursuits that have attraction for the strong. So with our boys it is baseball, not polo, golf, or fancy riding, or any game that is not being generally played, that represents real life.

Another reason why those who supervise children's play should seek, during each season of the year, rather to give one game a general vogue than to teach a hundred games, however good, is that you are doing well if you can make even one new game successful. Children are very conservative, and it is hard to plant a game so firmly that it will grow in the shifting and anarchistic soil of the Big Injun age. The test is not what the children will do while some older person is playing with them, nor even what they will do on the playground without such leadership. The real test is what they will play in the streets and empty lots, what will absorb the mind of boydom and girlhood throughout your neighborhood. A real game is an institution, something that lives in the hearts of its constituency, in which a vital interest is embodied. When handball was started at the North End Park in Boston, it made a handball court of every

blank wall in that district. Anybody who will make prisoner's base again the fashion in any city where it has died out, and so make a playground of every street not too much given over to the intruding interests of traffic, will be a benefactor to all its future generations, and earn the monument of one who has made two children grow where one tried to grow before. The difficulty of the task as well as its beneficence will merit such canonization.

Third: The fighting instinct is seen in sedentary games as well as in the more violent kind. Big Injuns make a contest of almost everything. No playground where children are expected to spend a large part of the day, for instance no summer playground, should be without provision for quiet games, of which checkers is one of the best, and also the most popular.

So insistent is the fighting instinct during the Big Injun age that no play after that age is well begun is much cared for unless it calls for courage, intense exertion, and much acquired skill. Those who imagine that play is easy should observe the effect of the fighting instinct in children's games. Is football easy? Or baseball, or climbing stunts, or any other form of full and earnest competition? Is it easy to win — easy for *both* sides to do so? What, then, is hard? What else do children do that carries them so beyond themselves, whether in daring, in effort, or in achievement? Do they spell or read or cipher themselves into such moral expansion? The nearest they will come to doing so will be in a spelling match or other exercise in which the great play instinct of competition is aroused. Its sway in such a case affords some pale suggestion of its power within its aboriginal domain.

To this account of the fighting forms of play should be

added this upon the American spirit of competition: excellent as this spirit is in the main, it is not in itself the whole of what the play spirit should be. It is one-sided, and requires supplementing. Especially it needs as a corrective the German idea of a standard, of toeing the mark, attaining a decent minimum in all round development: the idea through which the Fatherland has rendered such noble service to her sons. People can attain a standard when it is required of them — witness the feats of horsemanship that every West Point cadet learns to perform. Do it for America: make yourself, whether you can hope to shine in competition or not — regardless of any such reward — the sort of unit of which your country's temple can be built.

CHAPTER XXVI

CHASING, CLIMBING, FALLING, AND MINOR INSTINCTS

COMPETITION is not the only desire of the Big Injun age, although so strong a one as to be a factor in almost all its play. The hunting instinct, combined with competition, forms the basis of hundreds of games, including all those which are most popular during the early stages of this period. In hide and go seek and other hiding games we have the elements of seeking and lying in wait, and in some of them that of pouncing out upon the prey. It is observable that children in their chasing games prefer to catch hold of the quarry — using for instance the ancient rubric “Five, ten, one of my men,” to measure the duration of the arrest — or even to throw him down, rather than merely touch him. In some games of the I spy, run sheep run, variety there is opportunity for complicated plans of stalking the prey, and for long expeditions, sometimes involving sore trials and adventures to bring them to a successful issue. In the chasing games we can trace, in short, the shadowy outline of the same predatory inheritance that still causes old gentlemen to crawl on their stomachs through a swamp, or to freeze for hours behind a screen of boughs, on the chance of circumventing a trout or duck.

But the chasing games are not wholly expressions of the hunting instinct, unless we include the inheritance not only of the hunter but of the pursued. The love of chasing is evidently not their only attraction — as is reported to be the case with dogs. There is as much if not greater inter-

est in getting away. Children do not like especially to be "it." On the contrary the simplest form of tag is often a mere teasing game, in which the main attraction is tormenting the slowest runner. In all the chasing games the pursued are at least as well pleased as the pursuers: the frenzy of flight fully matches the passion of pursuit. In my own observation, indeed, the predominantly pursuer child is the exception. He is not exactly a "sport," in the biological sense, but a minority strand in the racial composition — like those South American cattle who possess the exceptional quality of initiative and who, as Darwin tells us, command a scarcity value for leading bullock teams on that account. If I were choosing a district attorney, I would look out for one who had been a pursuer child.

In some games, indeed, the running away is the whole thing, the chasing being delegated to elders or to officials whose interest can be enlisted in the cause — for instance the games of stealing fruit or groceries, of ringing doorbells, of snowballing the august. The whole variegated history of mischief is largely the story of "getting away with it." Last tag, I think, must come pretty near being the oldest game; our respected cousins who have remained arboreal are still fond of playing it, as may be seen in any menagerie; and there must have been hundreds of centuries in which that form of intercourse with irascible contemporaries — perhaps throwing stones and nuts at the non-climbing species instead of tagging them — were a daily pastime of our race, though probably not promotive of its popularity. Horses, cows, dogs, and elderly gentlemen still serve the youthful members of it in the same capacity. Sometimes the pursuer is of a supernatural order, a witch, ghost, or Bogey Man, or simply the dark. Pirates also and notorious raiders like the Black Douglas make excellent pursuers at a pinch.

I suppose the explanation of this escaping instinct is that man is as much a product of successful flight as of successful hunting, that in the long centuries of his development the faculty of being somewhere else was as important as that of being on the spot. When one thinks of man's weakness as compared with the other large animals, and of how annoying as well as appetizing he must have appeared to them, it would seem as though this must have been the case. To get first to the tree and a little way up it before the other party to the transaction arrived must have been a decisive factor in the survival of our respected progenitors during centuries in which they occupied apartments next to the cave lion or disputed hunting grounds with bears and other hungry and unsympathetic neighbors who were their superiors in strength. The wolf is a creature who has haunted man's imagination even down to historic times. Myth and tradition still bear traces of the extent to which for centuries he must have eked out his diet with the less speedy members of our race. In men's relations to each other also, survival must, in countless instances, have been for those who could get first back to the boats or to some place of concealment or defense; and there is certainly in the chasing games evidence of a strong homing instinct in the getting back to goal or to one's own line or side. In some games, as in fox and geese, there is the protection by the mother of her young.

There is also, I think, in the chasing games a discernible reminiscence of the raid or foray. Indeed the very center of the instinct on which these games are founded seems to urge the planning of a descent upon some neighbor group, stealing up upon them unawares, watching them as they go unsuspectingly about their daily tasks all unconscious of impending fate, leaping out from the underbrush with

dreadful howls, — and then slay, burn, tomahawk and carry off, and disappear with wild yells of triumph, or push off in one's light shallop and sail triumphant home, each narrating his own marvelous exploits. Some such tendencies make the inspiration of the I spy games, of French and Indians, robbers and policemen, "trees"; and the satisfaction is greatest when there is a large more or less wild tract to run over, with some cozy spot as a home camp for each side. Games of this class ought to be more encouraged than they have been heretofore by playground leaders wherever opportunity exists.

Two secondary instincts, already mentioned as subsidiary to those of hunting and fighting, and serving with them as a basis for many important games of the Big Injun age, are striking with a stick and throwing at a mark.¹ At the corner where these instincts join the main thoroughfare of contest many of our best games are built. Ring toss — to begin with a minor instance of the marksman instinct — is one of the few games that will go without watching on almost any playground; and quoits, its grown-up counterpart, shows similar persistence. Tip cat and duck on a rock are among the most popular games we have. The former has the great advantage of being easily carried on in city streets, as may be observed in New York for instance where it sometimes combines with certain features of baseball. Baseball itself, in the individualistic form of scrub or three old cats, is an increasing obsession of this age. Marbles, universally popular, contains the same element, though it is to be regretted that nowadays mere tossing seems to have driven out the more scientific snapping of the marble under the reiterated injunction of "knuckle down." Tops reach their

¹ Dr. Gulick has shown the importance of these instincts.

greatest popularity when it is part of the game to strike, and if possible to split down the middle, your adversary's top by a straight and mighty throw. Snowballing satisfies the instinct in its more heroic aspect, and is a favorite form of warfare between boys from different towns or neighborhoods. Our national games — baseball, football, basketball, hockey, tennis, golf, and billiards — are all based in part on marksmanship, as are a hundred minor ones, including even parlor games like bean bag, ping pong, and crokinole. Ball games are found among many primitive races and were an obsession in America before the white man came.

The other subsidiary instinct, hitting with a stick, is almost equally pervasive. It is an element in most of our important games, including cat, hockey (with its variations of shinny and polo), baseball, cricket, billiards, golf, and tennis. In all of these it is combined with marksmanship — the hitting is either at a mark or with some idea of placing, as in tennis and baseball. The marksman instinct finds satisfaction not merely in the aboriginal form of throwing, but in aiming by any sort of method, whether with a bat, a stick, a racket, a bow, a gun, a sling, by throwing a potato on a stick, or by kicking at a goal as in football. The instinct is strong enough even to support such dry forms of competition as the mere throwing or shooting match — though interest is always enhanced when the target is a bottle, window, hen, or other object that affords some catastrophic reaction to help out. So strong indeed is the marksman instinct that it threatens, in America at least, to absorb the whole play schedule to itself. The American youth are just now missile mad. The old running games — like hill dill, three deep, prisoners' base — languish; and everything has to be, if not baseball or a modification of it, at least some sort of throwing game. Playground ball, squash ball, basket ball, dodge

ball, captain ball, volley ball — if the word ball is not in it a new game need not apply, and hardly an old one can be confident of survival. There is need in this country of a Myopia Game Association or Astigmatics' Protective League to preserve the right to play for those whose physical aptitude is not in the direction of the prevailing craze.

Striking with a stick, apart from aiming a missile at something, is not found in any popular game so far as I remember, but it makes part of the fun in patting mud pies, in chopping, drumming, whacking fences, and cutting off the heads of flowers by the roadside as you go along, and I suppose of singletick. It certainly added a joy to a (wooden) sword-and-buckler existence that I partook of at one period.

Climbing is an important instinct of the Big Injun age. It appears, indeed, during the preceding period, and even in the astonishing grip that the nursery Hercules fastens on any finger, nose, or other convenient object that comes within his reach; but somewhere from eight to eleven is the time of its most marked development. A tree is to a child an obviously useful object, a Jacob's ladder to be climbed, a leafy castle to be explored, or just something to be gone up, without ulterior design. There is a thrill in getting to the top and looking out over the billows of the surrounding woods, — with incidental joys in bending slim trees over until they let you down to the ground, or perchance in breaking off the tops of young pines and crashing through the thick branches; although the time you landed in the hornets' nest may bring back with it a painful remembrance, even at a distance of some forty years. There is joy in swinging on the ends of long branches, or in finding a seat high up among the leaves, in which you take those delicious naps, of seldom less than four seconds' duration, to show your friends

how comfortable it is. There is fascination also in the danger, and in setting stunts to the less expert. I remember a rock — named “the Devil’s Window-pane” because of its steepness and the black lichen that grew on it — where a favorite terror was extracted by climbing to a certain point and then expecting never to get down again, at least without “a man and a ladder and a lot of ropes.”

The love of swinging is perhaps part of the climbing instinct. It is certainly strong in monkeys, and there is something delicious to watch in the way they will hang from a high bar, spring and catch a lower one, and swing up again to another high one on the other side. There is a perfection of rhythm, a joy in strength, and an illusion of flying in such a performance that goes so straight to our human sympathies as to powerfully suggest a reminiscence. But the main fascination of climbing is in the climbing itself. Children like to climb because they are born that way; and they will get a great part of the satisfaction in a barn or a half-built house or even on ladders properly arranged.

Climbing is one of the few non-competitive, non-dramatic occupations that will be much engaged in simply for its own sake; but with it, as in every other instance, the enlistment of another instinct, especially as combined in a game, will more than double the attraction. A good combination is with chasing, if you can arrange matters so that successful flight is possible. “Jagua and monkeys” once, in my own experience, had a great run as played in an English elm fitted up with ropes so that there were two ways of going up or down besides the main stem. In another case I know of, tag has flourished many seasons on a beam and set of ladders connected with a piazza and a back fence.

Climbing seems to be a marked instance of a passing, or at least a fading, instinct. Grown people do not feel the

necessity of shinning up ropes or ascending trees. Mountain climbing I take to be mainly love of nature plus the perennial Big Injun instinct for conspicuous and dangerous stunts. Even adolescents cease to be arboreal; their gymnastic feats arise from patriotism, as in the Turn Vereins, or from love of competition.

Then there are the sliding games, or rather plays, for there is but little competition in them,—coasting, skiing, running on the waves, sliding on the ice or on slanting poles, or sliding down the cellar door. Coasting is the most popular of these, and deservedly so, especially in the country, and most of all on a good crust. Any one who has ever started out on a bright winter morning on one of our New England hills, with a trusty sled and the whole world at his feet, with the sense that he can be in a few seconds in what part of it he likes, has felt the true exhilaration of the explorer. And the evenings when all are coasting together and the coast is getting harder and faster every minute, while the big white moon comes up, the snow squeaks under your feet, and the sleigh bells sound crisp and far, are not less inspiring. Then there is double-runner coasting, in which the steersman, weighed down with responsibility, pilots the hurtling craft round hair-raising corners, past sleighs with their hysterical horses, over slews and jounces and straight drops, safe to the distant end of the coast, where everybody hopes we have made the farthest mark. That is perhaps the form in which coasting holds its popularity the longest — as illustrated for instance at St. Moritz. And the Chinaman's unsympathetic description of tobogganing: "Whish! — walkee up a mile," suggests how good exercise it is; while to the boys and girls the walk up is taken almost unconsciously in the anticipatory excitement of the next coast.

It is extraordinary with what small coasts little children can be satisfied. One with a drop of four or five feet, especially if well iced, will hold them day after day in perfect contentment. I have known a boy of five to coast all the afternoon on a wedge of snow of a measure height of sixteen inches. Public playgrounds, by means of low banks or artificial slides, might reach thousands of children who now have no fair chance to play during the winter.

And coasting need not be confined to winter. Little children, as I have said, like very much to run down a bank, and any kind of inclined plane is a very good piece of apparatus for children from the time they can walk. A board tilted up at one end is used in Japan in playgrounds especially provided for the soldiers' orphans. As the children get older, the plane can be tilted a little more and used as a slide. They will coast on it not only all winter, but all summer too. Sometimes it is a boy on a sled, sometimes a boy on a board, and sometimes just a boy — this piece of apparatus is perhaps not so popular with the mothers as some other kinds. It should be made of maple or of some kind of metal, to avoid splinters. Slanting poles to slide down (which should be of metal), with a ladder to reach them by, and plain wooden coasts of the cellar door variety, are among the most popular playground appliances.

In all coasting the element of balancing comes in and is part of the fascination ; it is especially prominent in standing up on a slide or a toboggan or on skis or skates, or in balancing a canoe on a big wave. I suppose about the best coasting must be the Hawaiian sport of riding the great Pacific combers on a plank ; while their summer pastime of sliding over waterfalls on the slippery moss into the deep pool beneath, as shown in La Farge's pictures, is sport for Diana's own nymphs. No doubt this combination of straight drop and

thrilling plunge will be utilized at our pleasure resorts before long, as so many other forms of coasting already are. The straight drop, with its command of those visceral sensations of which emotion is said actually to consist, is, as I have said, the mechanical equivalent of melodrama.

The first falling game following those, like "falling, falling," "I had a little hobbyhorse," etc., for which the parental arms, lap, and legs furnish the necessary apparatus — a game happily combining coasting with the sympathetic illustration of the wheel — is that of rolling down a bank. I once asked a little girl how she managed to play in her back yard in town. She said, "Well, you see, we are very lucky because we have two barrels." I congratulated her upon the circumstance, but could not at once divine the precise nature of the good fortune thus assured. She explained, "You see there is a bank at the side, and we get in the barrels and roll down."

Wading is a favorite form of play during this period and is part of the attraction in sailing shells and chips and toy boats. It has so strong and otherwise unaccountable a hold that it almost seems to be a special instinct. For children living at the seashore, with all its resources, wading pure and simple seems rather an unenterprising occupation; but for city children the impulse is profitably recognized in the wading pools that now form a part of many playgrounds.

The Big Injun hungers for quiet as well as lively play. He is, as I have said, fond of many sedentary forms of competition; and he is at least as strongly possessed of the constructive as of the destructive instinct, and will appreciate all kinds of opportunities for making things. A man whom I

knew, who remained a good deal of a Big Injun all his life and was especially noted as a fighter, was peculiarly fond of knitting, which indeed took a place with him only second to the gentle art of self-defense.

It is a sound principle of the great English educator, Edward Thring, that the nerve tissue of teachers should never be called upon to do anything that wood or iron can accomplish just as well. Apparatus is, accordingly, of great value on the playground or in the back yard during the Big Injun age, provided it is of the sort that the children really like to use. The swing is still popular during this period. I have been at the Columbus Avenue playground in Boston on dark winter afternoons when the thermometer was in the neighborhood of twenty and the wind was driving the dust and cinders like a sandstorm in the desert, and have rarely found an empty swing. But the best form of the swing at this age is that of the trapeze, set high enough for a boy to swing under it with his legs drawn up, and low enough for him not to hurt himself when he drops off into properly softened ground at the end of the swing — and with a raised platform to start from. Such a trapeze may be seen on many playgrounds, carrying a different boy with every swing it makes, so that you could almost tell time by counting the number of individual swings and jumps. Traveling rings and giant strides have now a similar fascination. The tilt is an ever popular piece of apparatus and, exalted in the same manner as the swing, it may be now translated into the teeter ladder, which, like the trapeze, you hang under instead of sitting on. Teeter ladders are considered by many playground people especially dangerous, but I have not found them so when placed low enough for the children to reach while standing on the ground, and where the ground is kept

soft under them. Coasts of the parallel pole and cellar door varieties have already been spoken of. And there should be a vaulting horse, and a sand or tanbark place for tumbling.

Apparatus is peculiarly valuable on the playground as a means of attracting the newcomer, or the child who is shy and does not yet belong to any particular gang or is not proficient at the prevailing game. It gives him something to do while he is getting acquainted.

There is another desire that apparatus meets of which special mention should be made — a desire characteristic of the Big Injun age, and accurately corresponding to the stage of development of the nerve centers and the muscles and other organs during this period, namely, the sheer craving to exploit the bodily powers. Nature's call to the child to come and play with her is not all one note, but a chorus of many voices. Not only do mind and desire turn naturally toward daring physical exploit, but the muscles hunger to put forth their strength, the heart longs to be used to its capacity, the lungs thirst for full expansion. The nerves also tingle in anticipation of the message they are tuned to carry; the very bones call for stress and strain.

But even strenuous exercise of nerve or muscle, taken simply as such and without external, instinctively attractive object, is more or less satisfying according as it runs along instinctive lines. Thus though there are games in which the competition is chiefly in feats of bodily control, such as jump rope, fancy skating, hop scotch, or playing poison (running across the rocks without touching sand or water), it is still true that in all of these the motions — hopping, skipping, jumping, balancing — are large purposeful motions of the whole body, not isolated contractions of one member

at a time, and that in no game that holds a large place are the feats mere contortions or efforts of muscle pure and simple. And so in the use of apparatus it is the large combined uses of the muscles, as in climbing and swinging, that are most satisfying.

The organs not merely hunger for use but have in themselves a bias toward the particular sort of use the major instincts call for. I read the other day of a man who, having been abandoned by the doctors as incurable at the age of fifty, made himself well and strong, and had so continued twenty years beyond that age, by means of a set of exercises, taken while in bed, that expressed the cravings of his body for ideal motion. I do not know how much of the story is true or possible, but it contains a truth. There is for every body a physical ideal, a sort of divine emanation, toward which it tends, and in the expression of which it rejoices and grows strong. And this bodily ideal closely corresponds to the constituting human instincts, through which indeed it has been largely fashioned. The motions and attitudes required in running, dodging, fighting, and wrestling are the ones the body most hungers for — these and others expressive of the social instincts, such as love, command, submission. Mars, Diana, Aphrodite, Zeus, still prescribe the ideals of the human form. Hence the significance of gesture, the wonderful possibilities of bodily expression; hence one main element in "the healthful art of dancing" of which Dr. Gulick has written so well. In Nature's plan of life and growth there is no separation of the bodily and the mental side. The achievement which instinct craves the members long to execute. It is because organ and instinct are thus attuned that when the soul's opportunity presents itself, the whole being responds; mind and body pull all one way.

It should be said, in concluding this description of the miscellaneous play impulses of the Big Injun age, that at this period, because of its extreme individualism, a play leader is essential, unless among a group for whom the element of leadership is already supplied by a strong tradition of good games transmitted from the older children. It is undoubtedly well that children should teach each other, that they should evolve their own social order, and to some extent invent their own games. But because self-help is good it does not follow that we should trust to it altogether. The process is apt to be an expensive one to the neighbors; and, if allowed to drag on too long, it may be even more so to the child himself. It is at this age that Satan forms his most extensive business connection with idle hands; for it is the age at which hands feel most intensely their vocation to be doing something and find least internal guidance as to what is to be done. The play leader, on the other hand, if he remembers that his function is to abolish himself, to make his own presence unnecessary, will do but little harm and may be the means of preventing fatal mistakes and the waste of precious time.

People sometimes assume that the amount of originality is necessarily in inverse proportion to the amount of teaching. I believe that, if the teaching be judicious, the opposite is true. Originality works not in a vacuum, but upon data presented from the outside. Learning a new game is to a child not a debilitating but a liberating experience, opening up new opportunities for the exercise of invention. The country child is not weakened but set free when his parent or teacher points out the riches that lie around him, and so unlocks the door between him and his mother Nature, with her varied storehouse of those treasures that are prophesied in his instinctive interests, and in contact with which his

fullest development is found. The scope for the exploring of new regions is proportional, not to the degree of ignorance, but, on the contrary, to the length of the frontier already established in the mind. A child who has been to the kindergarten will be more capable of inventing games than one who has not, just as the educated man is not less, but more, resourceful than the uneducated. The more the circle widens, the longer its circumference becomes. There is no fence around the universe; its borders recede as you advance. Provided children are left in their actual playing as much as possible to themselves, the teaching that enables them to play will enlarge the scope for their originality. The great national games are a most important part of our inheritance, but they are not evolved by each set of children; they are taught by one set to another. Where, through untoward circumstances, the tradition has been lost, it is necessary that the inheritance should be passed on through outside channels, lest in such cases child-civilization revert to the barbarism of the centuries before the great games were evolved. If you are unwilling that children should be taught games, you ought first to try it on yourself. Forswear golf and tennis, yachts and automobiles, waltzes and whist, books, pictures, music, and the theatre, and invent your own games, dances, and playthings for yourself.

As a matter of practical experience, the opinion of those who have done actual playground work is unanimous to the effect that leadership on a playground for children between six and eleven years old is a necessity. The child of this period is not a finished nor an independent creature, but an incomplete and partial one. The elder brother or leader is his implied complement. It is the case of the baby and the mother over again.

A play leader costs something, it is true, but there is danger of our being penny-wise in this matter. In a big city especially, where the playground costs many thousands of dollars, it is poor economy to save the salary of a man or woman who could more than treble its effectiveness.

CHAPTER XXVII

NURTURE IN THE BIG INJUN AGE

THE Big Injun age is the time for making the intimate acquaintance of birds and beasts, for seeing the horses fed and the cows milked, for visiting the woodchuck's hole and the phœbe's nest and knowing where the muskrats are building their winter house — even for calling on the pigs in their humble abode, though one's own company should in consequence become less sought after. No child can be kept in school in June without great difficulty — that is to say, it is difficult to keep him incarcerated in our school-rooms away from the great school that Nature keeps, though our well-named truancy laws (laws to compel truancy) strive hard to do so. The general and devouring curiosity of this age is at its strongest toward living things: the call of life to life is the deepest even purely intellectual appeal.

It is unfortunately true that the interest in one's fellow-creatures is not at this time always of a sympathetic sort. I remember a time when it was an object of ambition to "spat" the pig so satisfactorily with a flat stick that he would run all the way round the sty, so that you could spat him again and thus apparently solve the problem of perpetual motion. The tendencies to touch and handle, and to develop the full reaction of every object, may turn to torturing animals and insects. But such manifestations are not inevitable; nor are they those from which the child derives the greatest satisfaction. Boys can, even in a few weeks, be converted from killing frogs and torturing other

creatures to a sympathetic study of their ways of life. I read the other day of some boys who were going to kill a spider, but who, when they had seen him set afloat on a chip and watched him send out his flying rope to leeward and climb ashore on it, greeted him with three cheers. Even the purely scientific interest, where living things are the object of it, in the end means sympathy, for that is the only road toward important knowledge. You can get noise out of a piano by merely thumping on it, but to get its story you must learn to play. The child is no pedant; he wants not catalogues of facts but to cuddle up next the living truth, and his instinct is for the road that truly leads there.

Apparent cruelty, indeed, is not always a discouraging symptom. It may be only a coincidence that several of the best surgeons of my acquaintance have also been notable as sportsmen: but barring the inevitable joke, there is in the two pursuits the common element of a thirst for close contact with living things. I am sure that, to take an analogous phenomenon, teasing — which is such a common manifestation of the Big Injun age — is by no means a bad sign. The inability to keep hands off and let the other child alone, the necessity to push and pinch and tease, betrays an irresistible interest in the subject matter of affection; and it is often the teasing child who is most affectionate.

But curiosity is not the only instinct that draws life toward life. Pulling in the same direction there is the instinct to foster and protect. Boys and girls want not only to find out about birds and animals and small children, but to take care of them; and the latter instinct will become in the case of any creature they have much dealing with the more intense. What is now at work in them is another of the great streams of being, the great maternal instinct of the race, — the instinct to foster life, to care for the young,

the weak, and the unprotected; originally, and still always at its heart, the mother instinct — the great woman law of nature complementary to the law of contest — the instinct that makes childhood possible, that has led mothers through countless ages to give their lives for their children, that will continue to make such sacrifice the rule so long as our race survives.

It is in the Big Injun age that this great nurturing instinct gets its growth. It has indeed appeared, especially in the care of dolls, during the dramatic age and even earlier. But the stress of the impulse and the bent of the child's nature to receive it comes at this later time.

The great mother instinct is almost as strong in men as it is in women. Men for instance seem to be as fond of pets as women are when other objects of affection are lacking. I remember seeing a big swarthy United States marine waiting with his companions in a railroad station, carrying on his shoulder a huge orange-colored cat with an enormous crimson bow. None of the others seemed to see anything strange in such comradeship. And in general an addiction to pet birds and cats and other mascots is as strong among sailors as among old maids. Both are cases of a starved maternal instinct. It is well known that the friendship of rats and mice has saved the lives of many prisoners. Even tough old Captain Slocum speaks with tenderness of the Boston spider who shared his adventurous voyage; and we all know that, through sympathetic observation by the national hero, a spider wove an important piece of Scottish history. It is a touch of Tolstoi's genius that makes his hero in "The Cossacks," when he throws himself down in the wet grass in the midst of a hunting trip, love even the companionship of the mosquitoes.

And maternal feeling in the male of our race is nothing

new. I have already cited the case of certain races of monkeys among whom the male gives suck to the young. As illustrating the quality in its heroic aspect, Darwin quotes a story of the rescue of a small monkey by one of the male members of his tribe. The monkey people had just crossed a ravine, somewhere in Australia I think, when a naturalists' exploring party came along. The explorers' dogs attacked the rear of the procession and had succeeded in cutting out a small monkey and isolating him on the top of a bowlder so that he could not get away, when a large male, seeing his predicament, returned down the hill and by his fierce looks frightened the dogs away and rescued the little monkey. Darwin adds that he would rather trace his ancestry from that heroic monkey than from many humans.

The nurture instinct in mankind, though strictly maternal at the start, has broadened to an impulse to foster all life, and has appeared in a thousand forms and a great variety of relations. It is often a strong element in the love of a man for a woman, and is perhaps always present in the converse relation. Stevenson says that the best examples he has known of the maternal instinct have been in the case of old maids. It is often seen in the feeling of children toward their parents, of friend toward friend, and is indeed an ingredient in all human affection and in all desire to foster life, whether in human beings or in plants or animals. The common association of the diminutive with affection shows its wide spread. Everything you love as a living thing is to some extent your own baby.

The mother instinct is the heart of altruism and its carrying force. Even true imagination of another life would remain cold did not knowledge bring with itself the desire to foster. The humanitarian movement of the last century — the protection of women and children against long hours

and overwork; the emancipation of women, of the debtor, of the slave; charity organization; the movement for better housing, for better schools, for more playgrounds — was the work of the mothering impulse. Dickens, whose books reflect the passion of that movement and were in themselves no inconsiderable part of it, was a mother at heart, albeit *mater furians*. As one of the great educational leaders of the century, he voiced the mother instinct of England toward her tortured and neglected children.

It is the nurturing impulse that is idealized in the later and higher forms of religion, in the conception of God as a father to be obeyed rather than as a capricious ruler to be pacified. Buddhism and Christianity have alike placed this motive, the desire to succor all life, first in their scheme of ethics, Buddhism making the broader application, Christianity, as we at least believe, the more intense. God the Father, God the lover of his fellow men, have been the makers of our modern world; and God the Mother has not been far away.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! If in the humanitarian movement and in the religions expressive of its central impulse there is also a large element of the democratic passion, and perhaps also a general sense of the identity of all life and a love of all living things, not derivable from the maternal instinct, the latter has nevertheless a great part in these.

It is a sufficient reason for giving the nurturing instinct its day, in which to make a nurturer for life of the creature fortunate enough to be possessed by it, that it is an ennobling impulse, an essential part of human nature at its best. But if we must have uses and secondary reasons to justify a

course in education, it is well to remember that nurture is one of the practically indispensable faculties of man. If mothers should ever lack the ability effectively to express this instinct, the race would not survive. Babies do not live on milk alone, but chiefly on their mothers' comradeship, and the same power of expression in fathers is almost equally necessary to their health and growth.

And power of expression of the nurturing instinct is necessary in other ways. It is at the bottom of all successful nursing; and nursing, as we are beginning to understand, is the larger half of medicine. It is the nurture instinct that supplies the element of intuition in gardening and farming and stock raising. Successful farmers say that cows are sensitive to kind or rough treatment and that the ledger shows the difference. Nobody can train a horse, whether to race or pull a cart, who lacks this faculty. And nobody can deal successfully with human beings in any relation of control who has not got it. I know a business office which has for a generation been a kindergarten for aspiring youth, a main item in the firm's success having been the maternal quality of its head. Managers of mills and factories are learning rapidly, if somewhat late, that a desire to promote the successful life of their workers, and insight into how to do it without offense, is essential to their own success. And the fiercer the competition the more clearly important is such application of the maternal instinct. Many great soldiers have been known as Father — or even Old Mother — So and So. The same is true of successful captains — whether of ships or football teams. Father Abraham won out very largely on the maternal quality of his great heart.

In his play of "Man and Superman," Bernard Shaw has humorously presented the self-perpetuating instinct of the race, as embodied in a woman, overcoming the individual

ambitions of a man and appropriating him to its own purposes. But the real Superman, the true representative of the race life, is the maternal instinct. And it does not fight against the individual's own life but is an essential element of it. A man is not quite a man who has not something of the mother in him.

How we may give this instinct its way in our children to mold them to the beauty of its service is partly indicated in what has been said above of the tendency of knowledge to blossom automatically into love — cruelty, in children, being the symptom of imperfect acquaintance, its cure the encouragement of greater intimacy. Children should be shown what the plants and animals are trying to do, so as to see the drama of their lives from their point of view. A reënforcement of the child's own mother instinct may incidentally be acquired from the example of all these heroic little mothers of the animal world: nature study should be largely nurture study — of how the birds and squirrels build their houses, feed and protect their young; how the mother bird draws you away from her nest by pretending to be lame; how she teaches her children to fly.

But intimacy should not be merely intellectual. The Big Injun age is the age of pets. Dolls, it is true, survive, sometimes even to the fourteenth year. But something more realistic is also needed. Every child should have some creature to take care of, if it is only a turtle or a mouse. He should also have plants to look after, and will often care passionately for these — but a vegetable love is not enough. As to the best sort of pet: birds are apt to get sick and mope, or come to some tragic end; and they never give to children the fullest companionship, partly because they cannot be squeezed or handled to advantage. A horse or pony

is a good sort of pet if you have the bank notes to feed him on. And if he has Morgan blood, with its sensitive nose, its broad forehead to understand, its quick ear for every shade of meaning, and its memory of the old days on the desert when it was the confidant of its Arab master and his family, a horse will do very well indeed — nobody, man or child, can well have a more sympathetic or a nobler companion. But even a Morgan horse — glad as he would be to share our tent — will find himself out of place in the modern flat. A similar inconvenience attends the friendship of calves and goats and all the larger mammals. The appeal is there, however, where the physical conditions can be managed. The boys in our Massachusetts reform school, I am told, are never rough to a cow.

A kitten or a dog makes the best companion for a small child because in the first place it can live indoors, be with him whenever he needs companionship, and take part in all family occasions. And these creatures seem to get so much out of it themselves that there springs up the reciprocity of relation without which there cannot be true friendship. Children and animals seem natural comrades, and easily establish a freemasonry from which older humans are excluded. There is nothing a dog will not put up with from the younger members of the family, however stand-offish he may be with older people. An old retainer who will be only politely bored by the attentions of grown-ups, and will resent any familiarity from strangers, will let the children roll him over, pull his tail, and throttle him to their hearts' content, and evidently enjoy the process. He seems to remember that he was himself a puppy once and to take a benign pleasure in seeing the happiness of the young folks and contributing to it.

A kitten is almost equally tolerant, because kittens were

also born to play, and will let a small child drag it across the floor by the neck, throttling it at every step of his quadrupedal progress, without even a remonstrance. But the promise is not fulfilled when it grows up. A cat never has the sympathy for human frailty that is shown by a dog or horse — for the reason, I suppose, that the cat is not a gregarious animal. The dog — doubtless because of his descent from the wolf and the wolf pack — is a highly social being. There is nothing in the way of tact that he is not past master of, no mood or social attitude that he does not intuitively understand. His manners are a perfect vehicle of personality — noble if he is noble, mean if he is mean, but always accurately expressive of his moral attitude — perhaps because in the fierce training of the pack good manners and continued life must have been synonymous through thousands of generations of his ancestors. Indeed the social training of the dog, if narrower, seems to have been more thorough than that of man. At all events he is to-day the more wholly social animal.

There should be pets and plants at home, and so far as possible in the school and on the playground. On the latter, in some instances, not only small gardens, but the keeping of pigeons, hens, and rabbits has been successfully introduced; and feeding the pigeons or the goldfish is a classic amusement not only in the Place of St. Mark and the Tuileries Gardens, but in many other outdoor parks and public places the world over.

Children of this and the succeeding age should be given some care of other children. The little mothers who have to spend such long hours looking after children only one size smaller than themselves undoubtedly have too much responsibility of this sort; but among the well-to-do the children are starved by having too little of it. To be re-

lieved of those elementary tasks through which the race has risen from its former low estate is to be deprived of the best part of one's birthright. Any small girl will love a baby she has a part in taking care of; and little boys are not very different from little girls in this respect, — the toughest ones being, as I have said, in my experience, the most tender toward small children.

Our schools also should provide for the exercise of this instinct, not only through home and school gardens, and pets where that is possible, but by giving the bigger boys and girls some responsibility for the leadership and protection of the younger ones, both in the mass and in individual cases especially assigned. Readers of the best boy's book ever written will remember that the turning point in the life of Tom Brown was when he was given a smaller boy to look after. Throwing a boot at the head of a boy who undertook to bully his young charge was only the beginning of a sense of protectorship which, although its expression could not always be as exhilarating as in this first instance, slowly but surely made a man of him.

Life is self-perpetuating in more ways than one. Subordination to an end outside one's self, the open door to the vital forces both physical and spiritual, is best attainable to many people through service to other lives, and by all people largely in that way. Let us see that this door is opened to all our children. Blessed are the nurturers, for they shall grow.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CRIME OR SPORT?

IN a story in the Christmas *McClure* of 1901, a boy brought before the police court in Chicago says, in answer to a question from the state's attorney: —

“‘Yes, sir; I ben arrested in Kansas City two years ago, on my birthday. Us fellers stole a watermelon to celebrate with. I’ll bet there ain’t a man in this court room that ain’t stole melons when he was a boy. Didn’t you ever steal a melon, your honor?’”

“The sudden question startled the judge and provoked a smile in the jury box.

“‘Well, ah — er — I don’t know but I did.’”

“‘Well, I know you did, too. An’ so did every man in that jury. Maybe they didn’t get caught at it. I did.’”

I wonder how many of my readers would have kept out of the police court had all their doings become known to the authorities. I am sure I never knew a boy intimately of whom that could be said. Certainly the best boys were not the least likely to transgress. One of the early exploits of the man who, upon the whole, of those whom I have personally known, made the deepest moral impression on his contemporaries, was robbing a henroost. A neighbor possessed a prize pullet, and he and his brother coveted their neighbor’s hen. But (deeming perhaps that covetousness was a sin) they escaped from this condition by appropriating the fowl in question. The affair was skillfully managed, one boy watching against possible interruption while the

other put the hen under his coat and ran. It was a neighbor in this case, but it is generally, I suppose, a grandmother. It requires less moral courage to rob one's grandmother than to rob a stranger, and on the whole seems to be more in accordance with the law of nature. The neighbor provides an advance and elective course; the grandmother is a part of the ordinary curriculum. And one thing we should remember about the city boy is that he doesn't have a grandmother; that is to say, his grandmother does not have greenhouses or cherry trees or a pear orchard, or even, as a rule, a barrel of apples. She therefore does not provide him with the facilities appropriate to the exercise of his predatory instinct: he has perforce to look elsewhere. And it is for us to decide where he is to look. We cannot very well provide him with a grandmother; but in her absence a playground with opportunity to work off his superfluous energy, and above all to satisfy his thirst for daring exploit, is the most effective substitute.

Do not let us imagine that we are going simply to eliminate the predatory instinct. It is an integral part of the eternal boy and cannot be removed without causing the death of the patient, or at least of the best part of him. It is not confined to any particular condition or climate. One day in Venice, on the piazza San Giovanni e Paolo, where the Col-leoni stands — fit patron saint of the Big Injun of all time — I saw a crowd of seven or eight boys come suddenly running across a bridge, and swoop down to where there were some pigeons feeding, in a formation like what military men call "en echelon," reminding one of an end play in football. The first boy ran by the pigeons, leaving them on his left, and had the effect of starting them up in about the same direction as he was going. The next boy came a little behind and a little to the left of the first one, and each of the

others followed in the same relative position. One of the last boys, coming exactly in the track of the pigeons, put out his hand and grabbed one before it could get speed on, and tucked it under his coat; and the whole crowd disappeared down an alley as if unconscious that there were any pigeons in the world. The pigeons in Venice are, I believe, strictly protected by the law. The performance, at all events, was a remarkable instance of the development of team play under difficulties, as well as of the present-day working of the predatory instinct in the descendants of the masters of the Adriatic.

Or, to take an instance of an even more heroic kind, I read one day of some boys who, having first taken the necessary steps to secure the interest of the police, went up into an empty house, climbed out through a skylight, slid down a slate roof to a gutter hanging sixty feet above a brick-paved alley, crossed the alley by a tin pipe on which the policemen were afraid to follow, went hand over hand along the gutter of the opposite building, swung themselves in, feet foremost, through a window, and so out upon another roof. The thing was a great success. They were only caught by the policemen and fire department surrounding the block and gradually searching them out. Now what would the feeling of the ordinary boy be in reading about that exploit? Would he feel "What bad boys they were to have stolen the bananas" — or broken Mr. Grump's windows or whatever else it was they did — and thank heaven that he was not as they were; or would he secretly admire their exploit and hope he had the courage to do likewise?

Nor is the predatory instinct confined to boyhood. Young men in college have been known to — not to steal, of course; "convey, the wise it call," — but to "pinch," "swipe," "rag" miscellaneous articles that did not belong to them.

As the president of a neighboring institution has lately pointed out, "A wicked generation seeketh after a sign." I remember that even the escutcheon over the awful abode of the appointed guardians of the law was spirited away one night, and ne'er seen more save perhaps by members of some such organization as that which recently displayed a skeleton at the top of the Cambridge flagpole. And I remember that when I was in college — but, coming to think of it, there is no statute of limitations against prosecution for what the law, lacking as it is in the sense of humor, is pleased to call the "crime" of breaking and entering, and I do not wish to be called as a witness. These be simple 'scapes. My readers may doubtless remember others of more importance; and we all, I think, can with an effort bring back to our minds, as if it were a dream or an echo from a previous state of existence, a time in which petty larceny and planning for the same lent an air of romance and mystery to our simplest acts.

Grown-up people, with their decadent industrial ideals, are apt to suppose that thieving, even among the young, is undertaken as a business enterprise. Undoubtedly it does become a business in some cases, but I believe that it is rarely first gone into with any such practical idea. Hear this from St. Augustine, an accurate reporter, of the eternal boy as he manifested himself in Carthage fifteen centuries ago: "A pear tree there was near our vineyard, laden with fruit, tempting neither for color nor taste. To shake and rob this, some lewd young fellows of us went, late one night (having according to our pestilent custom prolonged our sports in the streets till then), and took huge loads, not for our eating, but to fling to the very hogs, having only tasted them. And this but to do what we liked only, because it was disliked." And of this escapade the saint tells us:

"I lusted to thieve, and did it, compelled by no hunger nor poverty, but through a cloyedness of well-doing and a pamperedness of iniquity. For I stole that of which I had enough and much better. Nor cared I to enjoy what I stole, but joyed in the theft and sin itself." And he adds a little later, "For if aught of those pears came within my mouth what sweetened it was the sin," and again, "It was the sport which, as it were, tickled our hearts."

I knew a boy in Boston who exemplified the same familiar principle. He was a very daring boy on the playground, but when he went to work and could no longer perform his favorite stunts on the apparatus, he evidently missed that outlet. At all events he was arrested within a year for stealing a considerable amount of property from the church in which, in further resemblance to St. Augustine, he was employed. How much commercial instinct there was in the transaction was indicated by the fact that he sold the entire lot, about two hundred dollars' worth, for ten dollars.

How little juvenile lawbreaking has to do with destitution as an immediate cause is partly indicated by the fact that the arrests of boys under fifteen are about twice as many in summer as in winter, while destitution is about four times greater in winter than it is in summer. The same, however, is true, though to a much less extent, of crimes committed by older people.

The reader may by this time be puzzled to know why I am so anxious to make it out that all boys are criminals. I have no such intention; what I am trying to prove is indeed precisely the opposite. My thesis is that boys are not criminals, and that the fact of their committing what we call crimes is no evidence of their being such. Evidence which seems to show that every boy is a criminal only shows,

in reality, that there is something wrong in our definition of the term, because we all know that such a conclusion is absurd.

Neither am I trying to show that our penal laws are wrong. In a civilized community law and order must be upheld. Life could not go on if no man's property were safe from wanton injury and depredation. Nor would it be any kindness to the boy to let him grow up with ideas and habits incompatible with the existence of those institutions among which he has got to live. Boyhood is par excellence the time for learning: it is the time during which, if ever, outer conditions must impress themselves upon the mind. If the boy does not learn the existence and solidity of social institutions now, when he is a boy, he never will. There is no use in pretending that property rights are matters of indifference, or that our pear orchard is his pear orchard if he chooses to regard it so. The awakening would come some day just the same — only it would come too late. I am not, therefore, saying that there should be a feeble or apologetic enforcement of property and other rights as against the boy's impulse to infringe. It may be true that in some matters our law is too harsh — it may be, for instance, that lead pipe which the owner chooses to abandon in a house with broken doors and windows, as a temptation to every poor boy in the neighborhood, ought to be put on the free list — but in general our law, or its administration, is as apt to err in the direction of leniency as upon the opposite side.

What I do maintain is that, although we find it necessary to uphold the law of the grown-up world as against the boy's attempts to override it, we should at the same time remember that the boy's law is a natural law to him, and that, whatever else he is, he is not a criminal for obeying it.

There is to a certain extent an irrepressible conflict between our modern industrial civilization and the earlier, barbaric and predatory society to which the boy naturally belongs. Our task is primarily not repression, but guidance; not punishment, but teaching.

CHAPTER XXIX

A CONFLICT OF IDEALS

To teach we must first understand. We must search our way back from that manifestation of the eternal boy which is disagreeable to us until we find its source in his nature — understand just what it represents to him. I believe we shall then see that, like all primal human tendencies, the original impulse that produces lawlessness is good and not evil. Certainly it is not a lawless impulse. It is as far as possible from being that. What drives the boy to the breaking of our law is precisely the best thing in him, his very self and conscience. His criminality under our statute is obedience to a law that is in him by a higher authority than ours, a law that is of the essence of his being, that existed a thousand centuries before St. Augustine and will continue in effect so long as there are boys on this earth. It is not a perverted or a degenerate impulse that makes a boy commit these acts of daring lawlessness. It is, on the contrary, a virtue, universally recognized as such in the boy world, and that was equally recognized in the grown-up world until within a very recent period.

The especial form of the law which the Big Injun is obeying in his lawbreaking our study of his games has largely shown. Partly it is the law of hunting or escape: the French word *escapade* is founded on a true psychology.

A favorite story of Phillips Brooks — although I am not sure that it ought to be cited in cold print — was of a small boy whom he saw standing on tiptoe attempting to ring the

doorbell of a city house. I like to imagine the child as a sort of Little Lord Fauntleroy, an innocent angel face with starry eyes, long dark lashes, and golden curls. Mr. Brooks, seeing what was wanted, kindly mounted the steps and pulled the bell, and then, turning to the boy, asked, "And now what have we got to do?" to which the boy answered, "Now run like hell!" Of course the success of this urchin in securing as his accomplice the most distinguished preacher in the New World was more than he had any right to expect or could, in all probability, have appreciated if he had known it. But the essential point, and what aroused the evident sympathy with which Mr. Brooks told the story, is that it was not properly an instinct for mere troublesomeness that was at the bottom of the whole performance. The boy was not primarily interested in the discomfort he was giving his elders, but in the lively and altogether pleasing reaction that he could produce in them, with its appropriate manifestations in the hastening step, the agitated fist, and frowning visage. Tag is a good game in any case, but it is more of a sporting event when the avenger of the outraged bell wire is behind than when the interest of the pursuer arises merely from the fact that he is "it." Lawbreaking in such instances is simply a more realistic form of an ancient and universal game.

And in general it is not primarily to cause annoyance that the small child does so many unpleasant and inconvenient things, although he has no morbid objection to doing so when the higher interests require it. Nor are even the pleasing reactions of his elders under treatment the final object. These are incidental benefits, by-products like the beauty of the rose or the scent of the June fields; their value is not in themselves but as testimonials to the reality of the exploit that called them forth. As it is the loudest

noise that is most convincing, so also is the most troublesome effect. Trouble conferred, indeed, is an especially convenient measure of achievement, securing as it does the testimony of witnesses the most adverse to the actuality of the thing accomplished; but it is not in itself an especially important end.

Sometimes lawbreaking is a form of I spy, being based upon the instinct of foray, as in raids on groceries or pear orchards. Sometimes it rivals football as a reproduction of tribal war, as in battles of neighboring gangs. Largely, as has been already suggested, it expresses the instinct of curiosity, which urges the inquiring mind to experiment upon our statutes and prohibitions to see which of them ring true and which are sham.

But the form of the impulse that underlies the child's lawbreaking is not so important to us as its essence. And in considering its essence, it has to be admitted that, although the impulse itself is as far as possible from being lawless in the true sense, although it is authentic law to him, proceeding from the authoritative source of all morality in his own conscience, yet there are within it tendencies definitely opposed to the observance of our grown-up statutes, and in a sense to all external laws and regulations whatsoever.

In the first place the child has a certain negative tendency to lawlessness. An important source of his lawbreaking is the absence, or rudimentary development, in him of certain of the ideas that control the morality of grown-up people. The industrial and civilized virtues have not yet received their growth. The importance of property rights in especial, as applying to the community at large, have not yet been brought home. Above all, the belonging instinct, parent of all social obligation, has not fully ap-

peared; and when it does appear, it does not for a long time include the grown-up world. The first instinctive membership is in the gang, to which all outsiders are *hostes* — foreigners whom it is a duty to pillage and harass. It is especially this absence in him of some of the moral requirements recognized in the world in which he finds himself, and the failure of grown people to make allowance for it, that gives rise to much of the misunderstanding between the child and his elders, and often makes him feel that it is hopeless to expect any grown person to know anything important about him or his ambitions, or to take a truly rational view of any subject.

The child in fact lives in a different world from ours: a world of personal courage, of hunting, fighting, and adventure; the world of the swift-footed Achilles, of the Vikings, of Nimrod, “a mighty hunter before the Lord”; a world from which our world of humdrum commercial ideals is still invisible. He feels toward our bourgeois morality much as Rob Roy felt toward the civilian virtues of his kinsman, Bailie Nicol Jarvie. His sentiments are those of Sir Lucius O'Trigger: “Do you think that Achilles or my little Alexander the Great ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad swords and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.”

It is not, in fine, all the virtues of manhood that it is the child's business to cultivate, but only the primal ones. Not the whole of man, but largely the warlike part, is what first unfolds. The Big Injun age is the time for the development of what Plato calls the spirited quality, the lion that is an essential part of character — not indeed the ruler, but the ever present and obedient servant, ready at the call of the highest principle or “reason.” It is the warlike age; what may be, under favorable circumstances, the age of chivalry.

And then, upon the positive side, there are certain instincts in the child that constitute what often amounts to a moral obligation to break our law. Back of the whole obsession for daring exploit is the fighting instinct, often in its primitive form, the form in which virtue — *virtus*, the quality of being a man — receives its first, indispensable, and most central growth. It is the call of the eternal hero in the youth that compels him from soft and easy ways, and such as are of good repute among his maiden aunts, to venture on the exploits for which we blame him. It is the boy's determination to overcome — utterly to ignore, rout, and insult — the coward in himself that, when opportunity for hard games is lacking, drives him to lawbreaking. Sir Launcelot rides forth every day upon our city streets, and next morning the judge says, "Twenty days."

In preaching to the boy, and setting before him for his admiration, only such virtues as he cannot by any possibility understand or emulate, we are preaching thrift and industry to the wild Indian or the Highland cateran. The boy is not a grown man, and it is not proper that he should suddenly become one.

And beneath all other causes of juvenile lawbreaking there is the great commandment of the Big Injun age: Thou shalt assert thyself. The child's original creative life has begun to stir in him; or rather it has now reached the conscious and outputting stage; it has boiled up to the surface, taken possession of his consciousness, and set forth upon the conquest of the world. Here it suddenly finds the ground has been preëmpted: its native tendencies are met with prohibitions; the orchards are fenced in, the brooks preserved, the very shops where anything interesting happens are marked "keep out." And these prohibitions are largely in the interests of a civilization whose springs of

action he cannot understand. More questionable still — a direct challenge to his new intuition of autonomy — his elders, in addition to all these prohibitions, impose upon him positive commands, not only confining his liberty within narrow bounds but depriving him of it altogether by prescribing just what he shall do; they even assume a general and unlimited authority over him.

How shall he reconcile implicit obedience to such requirements with his new and precious instinct to be free? How answer to the dread judge within if at the end of each day he must report that he has done nothing in obedience to the inner law, struck no blow in behalf of the spirit to which his whole allegiance is due? The child has naturally a great respect for established custom and authority. He is by nature docile, supplied, as I have said, with special instincts — of imitation and of membership — which incline him to accept the domination of his elders. But his docility is not absolute and unconditional. It does not extend to an abdication of his own soul when once he has become conscious of its voice. It is thus his duty to disobey your law when it is plainly contrary to his own, as when it denies all exercise of the warlike virtues. If your preachments and your prohibitions would strangle the manly life as it wells up in him, it is for him a matter of life and death to disregard them.

There is even a moral necessity of disobedience as such. If a child always does what he is told, how does he know that he is not doing it merely *because* he is told? Do his own true inspirations and his parents' or teachers' orders always coincide; are they always even compatible? Better disobey occasionally, simply as a matter of principle, just to assure yourself that you are not an automaton, but a being with a moral responsibility that you cannot delegate.

St. Augustine — great psychologist that he is upon this as on so many other matters — asks, even of his pear stealing; “Did I wish even by stealth to do contrary to thy law, because by power I could not, so that being a prisoner, I might mimic a maimed liberty by doing with impunity things unpermitted me, a darkened likeness of thy Omnipotency?” Does any wise parent or teacher wish for children who never disobey? Will these make the strongest men and women, such as can be trusted to render at the end a good account of the especial talent that was given them? I do not mean that parents and elders should lie down and let themselves be trampled on. Such is far too much their attitude already. Social laws and institutions are real and necessary, and must be upheld: your abdicating your own duty will not help your child in learning his. But be not cast down if he does not always understand, and rejoice if in such case he dares assert the value of his own idea. The rebel soul is not a rebel against the divine order: more often it is its champion, and the conflict is due to some perverted view on his part — or on yours.

Never believe, whatever the evidence superficially considered may seem to show, that the child's impulse of self-assertion, chief source of his apparent lawlessness, is ever in truth lawless. It is on the contrary the most lawful thing there is. It is the voice of nature coming from as deep down in him as you can get, issuing from all that conscience, personality, truth, can mean for him — the voice of the eternal as it crops out in his individual soul. The law that he obeys is not of his own making. The seemingly unaccountable action he comes out with is not wanton, but inexorably prescribed, no more of his choosing than of yours — except as he may choose to disobey the voice and leave his life to that extent unrealized. What impels him to come

out at all hazards with some word or deed that shall be all his own is the dim conviction that this as yet formless and inarticulate self of his is authoritative, that it is a new thing under the sun, and that, however despised and disregarded by others, it is not in truth despicable but worthy of infinite respect. He knows that he bears within himself a new and authentic revelation of the law, a revelation which it is his business now and evermore to declare.

The boy knows also in a dim way — although he could never so express the matter even to himself — that with him, with the vital part of him, it is now or never; that if he is ever to grow up to be a man, is ever to develop the fundamental qualities of address, courage, manliness, he must do it now; that with him as with every growing thing there is a time for the bud, a time for the flower, and a time for the fruit, and that, the time once past, the growth it was meant to bring will not take place. He could not put his conviction into words, but that is what he means by his insistence upon the assertion of his individuality, if not successfully, then with such blurring out as he can compass; if not in lawful ways, then in such other ways as he can find.

Let us respect, not thwart or look askance upon, the decree of nature and the boy who is being true to it. He is acting under the impulse of forces of whose import he is unconscious, but upon his obedience to which his whole success and worthiness depend. His loyalty throughout the ages to the god of nature speaking within him, in the face of the almost uniform discouragement of his elders, has been altogether admirable. In spite of constant punishment and lack of sympathy, and, more remarkable still, in spite of his meager opportunity in our modern cities, he has been true to the work that has been intrusted to him — the develop-

ment within himself of the virtues of courage and address and the drilling of mind and muscle in their service.

Some noise in the world it is required of every child that he shall make. Let those who care that it shall be an agreeable noise look to it; with that matter he will not much concern himself. It is up to us, utterly our responsibility, to see what issue this ultimate necessity, this best in him, shall have. To him the difference between lawbreaking and other games of daring is not yet clear. What is clear is that he must dare or renounce his soul. That is to him the paramount moral fact. To him both doors are labeled "manliness." It is for us, who know where each door leads, to decide which shall remain open and which shall be closed.

And be not too scornful toward the mental limitations of the boy who has chosen lawbreaking as his means of self-announcement. He could cite a goodly array of authorities in favor of his choice. The Spartans — within their chosen limits as successful educators as the world has seen — made stealing a part of their regular curriculum. Cæsar says of the Germans: "Robberies which are committed beyond the boundaries of each city bear no infamy, and they avow that these are committed for the purpose of disciplining their youth and of preventing sloth;" and judging from the literature of the English boarding school, it would seem that its rules are made not to be kept but to be broken, — for the sake of the training afforded by rule-breaking considered as a game.

The unimaginative grown-up, parent or other, thinks (and I have admitted that he has much evidence on his side) that the Big Injun child likes giving trouble for its own sake, just as the same person thinks that the smaller child likes dirt. But — just as the small child seeks the gutter not in

order to get dirty, but from the need of some material that he can handle — so in the case of his bigger brother evil is not his good, nor is being a nuisance simply its own reward. What he unconsciously seeks, and what he must have if he is ever to grow up, is opportunity to develop certain fundamental virtues. There is an element of sport in some kinds of mischief, and it is in this element that lies its attraction to the child. What he wants is a hard, lively game: something difficult, dangerous, heroic. This he must have as truly as a flower must have air and sun. If he cannot get it in one way, it is his virtue and not his vice that he insists on getting it in another; in so doing he is being true to the god within.

An everlasting text of the funny man is that it is the bad boys, and not the good ones, who turn out well. And there is everlasting truth behind this theory, the very simple explanation being that it is the bad boys who are good. It is the boys whom we call bad, because their actions are frequently inconvenient to their elders, who are being true to their own nature, are doing that specific part of the work of self-development which it is their business to do.

The whole question of juvenile lawbreaking — or at least nine tenths of it — is thus a question of children's play. A child who breaks the law is, in nine cases out of ten, not a criminal. He is obeying an instinct that is not only legitimate but vital, and which, if it finds every lawful channel choked up, will seek an outlet at the next available point. If there is a man clothed in dignity and a blue coat especially hired to chase you if you will only take the necessary means to gain his interest, — *and if there is nothing else to do*, — it is a flying in the face of Providence not to make the most of what fortune so considerably sends. But tag is not the only game, and the policeman is not the

only one who knows it. Nor is the irate grocery man his only substitute. Give a boy a chance at football, basketball, hockey, or "the game"; give him an opportunity to perform difficult and dangerous feats on a horizontal bar, on the flying rings, or from a diving board, — and the policeman will need a gymnasium himself to keep his weight down. This is not theory, but is the testimony you will get from any policeman, schoolmaster, or social worker who has been in a neighborhood before and after a playground was started there.

Is play a necessity? Yes, if the child lives and is a whole child. If he is above ground, and the best part has not been starved quite out of him, play there is certain to be, if not in one form, then, in another.

The "boy problem," as we call it, is really the grown-up problem. The boy is all right. He breaks our laws, but he does so in obedience to a law that is older than ours, a law that has never failed to get its way or else impose a penalty — and to collect it. The penalty, as is the way with such, is collected of the victim. It is being collected now in our jails and penitentiaries, in weakened and perverted lives — the normal and inevitable results of allowing the best force that Nature has put into the child, the force that was meant to make a man of him, to go to waste or be turned into abnormal or anti-social channels.

Against the deeper law it is we who are the transgressors. When "the children were left out in the planning of our cities," when we closed nature's path against the growing child, we made it mathematically certain that he should seek some other path or cease to grow. If opportunity for play is denied, and by just so far as it is denied, stunting and perversion are the absolutely inevitable results.

CHAPTER XXX

PLAY IS PURPOSEFUL

ABOUT as interesting an experience as there is, is to see a baby when he first finds his hands. He has for a long time seen those white clouds passing across his sky and paid no great attention to them, when suddenly one day his hand stops its apparently aimless waving, and he looks at it in a way he never looked at anything before. He moves it a little, still watching it with all his eyes. Then presently, becoming exhausted with his observations, he dismisses it and the whole subject from his mind for that occasion, to be taken up again however and repeated until the experience has become a familiar one. Just think what is taking place at that moment in the child's mind. He has found for the first time that he can influence events; that he — this creature that squeals and grunts and kicks its legs and goes Aa, Aa — can control the motions of outside phenomena; that the cloud will stop or move according to something he does about it. There is happening before your eyes the most interesting event in the history of the world, namely, the discovery by a conscious being that he also is a cause, that he can affect the arrangement of the universe, that he is a producer of results. In the story of the child and his growth the experience is a decisive one. From that time forward the producing of results will be his main, absorbing, business.

Next to the child's simple moving of his hands comes the wielding impulse, when he wants to control other things,

and make them move according as he chooses. Aristotle remarks, speaking of children about six years old, that "the rattle of Archimedes is good for children of this age." The important thing about the rattle is that it celebrates the event, makes a noise in the world, appeals to the sense of hearing as well as to that of sight to emphasize results obtained. A similar virtue is found by grown people in the automobile, which appeals also to the sense of smell.

But sounds and motions are writ on air and vanish; soon the soul thirsts for more permanent effects. An epoch opens when the child makes his first cake — squeezes moist sand between his hands and then peeks in and sees that it retains his impress and superscription. And so on to the making of pies and palaces, to the whole chapter of creative play.

It has been said that the difference between play and work is that work is for an ulterior object, while play is for itself. What truth there is in this distinction depends upon the word "ulterior"; for play is almost always for an object. If we say the satisfaction of the play is in the doing of it, we must also say that "it" is not the motions gone through, the process of the playing, but the end sought. It is on the end that the child's heart and mind are set. It absorbs his attention, gives meaning and motive. He is all intention: seeking the end is what he is doing, and the whole of it. That is the act as it is to him the actor.

Watch a child building a tower of blocks. Note his increasing anxiety as its equilibrium becomes more unstable, the sublime daring required in adding the last block. He is not thinking about himself, not conscious that he is there at all; his whole being is absorbed into the work in hand. It is not he that is building the blocks: the blocks are building him. The tower rules; the child is utterly subordinate;

he hardly breathes until the thing is done. He is all builder; there is nothing over, not enough even to know that he is doing it. Such a child is not interested in grasping the blocks, raising them to a certain height, moving them horizontally and then downward. He is not interested in the process; he is not in the truest sense going through the process at all. What he is doing is building the tower, accomplishing the end. The process, as a result of such intention, enacts itself.

Or observe any of the hunting games and note the utter concentration on results. These games involve many motions — of running, dodging, climbing, jumping, and so forth — but these are not their object from the children's point of view. The thing is to get away. Run till you drop, if running seems the best expedient. But climb, swim, hide in the coal cellar, roll down the bank, or jump from the second-story window — any way to get off. That is how they look at it. The terror of being caught is the motive, or the passion of pursuit, with the one object to capture or escape.

And so in the later, team games, attention is always on the end — making the hit, putting the man out, getting the ball over the line. I do not now refer to the spirit of "anything to win." Where this involves going outside of the game and winning by means not contemplated in the rules, it means the choice of a certain sort of end and constitutes a special manifestation of the competitive instinct. What I am here emphasizing is the fact that subordination to an end is the essential characteristic of the play spirit itself in its more important manifestations.

It is true that there are often special means prescribed. Most notable of these are the instances already cited of the instincts to throw at a mark and to strike with a stick or

weapon of some sort, upon which our ball games are so largely built. But even in these cases it is, from the child's point of view, the end that governs. The boy wants, it is true, to throw with his right arm; but when he does throw it is not his right arm that interests him, but the friend, window, first baseman, or other convenient and satisfying object that he is throwing at. He wants to strike with a stick, but it is not the flourishing of the bat that governs, but the hitting of the ball — even beyond that, he cares a good deal where he hits it to and with what result. Often, indeed, he will express himself as wholly dissatisfied when he has made a very pretty and vigorous motion with the bat if the desired connection with the ball did not occur. He may want to do the thing in a certain prescribed way; but it is the doing of the thing, not the method used, on which his mind is bent. All his faculties are focused on this end. Every tissue, every drop of blood, prays and travails that it shall be attained.

This purposeful character of play was well illustrated by a little girl whom I watched as she learned to creep. She had great difficulty in acquiring the first rudiments of locomotion, but she finally solved the problem by means of a rattle which she was very fond of and which she would throw just beyond her reach and then find that somehow she could get to it. It was the rattle that pulled her there. The end in view released the power to act.

That the instinct for the end lies deeper than the prescription of the means, and is even independent of it, seems to be directly proved by the instinctive satisfaction in kicking goals, in throwing a goal with both hands as in basket ball, instead of with the right alone, or in hitting a mark with an arrow or a bullet. The man who used to paint with his toes in European galleries illustrated the possibility of

another issue of the manipulating impulse than the first instinctive one. So men will satisfy the instinct of song by means of a hollow reed, or by strings of wire or catgut. They will sing in stone and wood or through colors spread on canvas. Conversely they will find building materials in musical sounds, in poetry, in institutions.

Nature cares something for the means but much more for the end. She is of a very Philistine or get-there temperament. Her constant precept is, "Thou shalt arrive." Get the thing done, get the ball over the line — gracefully, pleasantly, politely, if you can, but get it there. To succeed in life we need to get results, and it is on results that Nature focuses mind and emotion from the first.

To the child play is always the seeking of the end. The motions made are known to him (if at all) only as means toward the result, wholly governed and irradiated by it. A cross section of a game, or a photographic view giving the motions the child makes, does not show the real play at all. To him it is seen not crosswise but end-on, and the object that closes the vista of each act absorbs his whole attention. A game is a complete transaction, self-contained, squaring the account, not needing external compensation or reward. Play is achievement, the service of ends that justify themselves and the means of serving them.

Nature in her mode of education has never adopted the pedagogue's plan of teaching the grammar first and coming to actual speech only after years of preparation, if at all. The child's first syllable or act has a full meaning, is a whole story in itself, be it long or short. His play is to him not a preparation for something else, but in itself an experience wholly worth while. The reason boys break down under training for an athletic event is because training is no longer play. It has become self-conscious, the end is in self-per-

fection, not in the immediate game, and is unnatural to them in consequence.

It is by this same method that Nature always works. The way she makes a tree is not to begin forty feet underground, gradually build up the roots — “lay a good foundation” — until she gets to the surface, then erect a solid trunk, thrust out the various branches of learning, and then, one hundred years after the start, bring out her first leaf. She begins *in medias res*, on the ground, at the level of action, and thrusts down a root, and a leaf up to balance it. It is a tree from the beginning, and a whole one. That is the very formula of growth. It is a whole tree from the beginning, a whole deed from the very start. In the same way the child begins with the end, with doing something. Growth mostly starts not as physiologists say it ought to, with exercising the big muscles, but from the hand, the point of utterance; and gradually, as the achievement blossoms up higher, the foundation strikes back deeper into the child's being; but always he is doing something — a thing worth while from his point of view.

So the characteristic of the most usual kind of play is subordination, subservience to an end. It is not that the child chooses to play, but that the end prescribed in play chooses the child, becomes his conscious purpose, and adapts him to itself. He is given up, absorbed into it. Man is the child of purpose, the servant of prescribed ends, by the original and ingrained habit of his mind.

The training that play supplies is thus training in the moral attitude of man; for to seek results, focus attention not on going through the motions but on getting the thing done, is the condition and necessary form of all morality.

The drill in subordination that play supplies is more intense than can be provided in any other way. Gymnastic

exercises for the extensor muscles of the arm may bring out the power that is there; but pitching for the home team brings out a power that was not there, that existed only in the boy's heart and in the heart of the team he represents. The play purpose exalts to its own level. The child throws himself into his game up to the very limits of his courage and perseverance — beyond the limits hitherto set, for the game is itself the very act of growth. He follows the ball each day further into the unexplored regions of potential character, and comes back each evening a larger moral being than he set forth. His whole nature is trained in this discipline, run into the mold that nature has therein prescribed.

The purposefulness of play develops especially during the Big Injun age. The passion for reality that governs this stage of growth implies subordination to the laws of real accomplishment. To be real, to do real things, you must set your heart on your object and see only that. But the attitude, though it receives its great development during this period, dates further back, as we have seen. Man is by his nature a seeker of results almost from the very first.

Without a recognition of the purposeful character of children's play we cannot appreciate its vital function in their growth. Hitherto we have considered mainly the direction of the play impulses; now it is a question of their method — of the mood and temper of the action they prescribe. Upon that mood will depend the sort of being they create, not now as to bodily and spiritual shape, but as to make and fiber. For in the growth of the living thing there is a law of texture as well as a law of form. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. Besides the shape of the tree — the number, slant, and arrangement

of its branches — there is the question of the sort of wood, its grain and consistency, varying all the way from poplar to the ancient wind-blown cedar on the cliff.

And where growth is by action, the texture of the life attained, its *timbre* and resonance, will depend upon the sort of action through which it has accrued, just as its form will depend upon the ends to which the action is directed. Hunting, fighting, nurturing play, determine that the product shall be a hunter, fighter, nurturer — and so on; but what sort of hunter, and the rest? That must depend upon the mood in which the play is carried on. Each day will leave its mark; and the fiber of the man, whether firm or pliable — what his intimate quality shall be — will depend on the spirit of the game. I think we may be confident, for instance, that a hard game will give a firm-wrought fabric, tough, hard wove; a loose and easy game will leave a flimsy one. And so also we may believe that a purposeful attitude will produce a spiritual body in which each cell and tissue is charged with intention, attuned to the seeking of ends. As the leaf is the unit of plant life, and every tree a structure built of leaves, so is purpose the unit of man, and every human spirit an edifice of inwoven purposes.

Thus the law of the play-built creature is the law of purpose. He is a hunter whose heart is set, not on hiding, running, leaping — not on healthful exercise — but on the taking of the game; a maker lost in the thing he makes, who will give all he has to finish it; a nurturer, citizen, who forgets his own life in the service of the life he loves. To play is to be the servant of an end.

CHAPTER XXXI

PLAY IS THE SERVICE OF IDEALS

A CHILD playing is absorbed into the end he seeks. What is the nature of that end?

In the first place, it should be said, the child's purpose is seldom if ever the same as Nature's. She has not intrusted him with her whole plan, nor told him why she has made such or such an act appear desirable. He has no conception that he is training himself to be a man — or at least not until a later stage than that which we are now considering. The sight of his friend is to him simply an invitation to the chase or contest; the tree suggests climbing, the brook a swim, the squirrel a shot with a snowball — with no hint of remoter advantages to be attained. So in our maturer play pictures and symphonies are to us simply and ultimately desirable, regardless of whatever purpose Nature may have had in giving us a feeling of rhythm and balance and a sensibility to certain sequences and tones.

But Nature, though she does not intrust the child with her whole purpose from the start, — and perhaps never with her final and inclusive purpose, whatever that may be, — does prescribe to him, at each stage of his development, purposes not only so weighted as to make them adequate and final motives for his action, but such as are the most inclusive that he is then able to achieve. And as soon as he can follow them she prescribes to him the full-blown purposes that are to govern his adult life. Wielding succeeds grasping as soon as the child has learned to hold things in his

hand; pounding supersedes mere brandishing, using the stick as a tool follows close on pounding. Then come building, molding, creation. So walking takes the place of kicking as soon as his legs can hold him up; chasing follows walking, tag supplants chasing, and football conquers tag. Each successive exercise has for the child its own sufficient end; but as soon as possible the final, inclusive end is introduced and the mind becomes focused on the sort of object that is designed to govern the grown man.

(I speak here and elsewhere of Nature's "purposes" simply as a convenient way of referring to the results that natural processes do actually bring about, without intending to put forth any opinion as to whether Nature does have or represent any conscious purposes or not.)

The play purpose is not the pursuit of pleasure. Pleasure results from play, and may in the sophisticated become a conscious motive, but it is not the play motive. It is extraneous, a by-product; it does not in any way account for the play attitude or the direction of the play instincts. In play the motive of the act is the doing of it; the child will know afterwards that he was having a good time, and may choose to play again partly for that reason; but pleasure will never be the present motive in the play itself. In successful play a child does not know that he is having a good time; he does not know that he is having a time at all; time, in fact, has ceased along with self-consciousness. He is not a receiver of impressions, but a doer, pure and simple, and exists for nothing else. The pursuit of pleasure is an egotistic, self-conscious, almost a morbid, state of mind, notoriously self-defeating. Play implies the opposite, contrasted attitude, that of self-forgetfulness, subordination. The man who goes out to have a good time is usually dis-

appointed. The one who goes out to play the game, and does play it for all it is worth, is never wholly so.

Play involves pain. You cannot become lost in the achievement of an end without some disregard of the sacrifice involved. You cannot play the game unless you learn to ignore the kicks and the fatigue. Young men even kill themselves in games; and readiness for such sacrifice as the end may call for is fundamental in the moral attitude of play.

And the play purposes, though they are the child's own, and are to him satisfying motives for the acts prescribed, are not selfish, and are as far as possible from representing whim. A child's play is in a true sense self-assertion, but it is the assertion of a self deeper than the individual; its purposes are largely race purposes, and are wholly extra-personal, independent of his private will; they are purposes that have chosen him, not he them. True he gratifies himself in following these purposes. Such is indeed the road to the highest happiness attainable by man, the happiness of the scientist who has followed truth, the artist who has been true to his vision, the soldier who has fought the good fight. But let us not get our feet entangled in this old childish quibble of the selfishness of being true to one's better self. We could not serve the best if its commands did not apply to us. And the voice that commands rejoices in us when we win. But it is not the devil's voice for all that, and nobody who plays the game ever thinks it is. There are in every man two selves, or two poles of self, one authoritative, the other secondary; one representing the eternal, the other the transient. It is the former that speaks in the play purposes.

It is true the voice is different in each individual. But it is not private or selfish on that account. The oak de-

mands of each leaf its special service, and will not be quite itself if that service is denied: but the demand comes from the oak, not from the leaf. Or if there are laws not of the whole but of the individual alone, they are nevertheless laws, not whim, laid down for him, not of his choosing. Originality itself, new and creative act, for those who believe in such, is of divine, not selfish origin. It is the last best word in him that the individual utters therein — an utterance not won save as all there is of him is attuned to the highest note he has.

Subordination, not selfishness, is the characteristic of true play — subordination to an extra-personal end, and the bending of the mind and faculties to its accomplishment. To play is to place yourself utterly at the disposal of the object that not your whim but the play instinct has prescribed.

The subordination prescribed in play is subordination to outer as well as to inner requirements. Not as the boy feels like running, but as the dodging of the pursued or the necessities of flight prescribe; not as he would like to win, but as the unsympathetic retaliation of his opponent dictates; not wholly as his eager soul had planned, but as the obdurate material requires — such must be his law if he is truly to serve the hunting, competing, and creative instincts. Dry sand will not hold its shape, round stones present a steady structure, nor a tower of blocks survive a certain angle, out of deference to any rage or grief of his. There is no sympathy — not even a sense of humor, unless of a diabolic sort — to be found among these obdurate outside phenomena. If he loves a flower or a kitten, he can neither make the one grow nor keep the other as his friend except by observance of laws not made for his convenience. Meantime

the steady mandate of the play impulse to attain the end enforces his submission to the hard conditions thus imposed. He can realize his desire only through obedience to outer and inexorable laws. For not merely to have and inwardly celebrate a purpose, but to carry it out, to go forth and stamp it visibly upon the outer world, is the fixed requirement. To the Big Injun especially has come the conviction that he must thus conquer outside things, and force their submission and acknowledgment. He must convince stone and wood and iron and fire and water and his own companions, secure their affidavit to his validity.

At first, indeed, a very crude response from the material dealt with will suffice, provided always that it be plainly audible. His first desire is simply that Nature shall speak up and report the deed, so that all, himself especially, may hear and be convinced. Hence, presenting in its lowest terms the play mood of service to an end, there appears a sort of general instinct-for-results, the "joy in being a cause" already mentioned. Hence the love of the rattle, with its heralding of infant prowess, standing next the hobby as the proverbial plaything. We all like rattles, and it is their rattling we like — the louder the better, so long as we give the shake. Hence the child's love of loud noises and of all striking and obvious results: hence one motive in his playing with fire and gunpowder, in his blowing of tin horns or rolling a boulder down a hill. To pound on a tray or bathtub, to drum and whistle and sing, to rustle your feet along through the dry leaves, to run in a jumping way so as to make the daisy buds click against your boots, — these and many more such are of the sort of actions found desirable. Children like, for this among other reasons, to drag a piece of tin with a string along the sidewalk; and if you have a cart, it is a distinct advantage that it should

rattle a good deal or that its wheel should squeak. Squeaky boots, even, are a boon, proclaiming the triumphal march of the hero, making his every progress almost a procession in itself.

And in every sort of play a striking result adds to the satisfaction. Boys throw stones at a bottle rather than at a board because it more tragically proclaims success. Windows are better still because of the social value of the catastrophe. I think it is not a negligible accessory in tennis that the scoring is fifteen, thirty, forty, instead of one, two, three: it helps to make you feel that you are getting somewhere. Cards would be less fascinating if they were simply numbered up to thirteen instead of dealing with the royal family.

But though crude results satisfy at first, and though we are always too easily paid off by such, they do not permanently and truly satisfy. The child who has made his first cake will look at it a few moments very seriously; then some improvement suggests itself. We all know the rest of that story. We know that he will never achieve that perfect sand cake; but we know also that whatever makes life worth living, whatever lends it interest or satisfaction or nobility, will lie in the pursuit.

The heart of the play purpose is always an ideal. It is the statue in the marble that commands conquest of the obdurate material that intervenes. What drives the child to teach his blocks their lesson and to make the sand obey him is the vision, dim though it be at first, of the growing temple. And it is the vision growing within him as the outer fabric gets shaped, advancing with every gain of skill, reflecting the achievement and reflected by it, that keeps him building.

The ideal is less obviously present where the end is not a material product; but it is always there and dominant. It governs the fighting instinct, prescribing to the boy new forms of contest and more difficult opponents as fast as victories are won; its voice is always for a further conquest, and will not cease in him until, like Galahad, he wins the Holy Grail — the, humanly speaking, unattainable. A high school boy is not heard to say: "I can now throw, kick, hit the line, well enough," or "The team is successful enough now." So a phantom quarry keeps ever just ahead of him in all the chasing games. If a little girl's plant grows well, she feels that she must make it do better still, that it must have more blossoms and more beautiful ones. She does not say of her baby brother, that now he is doing well enough and she need not attend on him so devotedly: there is no end, here or hereafter, to what her love would give. The child perhaps has discovered what is on the other side of the back fence; but there is another fence beyond; and there is one beyond the farthest star. There is no limit and no sense of approaching one, in the demand that the play spirit is making on every child in every play.

The human spirit is like a magic lantern. The light of a great instinct shines through it from within and casts its picture on the mists ahead. As the child or the man perfects his nature in the likeness of that image, the image itself becomes brighter and more defined. But the copy he makes will never equal the original — not while the man is still alive.

Play drills the child to the service of ideals under the conditions imposed by his social and physical surroundings. He is squeezed to the desired pattern between the inexorable pressure of the ideal within him and the obdurate resistance of outer fact.

The ideal ends that play prescribes are the ideals that dominate our later life, the ends for which men and women in all ages have gladly died and been praised for doing so. Building, creation, rhythm; nurture, curiosity; hunting, fighting, citizenship, — these are the abiding sources of our ideals. The mother who sacrifices her life for her child, the poet facing poverty and death for the sake of art, the scientist for his discovery, the patriot for his country, testify to the moral sufficiency of the same instinctive motives that govern children's play. The fighting instinct itself, which to some people seems the least ennobling, is the basis of the great ideals of chivalry which alone have shown power to capture not merely the reason but the imagination of our western world.

Play supplies what we call the professional element in any kind of work. Standing beside the practical, the useful, the utilitarian end, there appears this other glorified presentation of the same object in its eternal relations as a thing of beauty, as something worth serving for itself. Beside the useful tool, there stands the ideal efficiency; beside the shelter from the cold and rain, the temple not made with hands; beside the serviceable invention, the mystery still unsolved, challenging to new adventure of the mind; beside the practical improvement in the public service, the Zion of our dreams.

The ideal that is at the heart of each play instinct has in its time — that is, through a great part of human history — been worshiped as a god: the fighting instinct as Mars, or Thor, or Hercules; the hunting instinct as Diana; rhythm as Apollo with his attendant muses; nurture as Ceres, as the Madonna; curiosity as Minerva or Pallas Athene; the making instinct as Hephaistus, with the demigods Dædalus and our English Wayland Smith; while all the

ruling gods — Wodin, Zeus, the great Jehovah himself — have been national or tribal deities, embodying the instinct of membership. The Christian church has been identified with the body of Christ in which all communicants are members and with the Holy Ghost, of which all may partake. The Messiah is a political conception.

Closing the vista there seems to be a unifying vision, an ideal of ideals. Not articulately spoken, but somehow implied in the voice of each fairy as she brings her gift, we seem to hear the words, "And there is a greater, more beautiful than I." Certainly there is a desire for unity of purpose, integrity of life, for a single and inclusive aim. And there seems to be some faculty for attaining this desire. We do somehow judge in each special case between the several instincts. We have some sort of criticizing principle, a "Reason" as Kant calls it, that asserts an ultimate authority. The word is very indistinct as to specific action — as indeed is the case with all ideals — exacting obedience to each syllable vouchsafed as a condition of its further utterance. But the instinct none the less exists, and is clothed with an authority which we directly recognize.

So through the drill of play the child becomes a creature not only of purpose but of those ideal purposes that have always governed, and must govern, human life. The whole of these ideals, emanating centers of the great instincts of which man is the outcrop, we shall never know. Our nature, as Emerson said, is open on one side to what seems an infinite mind or oversoul — incalculable, extra-personal — an unsounded reservoir of thought and purpose that transcends any realized idea.

CHAPTER XXXII

PLAY AND DRUDGERY

A REASON often given for assigning to play a very subordinate place in moral training is that it excludes drudgery, and so affords no preparation for meeting an essential — some people seem to consider it *the* essential — problem of the moral life.

There is on the face of it much plausibility in this contention. The way to learn to do a thing is usually by doing it, and it would seem that play, which is the very antithesis of drudgery, can afford no important discipline for its performance. And yet I believe the argument to be fallacious. I believe not only that play is essential in any system of moral training, but that, in especial, it is an important preparation for meeting this specific evil so dreaded by the modern man.

To understand how this can be, or whether it can be, the case, we must consider a little what drudgery is and how it comes about.

Drudgery, in the first place, is not identical with work nor a necessary incident of it. The best work, as has been said in an earlier chapter, satisfies the play instincts; is done, that is to say, for its own sake and not for an ulterior object. Such work includes that of the artist, the scientist, the mother, the lover of his kind, the patriot — the best definition of work, in the last analysis, being occupation that satisfies our team sense as members of a social whole.

Work however often includes drudgery. It is not always

adequately inspired. There are things that have to be done in this world which do not carry their own motive with them, are not irradiated by the end they serve.

The end itself, in the first place, may not be of the illuminating sort. It is in the service of the hungers that drudgery is most commonly undergone, chiefly as a necessary incident of self-support; and the hungers, as we have seen, lend no immediate inspiration to the labor they exact. They are among the "ulterior" motives of the usual definition of what is not play—our taskmasters and not our gods; slave drivers, whose commands are enforced by penalties, not wholly by their own direct authority.

And the hunger motive is not only in itself without the power of conferring immediate satisfaction, but it often takes us where no self-justifying motive is encountered by the way. A man may have to make his living by methods affording little scope to any of the great constituting instincts outside of whose service action is barren of immediate spiritual return. The means of obtaining physical support may be as uninspiring as the end.

Such is the very essence of drudgery—occupation divorced from immediately satisfying motive. And subjection to such occupation is peculiarly the fate of man, especially under civilized conditions. The evil is one that he has brought upon himself through his ingenuity in devising means for the accomplishment of his desires. It is his thousand cunning inventions of new ways of obtaining food and shelter, and satisfying his other fast-multiplying wants, that have superseded in his case the original means of satisfaction and led him from the path that nature intended him to follow, and along which his achieving instincts still impel.

Man has invented drudgery, and thereby subjected himself to an evil from which all other creatures are exempt.

The animal seeks his sustenance by the method which nature originally prescribed and which is still written in his active instincts. Even the savage hunts and fights and fashions weapons in a way that accurately satisfies his native impulses. In his aboriginal condition man the hunter and fighter may be called upon to hunt and fight to the point of sickness and exhaustion, but he is not compelled to leave his natural way of life and go forth into a wilderness of uncongenial occupation — to adding eternal columns of figures, working a treadmill, or digging under ground. Under nature's scheme the method of obtaining a living, though far less effective than the ways that civilized man has invented for himself, had the advantage that it was also the living of a life: the hungers and the active instincts pulled all one way.

For civilized man, on the contrary, all that has changed. The herdsman supplants the hunter at an early stage; Cain the farmer kills Abel the herdsman; Arkwright and Stevenson and McCormick have lessened the progeny of Cain; and at each remove man finds himself separated by a wider gulf from the life that nature intended him to lead.

And given the new, more effective though less satisfying way of supplying material needs, an iron necessity in the form of laws of population and of competition forces its adoption. The alternative is to embrace the new method or die. Not hunting beyond the point of fatigue, but working in a mill or office, at tasks that are tiresome even while the man is strong and fresh, has become the condition of obtaining physical subsistence. Man's instincts still point where nature aimed them during the hundreds of centuries in which they were evolved, but civilization has side-stepped, requiring of him tasks to which he is not fitted, and leaving many of his native instincts unfulfilled.

Thus under the conditions that man has fashioned for himself there is a fault in the strata, a break in the direction of his life, as a result of which he is compelled to exist largely outside of those instincts with which he was originally fitted out and of which his spiritual patrimony still consists. Nimrod is set to hunting title deeds. The descendant of the Vikings must content himself with copying bills of sale. Instead of charging the enemy, the soldier soul must charge up items in a book account. Making a living has become incompatible with life itself according to his native power to live. Pain and hunger, hard taskmasters to all living things, are in this respect more cruel to man than to any other creature, driving him, through the stimulation of his own abundant ingenuity, to follow more and more a path in which he is homesick from the start.

What we have to call crime, idleness, and vagabondage is largely the continuance of unreconstructed man in the direction in which nature aimed him, past the switch intended to shunt him off into our civilized pursuits. Drudgery, on the other hand, is the penalty paid by those who take the curve for civilization and way stations and leave the ancient track. And it is usually only the way stations they can reach.

It is true that all real work is supported, as I have said, by the great team instinct. But though the instinct is always there, it is not always strong enough to float the service it requires of us. Our duty to society prescribes actions to which it does not always sufficiently impel. We want to support our family, to do our part as citizens, but we do not always want to add up the accounts, copy the manuscript, make the calls, or perform the daily task which our desire implies. Even dying for one's country, though satisfying at the moment of vision, cannot always be so

exhilarating as it sounds, during the perhaps tedious process of putting the idea into execution.

Even the other play instincts besides loyalty have their hard prescriptions. There is an artistic as well as a social conscience, and it is as hard a taskmaster as the other. The great word of the Renaissance, the great forgotten word that reconciles morality and art, was *virtu*, the manhood of the artist — signifying his readiness to go through fire and water and misery and starvation in obedience to his vision, as embodied in some triumphant example of the beautiful.

The best play involves sacrifice in preparation, sometimes in the form of drudgery. Music is an instinctive satisfaction, but the practice on the piano prerequisite to the most rudimentary expression is not an unfailing joy even to ourselves. So we love literature, but not necessarily the Latin grammar, which is an important path to literary appreciation. So also the instinct of curiosity prescribes, thanks to man's invention of aids to his intellectual life, the learning of the alphabet, of the multiplication table, and of many other discovered means of acquiring, assimilating, and transmitting knowledge. Play of the fullest and most satisfying sort implies a period of apprenticeship not wholly illuminated by the instinct which it serves.

In thus providing new and better means of satisfying the play instincts, especially of creation, rhythm, and curiosity, civilization has again departed from nature's path, but this time in a way wholly beneficent. The savage (if we could get back to the time when he really was a savage and not a highly conventionalized and cultivated being) learned to sing and dance and speak only so far as the immediate joy of each act and the illumination of his own short purposes would carry him. Civilization has taught us how to go much farther if only we will endure the pain of learning.

It is upon the importance of preparing for these new ways of man's discovery — of learning the new methods of making a living, of serving the state and his fellow men, and of satisfying the play instincts through art and science — that the great nose-to-the-grindstone school of education plants itself. That school, it is true, seems to cherish the mere discomfort of the learning process regardless of whether the point of actual fruition is ever reached, and to value its moral training in proportion as the pupil's own will remains unexercised. But yet it stands for the important truth that these new ways must be acquired whether the process of acquisition is or is not agreeable.

Just how far schooling is, or should be, drudgery and how far it ought to be a fulfillment of the play instincts, it is not necessary here to consider — especially as the frontier will vary every hour and with every individual. It should be noted in this connection that the mere requiring of a study by established custom, and the fact that he finds the older children already proficient in it and scornful of his ignorance, is in itself enough to recommend it to the child. Children easily accept the judgment of their elders, and especially of older children, as to what is real in life, as witness the attitude of English schoolboys toward writing Latin verse — which, though they may not like, they seem to accept as a fixed part of human destiny. In the case of reading and writing children soon get an inkling, through observing their elders, of the place of these accomplishments in the real life around them, and long to be admitted to the mystery.

Still it is clear enough that, as stated in an earlier chapter, there must be a certain amount of drudgery in school: some things must be taught which the play instincts do not always cover. A person turned loose in the modern world without

ability to read, write, or cipher would have a good case against those responsible for his education, regardless of how as a child he felt toward the acquisition of those accomplishments. Ability to unlock the door to the whole world of knowledge is worth spending a good while in learning the combination.

And school should always be carried on with the firm assumption that certain things have to be learned whether the learning of them is agreeable or otherwise. There is a lesson taught by such authoritative attitude even more valuable than the three R's. It is of all things necessary that the child shall learn that the grown-up world is real, and has the right, even the necessity, of seeing that its laws and conventions are observed. Whoever is to remain at large in civilized society must learn sooner or later to conform to its requirements. The lesson is as important as the knowledge that water is wet, fire hot, and heavy weights bad for dropping on one's toes. It is a question of orientation, of learning what is what and what isn't in real life. The school presents society to the child. It stands as, next the home, the main social fact of his surroundings; and it is bound by every consideration of honesty and humanity to present it to him as it is.

A final motive prescribing drudgery — besides the hunger, the need of apprenticeship, and the satisfaction of the social, the artistic, and the scientific conscience — is asceticism, the shadow of the conscientious motives, the canonization of their negative side, which embraces the penalty of virtue as if it were the essence of it. Asceticism is the apotheosis of the Big Injun, the self-imposed suffering of its saints being a perverted but heroic form of stunt.

Drudgery then there must be if we are to support our physical life, to fulfill the great instinct of loyalty, or to

attain the highest satisfaction of the other play instincts. Fully to serve any of these ends we must do work that is dry and joyless in the doing of it. The antagonist cannot be ignored. How can he be overcome?

I believe the first thing to be recognized is that mere experience of drudgery is often ineffective, and that when it does serve a purpose it is as apt to be an evil as a good.

In the first place the mere repeated doing of a thing does not necessarily produce the habit of doing it, or any other moral effect. Or perhaps I should say that going through the motions does not necessarily mean doing the thing. The doing, to leave a moral residuum, must proceed from the person's own will, not from an external cause; for a faculty that has not really been exercised has certainly not been trained. The soldier on leave and the sailor on shore have been cited by Gulick as examples of the impotence of an enforced routine to produce a habit, — the degree of regularity observed in these being a good measure of the effects of this method of education. The boarding school boy often exhibits similar results.

It is of course true that men may become so accustomed to routine — if the work is not too disagreeable or the hours too long — that it ceases to be drudgery to them. Probably even soldiers and sailors attain this negative adaptation. Men may through the hypnotic power of repetition become addicted to it, as to any other drug, until it is far easier for them to keep on in the beaten road than to turn aside from it. But such insensibility is not a moral power but merely a nervous adaptation; and it is an adaptation only to the particular routine experienced, not to drudgery as such. The bank clerk is not prepared for the tedium of the sailor's life nor the sailor for the routine of the bank clerk. Adaptation to a certain round of duties does not make

the man who has acquired it any more able to encounter drudgery in general ; it has only made a certain sort of repetition cease to be drudgery for him. It is like the hardening of the sailor's hand, convenient for his especial sort of work, but not generally applicable to the rubs of life.

Becoming addicted to a fixed program is indeed rather a handicap to success in any other line. Endurance of drudgery, triumphantly acquired, brings on a sort of progressive numbness, with increasing inability to change. If we could so train a child to a given routine that he would not mind it, we should have so far diseducated him for those occupations requiring a different sort of tedium as well as for all pursuits calling for initiative and enterprise. Hence the lamentation of Max O'Rell that French children have been taught their lessons so thoroughly that they keep on saying them all the rest of their lives, in contrast to the effects of the less formal English education.

The truth is that there is no such thing as being inured to drudgery as such, or to pain in any form. The whole thing is a myth. As Emerson says: Heroism will never be made easy. Nobody ever got used to being hurt, or learned to like it. Certain things may cease by practice to be drudgery to certain people ; but neither drudgery which continues to be such nor any other pain becomes less obnoxious through familiarity. On the contrary, the longer you have the toothache the less you desire its continuance ; the more hours the bore has talked to you the more bored you get. An hour a day of either one or the other experience would not make the visitation a jot more welcome. In short, becoming insensible to a given experience is as likely to be loss as gain, while general insensibility comes only with death, of which its partial triumph represents an early stage.

Ability to bear drudgery or any other kind of pain is a power — a positive, not a negative, acquirement. It is won by active not passive experience, and is a quality not of the nervous system but of the moral nature. It is true, and is one of the most important truths of life, that people do learn to endure pain and to accept, along with other obstacles, the drudgery that their true purposes impose upon them. But the essential point is that the ability thus to bear and to accept is positive, not negative. It is not that pain or drudgery has become pleasanter, but that the power to bear, to persevere in spite of these, has been increased.

There is, short of death, no anti-drudgery specific. Just as the great soldier is not made by any special insensibility to wounds or starvation, but by a greater courage to encounter them; as a passive training in being shot or starved would leave him not stronger, but weaker to endure; as it is the practice in actively braving danger and hardship, and the positive qualities thereby developed in him, that have been his making, — so the conqueror of drudgery is not the slave or drudge who has been most thoroughly subjected to it, but the man endowed with the strongest affirmative purpose to persist.

A popular example of the power to endure rough usage is the football player. But if our young athletes were to begin early in September a course of being thumped over the head, kicked in the shins, squashed beneath heavy weights, and dropped off buildings at various heights onto the sidewalk, they would not become especially hardy or courageous. On the contrary, the various bumps and bruises thus acquired, and the purely receptive habit in regard to them, would make them less able to endure. What makes the football player is the kicking, not the being kicked. It is learning to keep his eye on the ball and his heart on getting it over

the line, utterly regardless of bumps and kicks and other physical annoyances, that makes a player of him. It is what he has learned to do, not what he has become accustomed to suffer, that has developed him. In truth there is no other thing that can be learned, no other power that can be developed in a human being, than the power of doing something. All force and all power, whether moral or physical, is active. The idea of a passive capacity is purely mythical. There is no such thing and never was.

Doing drudgery is not a specific kind of action. It is action inducing a specific kind of pain. It cannot be learned any more than action-that-produces-headache can be learned. There are many ways of getting a headache, some of them of less moral value than some others; but there is no specific training for them all. So there are a great variety of ways of acting outside of the instincts — of doing drudgery — but there is no one way of learning to do them, because their common element is not in an active principle but in a passive effect.

So although drudgery — or at least learning certain things regardless of whether they are drudgery or not — has an important place in education, and although the attitude of the school should be that things must be done whether they are agreeable or otherwise, let us not fall into the error of supposing that it is the mere lack of illuminating motive that is of value, or that it necessarily develops any power of encountering a similar absence later on.

Morality is evermore active and not passive: moral effect depends not on what was suffered, but on what was done. It is only so far as the child coöperates that moral good can possibly result. Was the purpose his? If not, what avails it that he submitted to it? Learned to do drudgery?

Not so far as *he* did not do it — so far as it was your will, not his own, that governed. He can learn perseverance only by persevering; there is no such experience in doing what you day by day and bit by bit exact of him. How happy is he born and taught that serveth not another's will. How is he so taught? By the daily habit of serving another's will or his own? If you can call in as assistant in your grammar lesson the love of beautiful form and the desire to master it, and can teach him to face the long road ahead with the will to reach that far-off goal; if you can make him feel the desire to make good, and submit himself to your guidance as a means of doing so; if you can induce him to take the responsibility of getting himself to college, or put into him the desire even to please his father by buckling down to work — why then you have done something for his moral development because you have got *him*, the force that constitutes his moral nature, in motion, and growth must inevitably result. But except as you do so enlist the child himself, you have done nothing for him morally because he has done nothing for himself.

The experience of doing drudgery will, like any other experience, produce moral development in proportion as it is active, and the development will be in those especial powers that were exercised and only there. There may, it is true, be this much of specific benefit in the performance of drudgery, that it sometimes results in discovering the weak point of this particular enemy of man, namely, that upon a fierce and determined attack he sometimes shrivels up and disappears — the stoutly carried task ceasing to be drudgery and the bold warrior winning through to his natural allies on the other side. Not the training of a power, but the acquiring by experience of a bit of strategic knowledge, is in such case the benefit obtained.

But except for such incidental discovery of the fact that drudgery is not invincible, there is no specific power, no tactic applicable to the routing of this especial enemy as such. The preparation needed in this case, as in that of any other evil, is the habit not of suffering, but of doing something else in spite of it. It is the positive acquirement of some valorous method of turning the attention not upon the pain, but away from it, that holds the secret; or it is the power of fusing it with something else that becomes too strong for it, that carries it away in a mighty current, melts it in the heat of a passionate pursuit; or finally, it is the strong purpose that enables the person to keep on in spite of it. These are the true antagonists of drudgery and constitute the only means by which it can be met.

What then is the service of play in developing the powers that can overcome drudgery, or make us able to endure it?

In the first place play is training in the glad service of those ideals which prescribe that drudgery must be endured and justify its endurance. The artist, scientist, soldier, mother, citizen, exemplars of the great play instincts — these are the typical heroes of our race; and not insensibility to pain but devotion to the ideals they serve has made them such. Especially is the play instinct of membership — source of the great power to belong, to act not as an individual but as the single-minded servant of a cause — the maker of heroic lives.

Secondly, the habitual attitude of purpose, of subordination to an inner image, that play insistently prescribes, in which it gives daily and hourly practice during all the plastic years, is the distinctively heroic attitude. The power to give yourself wholly to an end, to lose yourself in the work in hand, not to know whether you are building

the house or the house is building you, whether you are carrying the ball or are merely the one in the mud at the bottom of the heap so long as the ball is pushed across the line; to fight on in the cause regardless of cost or consequence: this is the power of all others that conquers pain and makes drudgery accepted so long as it leads toward the goal.

In the training of this power of purpose, play furnishes, as I have indicated, a steady and progressive course. Like all good teachers, it begins with an easy task and gradually, as power is acquired, sets more and more difficult ones. The child's first purposes are short and readily attained. Gradually larger and more inclusive ones are prescribed and he is drilled in longer and longer stretches of the will through further postponements of fruition. To kick, to walk, to run, to play tag, to play football, to train for the football team, to go through daily practice of uninteresting details — keeping to regular hours, denying himself indulgences of many sorts — to hold other boys up to this standard: such is one branch of the play curriculum. And it is the same with the other strands of growth, — a gesture, a dance, a drama, a ritual; a sand cake, a block house, a temple not made of hands; to pet the kitten, to tend a plant, to take care of the baby, to maintain an ideal relation in human love; to be the wind, sail a boat, study meteorology, understand the cosmic moods; ring-around-a-rosy, a game of sides, the college team, the city, the ideal commonwealth: these are the sort of graduated purposes through the presentation of which the play instincts train the moral power and teach the child to follow the voice of his true desire across widening spaces of what without it would be pain and drudgery.

And these two attributes of play — purpose and the service of ideals — are in truth all one. Play is always

purposeful in form, ideal in direction. Nature has made of her chosen method of education a continual preparation both for the sort of thing her child will have to do and for the one effective way of doing it. The moral set and attitude she teaches is that of the trained servant of ideals.

And supposing even these motives fail. Supposing the master instincts fail, as they sometimes will, to guide and master us, — suppose that in spite of whatever training we have received, our best impulses run thin, inspiration dies, and both joy in the act and the illumination of its ideal end fail to float us over the pain and tedium of its accomplishment. There will, even in the most fortunate lives, be times when the only resource left is to hold on by what is called clear grit — the sheer bulldog quality of perseverance.

But even here the experience of play is not irrelevant. A very large proportion of it, after the sixth year, has been under the tutelage of the fighting instinct — the Paladin of our nature, addressed to obstacles as such. And what the child's own courage does not hold him to his playmates have required of him. Children have no use for a squealer, and their standard of courage and perseverance is higher than is ever found in the schoolroom. Children try hard at spelling and arithmetic, but not as they try at baseball. The best effort of the classroom is soft and "sissy" as compared to that. Would any teacher expect a boy to write with a broken finger? He will catch swift pitching with one for eight innings and not think to mention it. And in after life the experience stands him in good stead. He can still buck up and play the game under the most dreary conditions and in the shadow of the blackest moods. Whatever there is in sheer bulldog perseverance, it would seem that play furnishes for the child the most severe and constant training of it.

But purely conscientious action, the state of sheer holding on by bulldog grit, is not a state to be desired, nor to be endured longer than is necessary. It is better to be conscientious than to be recreant, to hold on with mere obstinacy than to give in: truly an infinite distance, the distance between life and death, separates these two. But it is better still to triumph, to command the power that comes with present inspiration, if we can compass it. The conscientious attitude is incomplete. It is the service of the absent god, turning toward the sun during its eclipse, the mere holding of the fort until the greater powers arrive. Conscience, indeed, is not fully conscientious unless it seeks to work through its present state to the better footing beyond. The old debate "whether it is better to be an angel of light or Crump, with his grunting resistance to the seven devils that beset him" may surely be closed, if indeed it was ever necessary. Inspiration must supersede conscience, the angel relieve the bulldog. Or rather it is the true aim of conscience to supersede itself and win back to the play spirit. We must try to act each time with a little more spirit, so that some day, in this world or the next, we may graduate from our meek resistance to oppression into the hilarious mood of the true sons of battle, and do our fighting in the grand manner of a Raleigh or a Farragut.

We are not so to hug our own power of endurance that we make a cloak of it not only against evil but against our greater and more effective self. We must learn to call our gods to aid us and to welcome them. Every true prophet is a poet also, and where the vista closes sees the good transfigured as the beautiful.

And perseverance, to have its full value, must be upon the actor's own responsibility. The grit of the common soldier is good, but the grit of the leader, of the artist, of

the self-directed in any line, is of a higher sort. For the leader, the originator, must have courage not merely to walk on in the line that has been set for him, but to walk where there is no line. He must not merely endure, but he must endure with an open and undefended heart. To him it is not given to say that he has his duty to guide him and that is enough. The throe of uncertainty, of first-hand, unguided decision must be his. He can wrap no cloak about him, put on no armor against gods or men, but must so conquer despair as to drive it not only from his acts but from his heart — that the god may again enter and take command; for save as the god returns to him he has no mandate to fulfill.

Schooling in this higher perseverance must be through service to one's own ideals. The bulldog must be his master's servant, not another's; faithfulness to inspiration is not learned by serving other motives. What is done to please the schoolmaster, or from fear of him, teaches fear of schoolmasters and desire for their approbation, and is so far good — or evil; but it can train to no higher allegiance. An act will rise no higher than its source, nor will habit reach back deeper than the act from which it grew. If his soul was in it, it made a path for his soul through which it may issue in his future acts. If his soul was not there, the path may be to that extent choked up and hearty action made less likely ever after.

These things can play do toward the overcoming of drudgery, not because it has any specific, or because there is any specific, against drudgery or any other form of pain, but because play is life and the entrance of more life, and because life is the positive power in this world and the conqueror of all forms of pain and negation whatsoever.

CHAPTER XXXIII

EXUBERANT PLAY

THE play of childhood is purposeful: it is so in its characteristic manifestations and in by far its greater part, but it is not always so. There is another kind of play of which I have not yet spoken and which is of especial interest in the present connection as affording a contrast with purposeful play and qualifying its supremacy. If you will observe a group of children at recess, hear them yell (as you may do from anywhere within a radius of half a mile), see them throw up their arms and jump as though they were trying to fly, watch them chase, dodge, thump each other, and act generally like a swarm of flies or a drove of young colts; you will see that there is another sort of play besides the purposeful, — play of what may be called the exuberant or blowing-off-steam variety. Here the motive seems to be not toward an end but outward in all directions from a center. Indeed the very bodily attitude, with arms and legs and fingers outstretched in the likeness of a starfish, even the hair standing on end, seems to suggest the centrifugal action of the force at work. The phenomenon is more in the nature of an explosion than of a purposeful pursuit. There is no focusing of the attention and no dominating outside object; the vital force, instead of being turned into the cylinder to work toward some desired end, shrieks out through the safety valve, with no apparent object other than to escape. Action is squeezed out by excess of pressure from within rather than drawn forth by an outside aim.

Play at recess or immediately after school is indeed a case not so much of action as of reaction. It is the straightening up of the young tree that has been bent rather than the putting forth of new growth. But exuberant play occurs independently of long confinement at a desk. All healthy children have at times a tendency to romp. A baby crows and kicks up his legs without the purpose of accomplishing any very definite feat. Children push each other and tumble about like young puppies, roll down a bank, repeat some favorite rhyme or gesture, climb over their uncle's shoulder from the back of his chair, or rush about the room in a sort of mad ecstasy, banging against the walls and furniture and dropping on the floor after the manner of an insane dorbug; or they will whirl until they are dizzy and fall down, and perform a hundred other pranks, laughing all the time as though they would laugh themselves to pieces — without much trace of purpose beyond that of working off their energies by the path of least resistance.

Much of the bawling, pushing, punching, chasing, and scuffling of boys of the Big Injun age and early adolescence, including the humorous warfare that enlivens the way home from school, is of this same exuberant or explosive mood. Kipling speaks of a sort of whirling totter with both arms stretched out, which some of his elaborately disagreeable heroes called a "gloat," which seems to belong to the same class of phenomena.

During the later adolescent age, again, this exuberant force, as I have already observed, follows the channel of the games that have previously been serious. Collegians play tag in this spirit, or play baseball after supper on June evenings during the examination period, getting out and thumping the ball with an astonishing abandon — long after it has become invisible to older eyes — making

brilliant plays and extraordinary muffs, claiming everything, announcing and abiding by ludicrous decisions — boasting, laughing, guying or applauding their own and each other's plays with an instant and joyful appreciation of the inappropriate. Exuberant play is here a sort of back lesson or review, reviving the acquirements of an earlier period and playing with them in an affectionate familiarity which shows that their original lesson has been learned. It is only such review that, as I have said, grown people recognize as "play."

This exuberant play, though not the most important kind, has nevertheless an essential place in the child's development. Fun and exhilaration are in the first place worth while for themselves. It is good now and then to indulge this extravagant mood in which all the physical forces are let loose and body and soul romp together under the easy-going jurisdiction of the lords of whim. We should not always take our pleasures seriously, but remember to be foolish on occasion as the spirit moves.

Physically also this sort of play must be even better for the child, or the grown person either, than the usual more serious kind. Combining as it does the greatest bodily exertion with perfect relaxation of the mind, it gives the maximum of exercise with the minimum of fatigue. And then it exercises certain parts that otherwise would be imperfectly developed, establishes control of the voice in its more portentous aspects, and develops the grinning muscles of the face. It must be a great preventive of the long or sour visage: the lack of it is seen in Puritan physiognomy. It must also have visceral effects different from those of serious play; and it calls upon the circulation, sends the blood singing through the veins, in a peculiar manner.

But exuberant play is even more important in its spiritual effects. An essential service of play is as an expression of individuality. The instincts that govern purposeful play represent the child universal; they are the elements common to all human life. But there is a peculiar blend of these elements — the race soul speaking with a special voice and resonance — in every individual. An essential part of what play does for us is the finding of this voice. True play proceeds outwards from the depths; it not only reaches the appointed end but it starts from the beginning; all there is in the child's being, from the spinal marrow to the very roots of his hair, becomes engaged. It sounds the very accent of his *daimon*, lets out the last link of personality. A child's play should be to the individual spirit what the uninhibited sneeze is to the vocal chords. I saw the other day some remnants of the Iroquois tribe doing a war dance. Evidently a psychological value of the experience consisted in somehow shrieking or agonizing out as near as might be the very ultimate ego of the man. Each was trying to body forth in one lucky spasm the crude material of his personality. It is this same service that it is the special business of the shouting, leaping, exuberant play of childhood to perform, — to fetch the voice from the deepest spot, to make sure that it shall be at least this once the very child himself who acts, to produce some noise or gesture that shall carry the raw essence of him.

There is much virtue in this abandonment, occasionally throwing down the reins and letting uninhibited impulse take its course. The orgy was a recognized feature of most early religions; and it still has its merits, although usually more than canceled by its defects. Some people are chokebored and need the release of drink, or the stimulus of great excitement, to bring out their true expression.

Children's exuberant play has the advantages of the orgy without its drawbacks; it does not as a rule become hysterical, and need never do so. With a little watching, it secures the benefits without the evils of the frolic mood.

It is for all these reasons important that time and opportunity be allowed for this sort of play. Even the shouting and rough talk and braggadocio of street boys are important expressions of the same need, and should not on all occasions be suppressed. There is more individuality in the voice than in the words spoken; but some of us never find our voice, never speak out, clear and bold, our native thought.

Exuberant play has the sort of whirling-dervish effect, both of twisting the personality loose from clogs and inhibitions — from entangling snares of fear and custom blurring its outline — and of winding in upon it, like a spool or cocoon, what really is its own. It stimulates the inner pole, the home end, of the give-and-take relation of which life consists. It is Sigurd the Walsung with his Norse assertion of wild, whirling, individuality.

It is especially through exuberant play that individual mind and temperament impress themselves upon the body and nervous system; so that not only the reflexes and habits of action but the muscles themselves, even the very bones, express character. The man's personality is to be read not only in the muscles of the eye and face, but in those of his arms and legs, in the deft hand, "the smoothly gliding knee," in the handwriting, the way he carries his head, in every bend and stiffness of the spine.

Our bodies are not made with interchangeable parts; but each man's tools — his arms and legs and nerves and mental habits — are fashioned to the will that is to use them. Our subordinates are trained under our own eye, fitted to us, as I have said, like hand and glove and by the

same process — brought up responsive to our voice, permeated by our individuality, and at last a part of it. It is only where we ourselves have changed, or where we are of a divided nature, that our faculties hesitate or fail to support our policies. If we could be a unit ourselves, we should find our hand and heart, our whole body and every nerve center, crying out for what we ourselves desire.

A recognized symptom of neurasthenia, present to a greater or less degree in all of us, and a prime source of failure and ineffectiveness, is that of divided personality. A mind and body built and instructed from the first by thoroughgoing action proceeding from the very core of being and thrilling out to the circumference — a personality molded by authentic acts and only such — would exhibit no such rifts; it would be integrated, strike in a solid mass, be all there, wholly present to our occasions. It is shallow, what we call half-hearted action, beginning halfway out — factitious motives, semi-enlistment — that produce the unfused, unconsolidated self. Life should proceed from the heart as well as toward self-justifying ends. It is only what a man's soul flames up into that becomes a part of him.

Life is the appropriation by the spirit of the body and material it needs — in all creatures essentially the same process as that by which the acorn builds the oak. No two acorns are alike, and no one of them can learn from the outside what its own law requires. Difference, however, is not the important thing but only an indication of it: the essential is not difference but originality. If all acorns and all souls were in fact alike, each would still have to work alone, out from its own law, in order that the product might be instinct with a single life — a tree or a man, not a lifeless assemblage of parts such as some clever mechanic might have made. That the oak may be sound and whole, have

one bent and accent through all its infinite variety, it must grow wholly from the center, each leaf and twig vibrant to one idea.

Such originality does not mean egotism — confinement to a smaller, less universal, self — but quite the opposite. It is at the farthest depth and verge of individuality that the greater voices are heard. Our representative men — Lincoln, Emerson, William James — are not those who are most like everybody else, but among those who are most different — hilariously and unashamedly so. It is not upon the surface but at the center that our common inheritance is found. The universal is not the uniform.

The spirit of the race is an inexhaustible spirit requiring an infinite expression. Each individual has assigned to him one syllable of the total word, and it is by speaking in the voice given him that he shares in the life and authority of the whole.

Finally, as has perhaps already become apparent, the two kinds of play, the purposeful and the exuberant, are not in truth so wholly separate as I have found it necessary for the sake of clearness to pretend. Both moods are almost always present. Exuberant play is not often purely objectless; at least it does not remain so very long. Soon some sort of purpose supervenes. One leap into the air suggests a higher one; one good yell arouses the ambition to give another even more satisfying. The fiend that man harries is love of the best even in the matter of letting off steam.

On the other hand, even the most purposeful play has in it the quality of exuberance. Just because the child or man does lose himself in it, just for the very reason that he serves another and a higher will — a will impersonal, that seems external to himself — such play contains the

highest possibilities of self-fulfillment. It is in such humble service of a purpose that we find the highest, the completest, and even in the end the most exuberant, expression of personality.

Rhythmic play, especially dancing, best illustrates the relation of these apparently opposing moods, because in rhythmic play the two are present both at once and almost equally. Dancing is at first a spontaneous ebullition, and the same is almost equally true of music. Every one who has heard a lark sing knows why the lyric poets of the old world have had to sing about them: he is the most satisfying example in all nature of the spontaneous outpouring of the spirit. But both song and dancing very soon come under the dominion of an end, become partly purposeful instead of purely exuberant — or rather they seek a definite form for the sake of fuller expression of emotion. Purpose is born as the servant of their very overflowing. Rhythm makes of time a medium as definite as space; and an ideal may be expressed as concretely in the one as in the other. The laws of rhythm are as precise as those of form; music may be as accurate as sculpture.

On the other hand there still lives underneath the perfect form the burning exuberant desire. The madness of the great god Bacchus, quivering for an infinite expression, thrills in each restrained outline, and governs its restraint. A wild dervish soul slumbers in the demurest minuet, as the maddest cancan holds the germ of severe and stately form. Dancing was placed by the Greeks at the apex of their educational system as including both music and gymnastics, the two principles on which that system was built up. Similarly it combines the two great play motives, the motive of bringing forth an authentic expression of the soul and the motive of making that expression concrete. Every

dance is Bacchanalian at heart, and, as the Muses testify, every art is in its germ a form of dancing.

Not merely dancing and music, but all play as I have said really combines these two characteristic moods. True expression of human personality must both come from the depths and proceed outward toward the ideal which a true interpretation of the depths implies. To bring out all there is of character, the full resonance of personality, the string we play on must be fastened at both ends — in authentic impulse and concrete achievement. The difference between exuberant and purposeful play is one of accent; there is no real line between. It is the function of the one to make certain of the inner connection, to link up action indubitably with the roots of personality, that of the other to extend the frontier forward into its prophesied and infinitely elaborated forms.

CHAPTER XXXIV

RELATEDNESS OF PLAY

In proportion to our relatedness we are strong. — EMERSON.

I HAVE described the child of the Big Injun age as if he were intellectually omnivorous. Such, however, is not quite my meaning, nor the true state of the case. Not everything in heaven and earth is, even to the Big Injun, equally desirable to do or to exploit. His very search for real experiences implies selection; if one thing were truly as welcome to him as another, there would be no need of searching. He starts out with a want, although a very general one; the key he carries is a master key, fitting a great variety of locks, but it will not fit everything.

A child's collection of treasures, for instance, gives at first sight little evidence of selection. His taste seems superbly catholic. Beyond the predominance of shiny objects — glass, metal, crystal, mica, polished stone, betraying a predilection common to every hoarding creature, whether man, monkey, or magpie — these precious miscellanies of forgotten objects, suggestive of a junk shop or a domestic day of judgment, seem to disclaim the presence of any bias in their assembling. There has been, nevertheless, in the making of them, a selective principle at work. The child's signature is there if you can read it. He has been searching not for things in general, but for his own, and these are a part of his inheritance.

The very tendency to hoard, to bring things home and make treasures of them, is significant of the real relation.

Why does he so want these particular objects that he cannot be parted from them? It is not a matter of touching and leaving; he wants to hug them to him, to get as near them as he can. He will not be separated from his favorite acquisition even at night, if he can help it, but insists on taking the new knife, squirrel, kitten, to bed with him. He keeps his pet turtle in his mouth while visiting his mother's friends, puts the young field mice he has acquired inside his shirt, and likes to feel them run down his sleeves and around behind his back, wondering what his aunts and elder sisters can find to shriek about.

Here comes in the vast significance of pockets. Not to touch lightly the varied topics of his interest, not to flit from flower to flower and forget one impression in another — not such is the scientific method of the Big Injun. No dilettante he. His idea is to bring things home, swallow, assimilate them. Much of what he finds he does swallow, to the increase of his experience in unexpected ways, and the pecuniary advantage of the family physician. Next best to swallowing is to have these other, quasi-bodily, receptacles by means of which he can physically incorporate his treasure with himself. The child's passion for hard contact with the world is not alone to print his personality upon outer fact, but partly for the sake of so knocking the outer fact into himself that it may be his forever after. Truly the first pocket — home of the most important scientific collection, whether of tools or specimens, that he will ever make — does actually possess that seeming extravagant importance that the child attaches to it.

The child feels as he does towards his treasures because they are in truth part of himself. They are his conquests, outposts of the mind, by means of which he will divine, classify, and assimilate still further territory. He has

property in these, as he has property in tools, because in the continued possession of these the persistence and extension of his life is now involved. In searching for treasure he has really been searching for himself. Beneath all his hard realism the Big Injun is a good deal of a mystic; the heart and passion of his search has been the unconscious conviction: "that art thou."

Every child should have a box, a drawer, or a closet of his own in which to keep his treasures, and a piece of wall to pin his pictures on. After the pocket, this is the next circle of the widening personality. And in his treasure house there should be room to classify. Order is the condition of true possession. He wants to control, not only in the physical but in the mental sense; to understand his world, not merely rub against it. There is in every child a passion for order, for handles to swing things by, for coherence in them that they may be swung; for getting them sorted, each kind in a box to itself where it can be dealt with all at once. Mental dominion, unity through order, is his great desire. You have not observed that he was orderly? Perhaps not; but there are different kinds of order, and different subjects. You and the chambermaid may not agree about your papers, any more than you and your daughter about her caterpillars. Science and house-keeping often misunderstand each other.

Next to the treasure box comes the room or lair. There are, it is true, instincts at work here other than that of organizing one's world. All children make houses of chairs; most, when given a chance, make huts whether in the woods or from old boxes and pieces of tin on empty lots. The raiding games all recognize the homing instinct. The child's room is thus partly a home or place of refuge, and

it is partly a fortress — witness our universal preference for having a rock, tree, or wall behind us. There is, further, in our race a catlike attachment to places we are used to; the accustomed haunt becomes so much a part of us that we pine and wither when away from it: homesickness shows that we can be wounded in this relation as deeply as in our visible body. But the room — besides being a lair, a refuge, and a haunt — is also an extension beyond the treasure box of the assimilated world, another ring of the child's expanding sovereignty. Henceforth the line between what is and what is not himself will be at his room door.

Very important is the adaptation of the child's widening physical domain to the selective principle within him. If he is so environed that his spiritual hunger can find the material it needs, without starvation and without surfeit, the problem has been solved. The law and possibilities of ownership should be prayerfully considered to this end by every parent. True property is an instrument of thought, vibrant, responsive to the soul; a predestined outgrowth of the informing mind. As such it should be adequate, should fill in the invisible outline of personality at each successive stage. But beyond that it should not extend. The estate like the body should be lean, agile, well trained. Adipose possessions are a burden and an incumbrance. Among grown people to-day it is only the comparatively poor who enjoy the benefits of wealth; the rich are drowned in it, like Clarence in the butt of malmsey. As Emerson was obliged to report, even half a century ago, "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." It is the same even more generally with unfortunate children smothered in the annual avalanche of Christmas toys — their attention jerked from one exciting object to another until their tired nerves give way, and they wail out their despair over a world that presses

too heavily upon them. If only it were all candy with its quick reaction and recovery! Or if officious elders would permit the children to carry out their own instinctive remedy of smashing or immolation in the nursery fire, that so their world might be reduced from a nightmare of plethora and confusion to a size that they can organize and use!

More important, of course, than the question of mere amount is that of right selection. It is bad to eat too much; it is worse to eat that which is not food. My aim throughout this book is to show what is food to the spirit of the growing child, to indicate at least the main directions of his normal appetite and the changes that take place in it as he develops. Here I wish to insist upon the importance of a regard for this spiritual hunger, the importance to his life of having the needed objects and materials supplied.

The relation is in truth a vital one. His strength is locked in these. In appropriate surroundings as much as in himself his future is contained. No creature is strong for all purposes; his power exists not toward all objects; it develops only in contact with the things to which Nature meant him to react. As Achilles at the sight of the sword, so power in every creature awakes in the presence of its destined counterpart, and only so. Wonderful is the power of the eagle and the leaping salmon: but without air or water where is their strength? So of man's cunning hand without tools or without material, of his cunning mind without its related world, of his affections without their natural objects. A fish without water is not a fish; a bird without air is not a bird. As air could be deduced from the bird's wing, water from the fish's tail, so could tools and multiform material be inferred from the human hand, and helpless infancy, companions, home and country be divined from a study of the human heart. And as fish and bird

find their life in reaction to their environment, so the child exists or becomes alive only in the presence of those objects to which his powers have reference. The climber is born of the tree, the hunter of the quarry, the nurturer of the life he serves.

And life inheres in the relation that gave it birth. The baby lives in companionship with its mother. That relation *is* the child — it is his life. So the bigger boy or girl lives through contact with his more varied world and in play with his companions. Except as objects appropriate to be acted on are present, the child is not there. He is a process, and takes place only as the two poles, the positive and negative, the soul and its materials, are brought together. He lives only in the presence of his opportunity. Man is a safety match: his power is not his, but lies in contact with the other half of him, his world and counterpart.

Many people who have realized the importance of children's play think that it requires no special provision, for the very reason that it is so instinctive. They assume that the satisfaction of so universal an instinct is inevitable. But it is not inevitable. Eating is a universal instinct among healthy people, but there is such a thing as starvation. The impulse is inevitable, in the one case as in the other, but there may be nothing there to meet it, or what is there may be not food but poison. Play requires its appropriate objects, — tools, medium, partner, playmates; and these things are not self-providing. People sometimes speak as if the child were capable of evolving his own world out of nothing. He is perhaps a little better at doing so than grown-ups, but even he may find the task too hard for him, — as a man may have the musical instinct of a Beethoven and yet not be able to condense an orchestra out of thin air by the sheer force of his ability to use it if it were forthcoming.

So, when you think of your own childhood, and remember that playing was as instinctive as breathing, and that, as it seems to you in retrospect, you always found plenty of chance to play without any special provision being made for that purpose, remember also that there was room to play and things and other children to play with, and consider whether there may not be children in our modern cities or on lonely country farms less fortunately placed. And sometimes even good conditions can be improved.

Teachers are important to point out to the child the relations of the world to him — its confirmations of the presage of his mind — which the past generations have discovered. Their function, besides inculcating the mastery of tools, like the three R's, is to suggest categories, hypotheses, pigeon holes — help him to form apperceptive centers, as the slang is — through which he may organize his facts and expand his mastery of them; skeleton regiments to receive and drill the new recruits. Teachers should show the child where the handles of things are, help him to see the picture in the mass of bewildering detail, construe the world a little for him, suggest the grammar of it for his further reading.

But there is one thing greater than teaching as a preparation of the mind to recognize and assimilate its own, and that is imagination. Imagination is the great out-reaching power, the forward extension of the master instincts. It is their pioneer, the prospector who stakes out their claims. Imagination sharpens the spiritual appetite — makes the mind *sticky* to the facts belonging to it, as a magnet picks up iron filings — prepares hopeful preconception, and a hospitable attitude toward the expected guest.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE IMAGINATIVE PLAY OF THE BIG INJUN AGE

ALTHOUGH the insistent desire to impersonate ceases with the coming of the Big Injun age — although indeed actual revolt against impersonation is characteristic of that age in its more intense manifestations — the impersonating tendency, or at least the general method of understanding things that it represents, does nevertheless survive as an essential element in the child's play and growth.

In the first place the games of the Big Injun age, especially of the earlier part of it, include an element of make-believe. Puss in the corner, duck on a rock, old man in the castle, London Bridge, robbers and policemen, Indians and white men, hunt the squirrel, stealing eggs, I spy, run sheep run, prisoners' base — almost every game, whether of chasing, fighting, or throwing at a mark — has a name signifying that some little drama is being enacted, that there is more going on than appears on the outside. I have seen in a missionary magazine a picture of Chinese children playing "fox and geese," and their name for it was "kite and sparrows." In many cases, it is true, the names are handed down from times when the games were played by grown people. Newell in his "Games and Songs of American Children" shows us that Old Witch and similar games reflected a very real superstition, and even that the tug of war feature in London Bridge represents the struggle of angels and devils for a human soul. But the survival of these names means something, and moreover, where there is no

tradition, the children themselves usually give a name suggesting an imaginative meaning. I remember some boys who, having invented a modification of "hunt the squirrel" in which the aim of the pursuer was to whack his fleeing foe with a bag containing a basket ball, promptly christened it Jack the Slugger. Some children I knew used to play with daisies and various weeds and grasses, each trying to knock the heads off the other's bunch by striking it with his own. They called a certain kind of grass "swords," while a rank yellow-topped weed was named "dukes," on whom the more democratic species were always taking signal vengeance for their pride and ostentation. In fact I think we all know that this sort of naming is the rule.

Just how much the dramatic element suggested by such names actually amounts to is not easy to determine. It is certainly no longer the principal object of the game, nor even its secondary object, but has become subordinated, not only to the dominating, competitive instinct, but to the hunting or throwing or other accessory impulses that the game fulfills. But how much does it mean? How much does a fox or a red lion chasing you differ from a mere "it" similarly engaged? How different is a squirrel or a sheep from any other sort of quarry, or a duck from an ordinary piece of stone? In "Hi spy" the red lion has usually been forgotten altogether, and to the crowd I played with it never occurred even that "hi" meant I. In "hill dill" also the invitation to "come over the hill" has usually become elided — personally I never knew there was any hill to come over.

And yet I think these names do stand for something, especially at first. It is a little more exciting to be a white man pursued by an Indian than merely to be Jimmie chased by Mary Ann; and a "policeman" strikes more terror to

the heart of the fleeing "robber" than a less official pursuer would do. There is indeed a mystic quality in the very notion of a game — a sense of something unseen at stake. I believe that even baseball and football — even golf, tennis, whist, and other games that make no formal claim to a hidden meaning — have something of this quality. We unconsciously dramatize them, and feel the presence of a more momentous issue than their outward form would quite account for. I am sure that such is the case during the Big Injun age.

But the impersonating element in play survives the dramatic age not merely as an ingredient in games of contest. Its most recognizable offspring is in dramatics proper, that form of impersonation in which the aim is no longer to realize an ideal to yourself but to make it visible to others. Dramatics have been a leading element in the play of primitive peoples, and should have a large place in the life of children of the Big Injun age, both in the home and on the playground. There is no other way in which they can so enter into the spirit of a story and share it with each other as by acting it. Dramatics offer a very practicable road into the heart of literature.

Children's dramatics ought at first to be of the most informal character. The form should never go beyond the spirit; excellence of method should wait upon the need of accurate expression. The wear and tear of producing a dramatic performance in which children have been "well drilled" is almost more than human nerves can stand; while on the other hand the little productions they will get up by themselves, with the aid of slight outside suggestion, and showing only such execution as their own standard demands, place little strain on any one and are worth ten times as much when all is done.

A child's dramatic development should be continuous. There should never be a time, from the day he first acts horse until he is grown up, when that form of expression is not familiar to him. If a gap occurs, and is allowed to continue up to the age of thirteen or so, he will almost certainly become self-conscious and lose this form of free expression. Summer playgrounds and evening play centers should have many little plays, and dramatizations of fairy stories and other things that are read aloud, supplemented by games like Dumb Crambo (impromptu pantomime) and by charades. And in every family children ought to do charades and little dramas on Thanksgiving and other family occasions.

A great deal is to be done even with grown people in developing informal dramatics. Miss Charlotte Rumbold has told of groups in St. Louis who reproduce a play of Shakespeare from what they remember after seeing it, improvising the words as they go along. Offhand dramatization might well become as much cultivated as other forms of sketching.

Impersonation also outlives the dramatic age not only in the drama but in its original form, in which the motive is to make an imagined personality more real not to other people but to one's self. The dramatic age, in fact, survives in patches; there are occasional returns to the old dispensation for a long time after the first coming of the new. There is the phase of enacting historic scenes, crossing the Delaware, repelling the English at Bunker Hill (with invariable oversight of the final outcome of that famous battle). Girls play dolls up to the age of thirteen or so, and boys play soldier or Indians for an equal period, with huts, home camps, and much crawling on the stomach, leaping out from the underbrush, scalping, taking and rescuing of prisoners — punctuated of course with the crack of the scout's long and

trusty rifle. I remember years, continuing up to the age of fourteen, during which the customary greeting was: "Draw, dog, and defend thyself," while "Thieves, dogs, rabbits, I spit upon you," from the recorded sayings of Le Renard Subtil in "The Last of the Mohicans," was a well-worn form of repartee. Some of us also had "guns," with which we would charge bayonets in a long gleaming line of two against our country's foes, while there were frequent hurried rallyings to the seashore to repel pirates (boats carrying leg o' mutton sails) which greatly terrified us, although at other times we were on the best of terms with the friendly fishermen who sailed them. Everybody has felt the thrill of Stevenson's Lantern Bearers — an instance of imagination in the service of the later conspiring instinct. Howells records how the boys in his town every year made little carts "to go into the woods and get nuts," although no boy was ever known to use his cart for such a purpose. Most children dig for treasure and also bury treasure chests and make other wonderful hiding places which they never use.

Perhaps some of the cases I have just cited should be placed in an intermediate class between impersonation proper and competitive games containing only a slight dramatic element. The language of chivalry, for instance, was accessory to a special form of single combat with wooden sword and shield, and that of Le Renard Subtil to a style of Indian warfare closely resembling "robbers and policemen" in its practical working out.

Children's building play has usually an element of the dramatic even during the Big Injun age. I knew a little girl of seven to make with stones a most elaborate representation of Tuscany in illustration of Horatius, her favorite poem; and I remember a "city" on the beach, oft consumed (or crumbled by the sun) and oft rebuilt, of which

the principal features, besides sand houses of the usual beehive shape, were a theater, a sea wall, and especially a railroad system with full equipment of engines and rolling (or rather sliding) stock, by means of which a lively trade in corks, tanbark, sea eggs, and other staples was carried on, and which lasted until the citizens reached ages ranging from about eleven to sixteen.

An interesting example of the gradual change of accent, in building play, from the earlier set of motives to the later one is in Stanley Hall's "Story of a Sand Pile," in which from impersonation (by proxy through the wooden inhabitants of the city which the children gradually built up) the interest shifted to realism of mechanical execution in the building of houses, roads, etc. — only the "people" themselves, who, as veritable *daidaloi*, had become conventionalized, continuing the old régime in opposition to the new spirit of improvement.

And, finally, impersonation during the Big Injun age sometimes survives, not as an accessory of some other form of play but as a primary object. Boys sometimes, I am told, even to the sere and yellow leaf of the college age, will be knights and heroes very seriously in some small circle of their own. I know a lady who still stamps her foot and carries her head like a spirited charger, as a result of being the Chevalier Bayard up to the age of fifteen or thereabouts; and a schoolmaster has told me that when he was at boarding school, up to the college age, he always thought of himself in all his lessons and games as performing some heroic action of an entirely different, imaginary sort.

It is to be observed that in these cases the impersonation was not of natural objects nor of merely interesting beings like mothers, horses, yachts — as is so often the case during

the dramatic age — but always of a personal ideal; and I think all important instances of such survival will be found to be of this sort. Impersonation survives, evidently, as a method of projecting an ideal of life and conduct, but not of imagining the outside world. It is Froebel's game of the knights outlasting the dramatic age. The child uses it as a means of getting possession of his ideal by taking the first step towards its realization. Not content with merely visualizing the heroic character, he insists upon the more realistic method of muscularizing it — learning not merely the look but the feel of it, bringing it home in the most intimate way, giving it body and carrying power for thought and feeling.

There is great potential value in impersonation of this sort. Every soldier — everybody else for that matter — knows the intimate relation between bodily carriage and morale. To stand right and move right, especially if such standing and moving proceeds outward from an ideal, is in itself an important part of conduct and the beginning of much more. To adopt the voice and bodily carriage of Bayard or King Arthur is to go some way toward possessing their spirit and moral attitude. It creates a habit of body and mind that is a barrier against evil and must be radically changed if anything mean or cowardly is to be undertaken.

There are dangers, of course, in such a method. If there is a neglect steadily to translate the ancient into the modern requirements, to recognize and respond to the demands of knighthood as they occur in actual daily life, the result may be disastrous. There are plenty of Sentimental Tommies whose heroism, like that of the great Tartarin, is of the imagination only. But if you can get King Arthur actually to enter your soul, and fight for you in the schoolroom and on the playground, he is as valuable an ally as any boy need have.

This surviving tendency toward pure impersonation is important not chiefly in itself, but as indicating the direction of the purely imaginative play of the Big Injun age, or at least of the most important part of it. Imagination, now as always, has an essential part in any act of understanding and in almost any kind of enterprise; but its greatest function henceforward is to make the first projection of the soul in action — to be the earliest embodiment of the ideal.

Imagination is the budding of new life. It is action in the soft, achievement in its initial stage. When the boy acts Roland he is taking the first necessary step in becoming the hero of some future Roncesvalles. His impersonation of Launcelot, the saga he sings to himself over his bath in the morning and whenever outer voices die away and he can hear the inner music, are the prayer that shall make a Launcelot, a Roland of him — shall at least project him toward the heroic character with such impetus as he can manage to gather. Imagination is the first reaching out of the spirit, the first shaping of aspiration. It lights up the path that thought and desire will follow. It illumines the goal of action and draws it on, and through action governs life. It is the first movement of growth and the director of all its later processes.

Do not say that the child of the Big Injun age has no imagination, that this is a hard philistine period in which all poetry for the time at least is dead. It is a mistake — the great mistake of all — to suppose that because the child has lost his illusion of the plasticity of the outer world, his desire to mold it as his soul demands has lessened, or that imagination, his former means of its summary transfiguration, has disappeared. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The child, indeed, no longer possesses the magician's wand; make-believe is no longer the equivalent of reality.

It is also true that, awakened to the contrast between his gorgeous fancies and his puny power of realization, conscious of the ridicule a disclosure of his dreams may bring on him, he becomes intensely secretive. Of all wild creatures the child of the Big Injun age is shyest and most difficult to tame. To most people he is utterly impenetrable. Many boys, perhaps the majority, are so to all grown-ups, including their own parents. But it is still, in the toughest, most anti-sentimental boy, the inner world, the world of imagination, in which the important part of his life is carried on. The saddest and most fatal misunderstandings between children and their parents or teachers arise from the failure on the part of grown people to recognize the intensity of this inner life, or from their supposing that the child's real thought is simple or easily visible to them. If that is your idea, you have not taken the first step in the understanding of the child of this or any other age.

The method of those who really understand is described by Emerson :

“Do you know how the naturalist learns all the secrets of the forest, of plants, of birds, of beasts, of reptiles, of fishes, of the rivers and the sea? When he goes into the woods, the birds fly before him and he finds none; when he goes to the river bank, the fish and the reptile swim away and leave him alone. His secret is patience; he sits down, and sits still; he is a statue; he is a log. These creatures have no value for their time, and he must put as low a rate on his. By dint of obstinate sitting still, reptile, fish, bird and beast, which all wish to return to their haunts, begin to return. He sits still; if they approach, he remains passive as the stone he sits upon. They lose their fear. They have curiosity too about him. By and by the curiosity masters the fear, and they come swimming, creeping and flying towards

him; and as he is still unmovable, they not only resume their haunts and their ordinary labors and manners, show themselves to him in their workday trim, but also volunteer some degree of advances towards fellowship and good understanding with a biped who behaves so civilly and well. Can you not baffle the impatience and passion of the child by your tranquillity?

"Can you not wait for him, as Nature and Providence do? Can you not keep for his mind and ways, for his secret, the same curiosity you give to the squirrel, snake, rabbit, and the sheldrake and the deer? He has a secret; wonderful methods in him; he is, — every child, — a new style of man; give him time and opportunity. Talk of Columbus and Newton! I tell you the child just born in yonder hovel is the beginning of a revolution as great as theirs."

The Big Injun, in spite of his hard practicality, his hunger for the concrete, is an idealist at heart. It is indeed, as we have seen, the very insistence of his ideals that has given him his hunger for actuality. Imagination is not opposed to the obsessing desire for self-assertion, but is on the contrary an essential part of it. It is the first stirring, necessary preliminary to authentic outward projection, of the true self. In every child, at his most philistine period, the poetry is still there, the first and most important element of growth, though the stream has suddenly sunk underground and left only the hard dry crust visible to a superficial observer.

Imagination at the age we are now considering, although surviving impersonation gives the key to it, takes commonly a more abstract form. The child, become acutely conscious of the contrast between the imagined and the real, builds his castles out of confessedly imaginary materials. His method is sometimes that of the daydream — long, long

thoughts of what he is to do or be, of the princess he will rescue, the dragons he will slay, the better social order he will build. As the boy is father to the man, so is the day-dream the special moment of his parenthood. It is the source to which, if all goes well with him, the stream will ultimately rise. The man is the incarnation of what the child has done, and the first form and instance of the child's doing is in his dream.

Or the method may be that of heroic fiction. Children often tell stories to each other. They tell about when they were sailors in that strange grown-up past in which such wonderful things take place, — the past golden age which is really a first rough sketch of future glories. Perhaps they describe "what they did when they were little" — some three inches high — and went to sea on toy boats; how they passed through those harrowing but triumphant experiences at boarding school; how they met Fairy Cross-sticks yesterday, or the Ghost with the Bare Nose, and of the conversation that ensued. Such narratives are continued at intervals, like a serial story, for months, — sometimes for years.

And a great part of the imaginative life is now in reading or hearing books and stories. Vast and fascinating realms are opened out which the child recognizes and appropriates as his own and in which he wanders with delight.

These various methods of imagining are not very different in effect. From listening to the story of Robin Hood, or telling each other the story of when you and I were Robin Hood and Little John, to going out and being Robin Hood in the back lot, the change is chiefly one of form. If there is greater intensity in the more active method, there is greater freedom in the other. As you sit looking in the fire while your mother reads, you can always be Robin Hood yourself — or Sir Galahad, Tom Sawyer, Tom Brown, Heidi, Sir

Launcelot, Sir Lamarack, or Sir Bors de Ganis, as the case may be — while in actual impersonation there may be difficulties; other children are so mean, they always want the best parts for themselves. But whatever the comparative merits of the different methods the experience in all three cases is essentially the same. In all these heroes, whether heard about or impersonated, the child recognizes himself, finds the first expansion of what he feels that he is meant to be. It is the experimental modeling of action in material furnished by the imagination, as a sculptor models his statue in clay before it is cut in stone.

And the need which all these forms of imagination fulfill in the child of the Big Injun age is a need common to all children and to all mankind — the need to dream.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE NEED TO DREAM

THE business of life is the translation of ideals into action. In this business there are two essential parts: interpreting the ideal and mastering the outward conditions of its realization. Or, to put it in another way, there are two duties in this world, and only two: to find out what it is you want to do, and to do it. To these two processes there are two parts of education to correspond, namely, the development of imagination, and the study of the outer world. The Big Injun, as we have seen, is obsessed to find out about the outer world; but he is equally obsessed, though less visibly so, to set forth in imagination the demands of his own soul. It is indeed largely the power of imagination that makes his contact with reality so fierce and resolute.

The need of imagining — what I have called the need to dream — is the need of building castles in the air before trying our architectural conceptions upon the tougher susceptibilities of bricks and mortar. This need is vital, absolute, and universal. Such dreaming is a part of the life process, a necessary step in the translation from instinct through achievement into growth.

Life consists in putting together again the world which the disillusion of the Big Injun age has torn apart. The reuniting of desire and actuality, the subjection of outer nature and of our own acts to our ideal — such is the aim of all human striving, the inclusive object which we all seek. The successful man is he who can perform the miracle of

Orpheus, make sticks and stones and trees and animals, and perhaps finally his own body and impulses, obey the inner music.

This reconstruction of our world is not a simple process. An instinct cannot be translated immediately into outward acts: from inspiration to execution is more than a single step. Between the first stirring of the god within, felt merely as a pain, to the laying of one stone upon another in the growing edifice, there is a world of effort and endurance to be faced. It is in this interval that all the important questions are decided — the questions of life and death and of the degree of life to be attained. It is here that the moral drama is enacted, that the pain of daring or of waiting, the very throes of creation, is undergone. When the definite purpose has been formed, the fight is already lost or won.

And in this process of translation from crude instinct to finished act the first conscious step is the dreaming of the dream, the seeing in a vision what the soul demands. You cannot form a purpose, you cannot even make a plan, until out of the center of your unrest there has condensed itself some first presentment of the object to be sought. To translate directly from a divine discontent into the outline of a finished poem or statue or political institution is impossible. You cannot draw up specifications from a mere uneasiness: the ideal must take on form and color in the mind, must become alive, irradiated, possessed with brilliancy and momentum, if it is to give its law to overt act or to any plan for such. This is the crucial process in every act and in every life. It is the prerequisite of all success.

And the degree of success will depend upon the fullness of the vision. The more concrete your ideal — the more vividly it lives and acts in you — the more adequately will

it be possible to sketch its outline and fit a plan to it. If the vision is full of life and color, you may by good fortune reduce some suggestion of it to the sharp lines prerequisite to practical achievement. Your plan may in that case have some touch of the living truth, contain some hint of the glory that lives in the heart of a creative instinct and that was the divine source of your attempt. And it is only so that you can hope to seize and give expression to the pushing life within. First build with air and rainbow; you will show yourself an able architect if you can catch one half the beauty the god has whispered to you, even in such easily wrought material.

The seeing of the vision is not an easy thing. To see at all is given only to those who will possess their soul in patience till the vision comes. It was no false report of the world's artist race that represented the god as first appearing in a cloud. Translating the word into the image is like drawing from memory. The thing first appears as a face in the mist, a vague leading here, an adumbration there. The process of reducing it to possession is like taming a wild creature. To go a step beyond the revelation is to lose it: it flees from sudden reduction to crude lines. You must watch by the spring, sometimes for months, lucky if you catch in its surface a moment's reflection of Pegasus among the clouds. And when, by some happy insight, you have won a glimpse of your ideal, the danger is that you go away about your business — the busy, comfortable, easy part of execution — and straightway forget what manner of man you were, what you truly had it in you to reveal. The spirit comes and goes as it will and must not be too rashly interrogated. Specifications too soon demanded imply a fatal error. But to him who will wait and listen the message may, in a lucky moment, become alive, take on

power and brilliancy, and mold both him and outward things to serve it.

I am one who when
Love inspires me take note, and in the way
That he doth sing within, I go and tell it.

It was a great moment in the history of art when Dante took note of love's inspiration, greater even than when he went and told. This is the idolatry that is also true religion, the setting up of an ideal image in the heart.

Imagination is the beginning of true action. But it also in a sense contains the end. For there is this difference between vision and execution: execution proceeds by steps; it is methodical and deals with one thing at a time. Inspiration is of the whole, a vision of the finished product; its office is to govern both plan and execution. If the true end is not there at the beginning, the whole work will be cold and uninspired. Achievement begins not at the beginning, but at the end.

It is true of dreaming in any form, as of impersonation, that it has its dangers. The dream, if it remains a dream, may be not a step in successful action, but a dereliction from it. The vision of the ideal and the planning of the concrete accomplishment should draw together. The great architect has learned to dream in stone — feeling the limitations of his material, not separately, but in combination with his vision. But still in all great art, in creative action of every sort, the dream is there. A man can, it is true, win much apparent success and yet not be a dreamer. He can be an accepted devotee of the goddess of efficiency, whom we now so devoutly worship; but yet he will not be a successful man; his action, not proceeding truly from himself, will not belong to him

nor be a fulfillment of his life. It is well to go far and fast. It is better still to know where you are going.

Life comes to us from behind the veil; it wells up from some source other than ourselves. Incarnation proceeds through our own act in reducing the crude impulse to such form of utterance as we can find for it; and the first form we give it is the dream. The life process is one of alternation: first, listening to the ideal and trying to form an image of its prompting, then turning to the practical limitations of our nature and our materials and attempting to strike it into some working form, then back to the vision and from that again to execution. It is alternate sleeping and waking, dreaming and attempted realization; and with each true attempt the vision itself grows more defined. The danger is that we become governed not by our dream but by the exigencies and limitations of our material and of practical life, find some smart and easy way that succeeds, but involves a forgetting of what we started out to do.

Action is indeed itself a kind of sleep, a forgetting of what you meant to do in the stress of doing it. There is an anæsthesia of action, a self-hypnotization, a shutting off of the intellectual faculties — as seen in the tiger about to spring, and as cultivated in a dog which has been taught to "point." A study of the absence of this self-hypnotizing power of the practical man is seen in Hamlet, the man who still ponders when he ought to shut off the thinking faculty and get to work. The opposite and far more common vice has yet to find its Shakespeare — that of the practical man who, in the meeting of insistent claims for action, never wakes up, never remembers, or stops to look once more toward the heights he started to attain. As action is sleep, so it is when he has his dream that the man is truly awake.

It is in the moment of vision that he is alive to the larger issues, and sees himself and his aims as they truly are. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help.

[Our dream must be reduced to action, brought down to earth — that is a vital if obvious part of life's procedure. But the process must not begin there. First catch your dream. In order that it may be reduced to reality it must first exist.

[The dream is then, according to my contention, an essential part of the technique of living. It is of the very grammar of action — the first rule in the book and one that every child should know. Picturing to himself a heroic life is a necessary step in the expression of his instinct to be somebody, to have a life of his own, to assert himself as an original and creative force. Imagination is the law of the oak becoming conscious, the invisible projection of the future tree. It is the first form of the striving to become, the forward throe of conscious purpose in the soul.

And what is true of life in general is true of every form of its expression and of each specific act. The dream is as necessary to the building of a bridge, the carrying on of a campaign, the invention of a machine, as it is to the writing of a poem or the living of a heroic life.

How can the need to dream be recognized in education? How can the power of seeing visions be cultivated?

First, we must allow ample room, as in the kindergarten, for the training of the child's imagination during the dramatic age, its greatest period of growth, neither reducing education at this period to a training of the sense of touch, nor making it what is called practical. The precious years that nature has set aside for the accomplishment of this major purpose must not be lost.

Second, we should extend beyond the kindergarten the use of symbols, which stand in the mind for that residuum of the ideal that cannot as yet be definitely imagined or conceived. The symbol — a flag, a cross, the image of a man — stands like a star at the point where the vista ends, a provisional representation of what is still beyond our sight. Something in hand the whilst: the symbol satisfies our hunger for a concrete presentation of the ideal; not claiming itself to be the revelation, it marks the spot where, according to our hope, the miracle will at last be wrought. The procedure of reducing ideals to action is not unlike the mathematical device of assuming a solution of a problem as a means of solving it. The symbol stands for x , the sought but unknown quantity in our life problem.

A favorite building material of the imagination is music. Coming before poetry in the order of development — or earlier branching off from the common root of singsong — it is for many minds the first of the concentric rings thrown off by the soul in action. The empire of the air which Jean Paul Richter claimed as the heritage of his country after the Napoleonic wars, like the one which Ariel made for Prospero, was largely built of music. When Father Jahn started his Turn Vereins, with their songs and gymnastics, he founded the Germany that now is. That was a dream. And what has come of it? Was it practical? Ask the English, or our own business men who meet the Germans in neutral markets at the present time.¹ Children and nations sing before they talk. Music gives form, actuality, momentum, freed from subjection to detail. It is the first translation of the soul in sound. We should, by choruses and orchestras, by encouraging every kind of music from the

¹ This was written before the present terrible war began. Its implication will become true again whatever the result of the conflict.

violin to the Jew's-harp, bring out the musical power of our children. As Mr. Crothers has pointed out, if we have good chorus singing there is no longer any need of war.

And, finally, there are fairy stories, stories of the heroes of history and myths which are better because truer than history. A child should not be fed to any great extent on books of useful information. It is true that if the instruction is carried in a good story, as in the case of some of the Rollo Books, it has its place as feeding the scientific side of the Big Injun nature. Such stories, however, will never be the most important, and can in no wise take the place of those of the imaginative class. Charles Lamb had the right of the matter when he wrote in humorous exaggeration: "Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery. . . . Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. Barbauld's books convey, it seems, must come to the child . . . and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers, when he has learned that a horse is an animal and Billy is better than a horse, and such like, instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales, which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to poetry and no less in the little walks of children than of men. Is there no possibility of arresting this force of evil? Think what you would have been now if instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood you had been crammed with geography and natural history. Hang them! I mean the cursed Barbauld crew, those blights and blasts of all that is human in man and child."

Literature is a mold into which the child's life in the imagination may be run. There is this great difference between that life as carried on in listening to stories and as evolved out of his own inner consciousness; namely, that

myth and story present the ideal not merely of the individual but of the race. Literature is to mankind what impersonation is to the small child. It is the dream of Man, the gorgeous presentation, through the accumulated genius of the race, of what all the ages have divined of human destiny, the total prophecy of what the human soul demands. Literature is the vehicle in which the visions of all the poets, the dreams of all the prophets, are handed down. The biological importance of infancy, to which man owes so much, is due, as we have said, to the margin left in it for education, and largely to the child's imitative and social instincts which insure his seeking to be educated, and so attaining a social, and therefore cumulative inheritance. His mind and heart in this way become heirs to what all the generations of the race have learned. And it is in the form of literature that this precious inheritance is passed along.

Suggestion is all-powerful in this realm of the transmission of ideals. Even in purely physical performances one sees the effect of precedent. A new record in the high jump raises the average performance a fraction of an inch. In morals much greater results are possible. Heroism, adventure, moral enterprise, are largely traditional. Our conception of the possibilities of human daring is a social product. Heroes have progeny wherever their deeds are told. Myths and fairy stories, sketching in rainbow colors man's spiritual demands, with a royal disregard of physical limitations, are to the child the rough draft of his future deeds. Imagination, led by these, illumines the patient grubbing work which will win results as wonderful as those wrought for Aladdin with his lamp.

Poetry is not merely something made; in its widest sense, of creative imagination, it is the process of all making — the first form of all the works of man. It is the original and

decisive stage in every enterprise. A deed that is not an embodied poem is not an act, did not proceed from the man, but happened to him like a fall or a disease. And all literature, as distinguished from encyclopedias, railway guides, and other works of useful information, is poetry at heart. It is prophetic. Its function is to stake out new extensions of the spirit. To childhood, with its vague but infinite outlook and small effectiveness, this bodying forth of the race's hard-won ideals — drawing the thirst for life toward noble objects — is of vital consequence. It is as much an element in growth as air or food. No child has had a fair chance in life who has not been brought up among the great myths and fairy stories. There should be in every school, and above all in every family, reading aloud, the storing of the memory with the music of great literature, sounds that speak directly to the soul and give carrying power to great ideas.

Schools and playgrounds and social centers, by reading aloud and story-telling, by classes for parents as well as for children, by libraries and literary clubs, by having competitions of rival poets, new and old, and other occasions to which the Muses are invited, may do much to aid in this respect.

It is a pity that so many people think it necessary to improve upon the forms in which the great myths and stories have come down to us, to bring them up to date by inserting examples of their own literary style into these masterpieces. And then there are the frankly raw and hideous productions, above all, the funny picture book — grotesque, nauseating, that shrieks across the crowded Christmas shop in colors that almost blind the eye, and must permanently warp the sensibilities of the unfortunate children who are subjected to them. It would be as good a deed as any child lover could

perform to clear the stream of children's literature now muddied by catchpenny devices to please foolish and uneducated parents.

We must feed the imagination and allow it scope if we would have the child grow up. Imagination is the first step in the life process; it is the material out of which all achievement is condensed, the medium through which the ideal passes into thought and action and through them shapes body and mind to serve it.

BOOK V. THE AGE OF LOYALTY

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE BELONGING INSTINCT

At about the age of eleven, as early as nine in some cases and as late as twelve in others, coincidently with the sudden upward turn in his curve of growth, the boy begins to play not as an individual against other individuals but as a member of a team against other teams. He plays football, basket ball, hockey; his baseball takes the form of sides; his major interest is in the great team games. Individualistic games, it is true, still continue; individual rivalry has even increased. The Big Injun spirit survives in more than its former strength, but it is no longer supreme; it has become subordinated to a mightier power.

The boy begins, at about the same time or a little later, to feel more strongly than before the necessity of meeting certain other boys every day — to play a game, if favored by surroundings and good play traditions, but anyway to meet, for purposes which seem to him sufficient. His life is now in this companionship; it has become his *milieu*, his social complement, his world, as necessary to him as a mother to a little child. This relation pervades his life and everything he does. If he walks, swims, rides, makes jokes, converses, it is as a member of a horde. The gentle passion itself finds gang expression, chiefly in the disguise of sex antagonism. His speech and manners soon show effects of

this new allegiance. He comes home full of strange oaths, furnished with new and rather trying jokes, with a curiously embellished and enlarged vocabulary. He has adopted new standards, less civilized but more heroic, a new moral and even physical attitude toward the world. The expression of his face has changed.

What has produced these and other notable results has been the awakening in the boy of the spirit of membership. His paramount desire now is to belong: to live and act, succeed or fail — to suffer if need be — not as an individual but as a member of a social whole made up of boys of his own age; and the effects of this new desire are seen in everything he does. What England expects will henceforth be his chief guide to conduct.

The thing that has happened to him in the coming of this new spirit into his life is the last and most important of all his metamorphoses. The spirit, however, is not wholly new. Things do not happen as suddenly as that under nature's law. The germ of the team instinct was in him all along, and has been represented in his growth at each preceding age. The baby playing with its mother showed a social instinct of a deep and perfect sort, acting from the very core of its being, and successfully expressed. I do not know that we could speak of the baby as *belonging* — as really forming with its mother in any accurate sense a social whole — but at least the first essential of membership was there in a thorough meeting of minds, a full sense that I know what you mean and you know what I mean, and I know that you know — and so on to an almost infinite degree of mutual understanding.

In the dramatic age, with its coöperation, and especially its ring games, it seems as if the belonging instinct were complete. And I think it is all there though in a faint and rudimentary form: the ring around the rosy really is a

team; but it is hardly one to withstand the rough shocks of a competitive and unsympathetic world.

Then comes the Big Injun age, in which Nature almost seems to drop her plan of making the child a member of society and to turn her attention to producing an aggressive, self-sufficient atom in the animal world. The ends accomplished during this period are nevertheless essential to the perfecting of human membership in several ways.

First, the Big Injun age contributes to ideal membership by its service in establishing that very contrast — seemingly a contradiction but capable of becoming a harmony — upon which such membership depends. What we want in human society is not the literal welding of utterly subordinate fragments into a simple whole — not a beehive, in which it can hardly be said that the working bee sacrifices herself to the community, because she seems to have no self to sacrifice — but the communion of self-directed individuals in a common personality through their voluntary sharing of a common purpose. And to this end the firm establishing of the basis of individual character during the Big Injun age contributes an essential factor.

There is contribution to the social end in view even in the definitely anti-social tendencies of the Big Injun. There is such a thing as excessive gregariousness. A man may be too much a mixer. Without some withdrawal, some privacy, there could be no integrity of character. We need to recollect, to pull ourselves together, to sound our individual relations to the universe. It is true that our strength is proportioned to our relatedness; that in the fulfillment of our relations, and of the social relation above all, our life consists. But a relation has two sides. To lose yourself in sociability is to lose the sociability also, for two nothings cannot correspond.

The social vision itself comes chiefly to the solitary soul, to Moses on the mountain, to Numa by the spring, to Emerson at Walden. Men ascend the hills to see. It is the man at the masthead whose report fixes the course, whose place in the ship's company is most vital. Temporary withdrawal is not a severing, but a fulfillment, of true relationship.

What has brought our race so far along the road of spiritual development has been the even balance in its composition of the centripetal and the centrifugal forces, rendering it certain that neither the socialist nor the individualist shall ever win, making us forever desire to preserve our individual life and yet prescribing the losing of it as the only way.

The limitation to sociability is almost physical. Graham Wallas tells how labor leaders break down under the incessant intercourse their position forces on them. We all have our social saturation point, and have felt the need of resting our faces after maintaining the society grin beyond the limit of endurance. As our most genial philosopher remarked to his wife at a reception in his own house, "It's hell in there"; so there are times when even the most insatiable hostess would gladly change for the North Pole. The *boudoir* of the world's most social race means, as I have said, a place for sulks. Society and solitude must alternate if temper, sanity, life itself, are to be preserved.

As in the individual, so in the race the balance is maintained. The gregarious soul, born for village politics, who loves slapping on the back, to whom his fellow man is welcome in all styles and at all hours, is offset by the congenital old bachelor; the hermit by the Chautauqua idol. If man has in him a power of loyalty equal to that of the bee or ant, the power to die for his cause or be burned or buried alive for it, he has also a power of social antipathy unsurpassed by the wild boar or the rogue elephant or the solitaries of

any other species. Our most inveterate misanthropes have doubtless been killed off as they appeared, but not so early or so thoroughly but that the strain survives. In the race as a whole the desire for full communion fights perpetually with the equally characteristic longing to wander alone like a rhinoceros. Social repulsion is as characteristic of us as social attraction.

The romance of human life is in the conflict and conciliation of these two elements, the social and the solitary, the tame and the untamed — in the nesting of the wild creature at our hearth, the stooping of the haughty soul to service. The tragedy of life is here also; and the conflicts that have denied to man an easy or an obvious morality. But from such conflict all that we most value has been won. Without social attraction, membership, there could be no loyalty, no patriotism, no morality at all as usually conceived. Without social repulsion there would be no opportunity for self-collection, for recharging the mind and nerves with our own purposes; there would be no self-direction, eventually no self at all. And with the passing of the individual there would come the death of society also, and its replacement either by a fixed organization like that of the bee, a perfect but unchanging mechanism, or else by a perpetual mob, following its dream forever in hypnotic trance unbroken by the clarifying jar of conscious purpose. The temple we are building in this world is not made of soft material, easily to be squeezed into a mold. It is raised painfully of hewn stone, resistant to the tool of the workman, equally resistant to strain and pressure once it is wrought and in its place.

But nature, though she never hurries, never forgets; and although the Big Injun age is largely devoted to establishing the individualistic side of human character, her

other great purpose of making, of the individuals so formed, members of a social whole is not suspended.

A symptom of the presence in the Big Injun of the coming spirit of membership — and perhaps the most important to be recognized of all his traits for those whose business it is to deal with him — is in his unlimited capacity for hero worship. The Big Injun is in the stage of development, as regards social membership, so brilliantly illustrated by Carlyle. He cannot as yet be loyal to a social group, but he can adore an ideal if presented in the concrete form of human personality. And he has a necessity of adoration: if he cannot find a Frederick or a Cromwell, he will take a Danton rather than go entirely without.

Boys a little older, at least the demonstrated heroic among them, are to the Big Injun a race of demigods. The heroes of the diamond and the football field are to him the glass of fashion and the mold of form — the latter so literally that experts can tell by watching a boy play ball, even by observing his conversation or his walk, which particular professional he is patterned on. There is no characteristic of his hero, no defect even, of gait or speech or gesture, that is not reproduced as among the godlike attributes. The sun myth, of the deity reproduced in every dewdrop, is perpetually repeated in the Big Injun age. Small boys are often despised for toadying, and often their self-annihilation in the presence of their hero goes to extreme lengths, but what the attitude stands for is not mean. It is the heroic in their idol that commands them, and their service to him is a true though awkward form of worship.

The hero also takes on a character that transcends his significance as an individual. He stands in a representative relation, has always something of the king, the symbol of the group idea and consciousness.

So complete is the ascendancy of the hero during the Big Injun age, and so generally is he chosen from among the successful athletes a few years older, that it may almost be said that the way to educate the Big Injun is to educate the boys of the succeeding age and let them do the rest, — a principle which the great English boarding schools have thoroughly understood and used. A hero in any case the boys will have; and he will in any case be an athlete and a reputed fighter. What other attributes he shall possess will to the boys be a matter of indifference; and it is here that we elders may do so much to turn their idealism into better channels than it sometimes finds. If preëminent and shining heroism is demonstrated to their experience only in the young tough or criminal, they have no choice but to adopt the tough or criminal as their ideal. It behooves the rest of us to bring within the experience of every growing boy examples, as convincing as need be, that a decent youth may be as manly as a young tough and even have a few points to spare. Each occasion on which such preëminence is demonstrated to the physical and moral satisfaction of all concerned emancipates a widening circle of boys from incipient toughness as no other form of preaching ever will. Carlyle would surely have been freed from Danton if he could have seen Washington as he was, and especially if the two had met in personal encounter.

It is a chief function of the playground to provide a place where the boy of courage and enterprise who has not become a tough can gain his natural ascendancy. Under which king? There are many potential kings of boydom in every neighborhood, and there are several potential personalities in each of them. Which shall prevail and mold the others in his likeness will depend upon the opportunities at hand. If the only chance for heroic self-assertion is in the direction of law-

lessness, the lawless boy will prevail. If by the provision of the playground sheer grit unadorned by the more glorious vices is given its natural chance, the boys will recognize their lawful sovereign. The opening of a playground in any neighborhood means the return of Arthur, long prophesied, to resume his kingdom.

The hero is not usually an isolated individual. He has his court peopled with attendant deities. The strategic point in the composite boydom of any given school or neighborhood is in the set of big boys and young men who have prestige among them. There is always one crowd who are par excellence "the boys," a certain set whose supremacy is accepted without question, whose opinion is final on all subjects, whose ways are the only ways that count. Aloof are the gods on their Olympus, be it upper classroom or street corner; sparing of speech, sudden and fierce in action, deigning no explanation: understand as you may and at your peril. But a hint from them goes further than all sermons, lectures, punishments, and admonitions from all other sources.

They are, to the reformer, shy birds these Olympians, harder to stalk than the chamois or the wild turkey. But if you can once gain their confidence and turn them the right way, your work is done; at least in all the greater matters of boy morality you can leave the rest to them. And, to anticipate a little, there is one encouragement you may have from the beginning. The most important thing is present in them already. The god they worship is the god of manliness; their standard, rough as it looks, is essentially a moral standard. They are every one of them dreamers and idealists at heart. Show them a better way, which can be their way, not some one else's, and they will give you no peace until they learn it.

Another point of importance is that the child has really a whole mythology of heroes. Next to Hercules the fighter, though at a long interval, come lesser demigods; and among these Dædalus the cunning craftman holds no unimportant place. There is an intellectual side to the child's hero worship. Although so persistent an experimenter, the Big Injun is a pupil also. He wants to find out, and is no pedant as to methods. He is forever hanging about wherever mechanical work is going on, watching the blacksmith, the carpenter, the engineer, asking endless questions, tagging after his elder brother to see him use his gun or his new boat. There is no more devout discipleship than his toward the skilled in any manual occupation. He is the modern Athenian, the slave of anybody who will tell him a new thing.

As Baldwin has pointed out, there is need, for any set of boys, of such variety of examples that each may find his "copy," some bright exemplar of his own inherited capacities. I have known a temperamental churchman to languish in an exclusively Emersonian environment, and no doubt a born mystic would either die or turn rebel if brought up among the Philistines. There are among the children of any neighborhood rather tragic examples of the ugly duckling.

Froebel tells the story of a boy of four saying to his mother, who called to him and asked what he was about: "I am driving the geese out of the front yard: perhaps you think it is easy to look after geese." Home membership, including active participation in home duties, continues its great importance during the Big Injun age. The boy follows his father about, and is almost as happy at finding he is really needed to hold the end of the board as in putting Jimmy out at first; as proud in running home for the hammer as in making a home run. It is easier of course

to do the thing yourself, and, as Froebel warns us, it is all too easy to snub these importunate helpers. What they want is really to be of use, and one convincing experience that they only hinder may be enough. The thread is unfortunately an easy one to break, but remember it is the thread that binds your child to you and to his home, that obligation, duty, loyalty, hang by it.

The child belongs to the home in the full sense of thinking as the home, acting for it, being it for certain purposes. The hearth, even with artificial logs, is still the focus of our life from childhood on. The wildest boy loves his home unless very bitter experience has at last killed that fiber in him; and when it has done that, it has often killed the boy too. More than half the children who go wrong come from the small minority of debased or broken homes. On the other hand, those who study children not in school merely, but in their whole life, to find out how they reach success or failure, report that the best single influence in any child's life is to have some duty toward the home, recognized and respected as such. Home duties give the child a real place in the world, a notch that he fits into, social standing and personality. He is the boy that chops the wood, and the universe could not quite go on without him. There is no more moralizing experience for old or young. All social workers recognize the vital importance of this relation. The chief virtue of probation is that it leaves this taproot of character uncut.

The belonging instinct appears also in the games of the Big Injun age. The very gregariousness that draws the children together, even though their only employment when they meet may be to quarrel or pull each other's hair, shows that there is a purpose in their hearts that can only be

worked out in common. Indeed the power of the disruptive forces withstood testifies to the strength of the cement. And although the object of the game itself may be purely individualistic, there is a notable triumph of the social faculty in the carrying on of any game at all; and Big Injuns, although they cannot as a rule achieve this result unaided, have at least the desire to do so, and so much of the capacity that a little suggestion, even a good example, will often help them to it.

The very instinct of competition itself tends toward social organization. You may be very intent to beat the other boy in the race, but after experience of many contests the fair promise of whose morning has been clouded over by the many-worded dispute terminating in a general row, you begin dimly to perceive that you and the other boy, for the very reason that you are contestants, have interests in common; interests, namely, in the establishment and maintenance of those rules and regulations without which satisfactory contests cannot be carried on. There is no more prolific source of legislation than athletic competition, and no relation in life calls for a more constant exercise of the judicial faculty.

It is true that if the fight were really internecine, no laws, even laws of war, would ever arise. The members of the cat tribe have been fighting each other doubtless since claws were first invented, and they have not developed the slightest germ of the judicial faculty or of the sense of humor which seems to be its natural accompaniment. But the child's need of conflict arises, as we have seen, not from a desire to exterminate his competitor but from the combined wish to contend against him and to have his own superiority acknowledged. His ruling desire is to be somebody; and being somebody is a social, not an individual achievement.

It is a matter of weighing and measuring and sizing up; and weights, measures, and sizes are social products; the value they indicate depends on social recognition. There is of course the temptation to pervert justice, to try to force decisions in your favor without furnishing the proof. But there is also a motive against such procedure. The child's real judge is still himself. His deepest desire is really to beat the other boy, not merely seem to do so. By unfair play he may possibly cheat the others, and there is doubtless much satisfaction in so doing. If the dollar will pass current, why is it not a practically real dollar? But there is still a fly in the ointment. Do his best, he cannot entirely and permanently cheat himself. So that each competitor during the Big Injun age is, from the nature of the very impulse that makes him a competitor, also a judge.

And besides the interest of each in having a fair contest, there is the feeling of all in favor of a successful game, and a dim sense of their solidarity in wanting it; the dawning of a common interest is beginning to take captive the competitive instinct itself, domesticate it, and make it a part of the social system, somewhat as the English peoples have learned to make the conflict of parties, with recurrent revolution as one overturns the other, a part of their ordinary plan of government; just as, indeed, our whole modern society is based on competition. At last the perpetually illustrated fact that a society of chronic kickers can never play a game begins to be seen against the background of a possible orderly arrangement, of which one has had occasional experience, and with which one comes to sympathize. The final result, in the playing of a real game, is a community achievement. The decisions which we at last learn to render and support, as to whether Jimmie was out at first, who came out last, and whether Mary Ann was really caught —

whether given by acclamation or by a single judge — are felt as community, not as individual decisions.

There arises also, beside the judicial, the germ also of the legislative faculty. A set of isolated judgments is not enough. We must somehow settle, once for all, whether over the fence is out and whether the corner of the woodpile itself or the outlying stick of wood is in truth first base. And so, under the stimulus of dire necessity, the germ of the legislative faculty appears.

And then there is the perennial question of "What let's do?" In the solving of this and other practical and insistent problems of public policy a germ of leadership appears and becomes localized in certain individuals. Besides the Book of Judges there is the Book of Kings. Not personal rulers these, but representative, whose pronouncements are received with a favorable or unfavorable clamor, — cries of "Come on" vying with those of "Rats!" — while the decision trembles in the balance as to what shall next occupy the attention of the assembled chiefs.

It is true that effective judgment and legislation are not among the staple products of the Big Injun age, but they occur to some extent and are commonly present in a groping and premonitory sense of their necessity. The age at which efficient judicial and legislative power appears differs in different groups. One thing, however, is clear; so soon as these faculties do appear, they should be exercised, the children being let alone enough to feel the pinch of anarchy and the pressing need of overcoming it. A baseball game, for instance, should seldom be umpired from the outside. The baseball microbe is strong enough to survive the spirit of anarchy in almost any group, and the practice it enforces of maintaining social order from within contains the most valuable lesson of the game. On the other hand, they ought

not to be left to themselves when the consequences will merely be the triumph of anarchy with its results of loafing, bullying, and desultory mischief. It is a question of fact in each case. The thing to do here, as in every other problem of education, is to watch and see when the budding power begins to show itself, and when it does appear, to leave it to the stimulus of those needs and opportunities on which its development depends.

That children of the Big Injun age do not wholly lose the direct corporate sense shown in the ring games of the preceding period — although as a rule such sense is overborne by the fiercer impulses now in the ascendant — is further shown in their ability to conduct coöperative enterprises when the spirit moves. Big Injuns will often combine in building huts; I have mentioned the case of a sand city of their construction, and I know at the present time a Big Injun tribe who at the end of every summer go through a period of building stoves on the beach. And every stove is in truth a corporation, though unrecognized by law, being built and carried on by several individuals working as a single whole. They speak of themselves as “belonging” to this stove or to that, meaning of course not the bricks and sand, but the corporate body. “Joey, may I be in your stove?” I heard a very small child ask. “Yes, Tottie, I will put you in under the ashes.” The idea was so familiar that they could play with it. The same children personify the beach, where they all play together with other groups with whom their association is less intimate. “The whole beach knows this, has heard that.” It is a sort of folk in which each special tribe holds an unconscious membership, as each stove, in turn, like a family, is a member of the smaller tribe.

Finally, there are in the latter part of the Big Injun age beginnings of a social unity, signs of a rudimentary sense of

membership, within the game itself. First there is the game — such as follow my leader, leapfrog, foot and a half — in which the children follow each other in a series, and in which each feels himself not merely to be leading or following and doing his own individual stunt when his turn comes, but to be forming a part with others of a single string which is doing something as a whole. It is this sense of sharing in a common consciousness that gives point to the exhortation of Mr. Sam Weller, when Mr. Pickwick and his friends are sliding on the ice, to “keep the pot a-biling.” Besides Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Weller and the rest, there is *the slide*, the life of which is in the unbroken series of sliders, which must not be allowed to languish. There is the same feeling of making a single string whenever the game is played in that formation. We sometimes say that children are like sheep, and it is true that their gregariousness takes frequently a similarly obsequious or serial form.

It is I suppose because of this string form of membership that children love a procession, almost as much as their elders and from a very early age. A boy of four marches about the parlor, pounding on the waste basket and celebrating his sister, aged two, who walks ahead of him, in a continuous outpouring of song, to the tune (more or less) of “Marching through Georgia,” the burden of which is “Tottie is so gay” — much in the style of those bacchanal processions immortalized in Greek bas-reliefs. The procession, indeed, with its unity in diversity, its continuity and repetition, its rhythmic appeal to both ear and eye, is very deep in us. The child’s first arrangement of his blocks is in a row, and his funeral will be conducted on the same principle. The procession is the favorite form of political demonstration, the most usual gesture of any large political or social organi-

zation. Greek religion was largely processional and is so to this day in South Italy. The same was true of their drama with its strophe and antistrophe. And in our modern Athens I have known an old gentleman who could no more resist a military band than a small boy can, and who up to the age of eighty would run up the street and across the Common any day to see the Ancients parade.

Next there gradually emerges the outline of the game of sides, first perhaps in hill dill with the rudimentary team experience of a flock scattering in flight and a pack combining to make a capture. Then comes prisoners' base with two real sides lined up against each other and considerable possibilities of coöperation. And finally there come the great team games in which the contest is, fully and consciously, not between individuals but between groups, of which football is the culmination.

And running parallel to the whole series is our great national game, suiting itself to every age, from three old cats, or scrub, in which the child seeks to stay in all the afternoon while the rest hunt balls for him (the very happy hunting ground of the Big Injun period), up through games of temporarily chosen sides, to regularly organized teams — themselves perhaps representing a school or other organism — in which each player has his special part assigned.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE TEAM

WHAT is a boy doing when he is playing football? What is happening to him? I do not mean what is he doing with his arms and legs, though that is often a curious subject of inquiry, but what is he doing in his heart: what is it that he mainly feels? Externally the game is a notable phenomenon, indicating passionate experience of some sort. What is the nature of that experience?

In the first place the great fact in football is its preëminence as a sheer exercise of the belonging instinct. There is no membership more intense than that of the players on a football team. They are possessed by a common consciousness, with a completeness hardly found in the associations of later life. The team spirit tingles to their finger tips. The team, indeed, possesses a nervous organization almost as tense as that of an individual and, after one of those wonderful problems in arithmetic which the quarterback gives out, will throw its eleven members upon a single point with almost as complete a unity of purpose as that with which a trained boxer strikes with his fist. And what is true of football is true to nearly an equal degree of other team games.

To the boy meantime this utter losing of himself in the team, merging his own individuality in the common consciousness, is not a matter of self-sacrifice. It is on the contrary an exhilarating experience. What he feels — or would feel if he stopped to have feelings on the subject — is: "This is what I wanted all the time, what I had it in me to

be but never truly was till now." Losing himself in the team is an experience not of self-sacrifice, but of self-fulfillment. It is the breaking of a band, expansion to a larger personality. The boy in the great team games comes into his birthright as a member.

What is happening to a boy playing football is the entrance into his life of man the citizen, man the politician. It is the budding in him of the human faculty of membership; he is coming to himself as the destined member of a social whole. The team age is the age when Sir Launcelot the knight errant, hero of single combat, is developing into Arthur, the loyal king. There is a passage in one of Tennyson's Idylls where Launcelot tells Queen Guinevere how he, Launcelot, is all very well in feats of strength, and how, on the other hand, anyone may overcome Arthur in a tournament where it is a mere question of personal prowess; but that if you want to see Arthur, you must be present at a battle where there is something real at stake; that then his yellow hair stands up on end, his blue eyes blaze, and his sword flashes like the lightning; that there is then a spirit present not found on the lower plane of the egotistic warrior, and lesser souls shrivel up and slink away from before him. The Big Injun has given way to something higher.

The great team games are the best school of the citizen. They are nature's final course in expression of the belonging instinct. In playing them the boy is not going through the forms of citizenship — learning parliamentary law, raising points of order, moving the previous question — he is being initiated into its essence, participating in the thing itself. He is actually and habitually losing his own individuality in a larger whole: experiencing citizenship, not learning about it.

Just what this experience of belonging is defies analysis.

An accessory of it, included in the consciousness of the efficient member, is a sense of the mechanical working of the team, and the extension of the personality so as to include the team as a piece of mechanism. As a child's feeling of himself extends to his bat or oar, to his sailboat or double-runner, so it extends to the team. The captain throws his men against the opponents' left wing much as he might throw a pole or rope. He feels the swing of the movement in the same way; and each effective member shares the feeling. If one boy fails to do his part, it is to all the rest like having your arm or leg go to sleep, your rowlock wobble or your ax head work loose. This feeling of the mechanics of coöperation is certainly an aid to the sense of membership. A simple instance is in the game of snap the whip, in which each child feels how the strain of the common movement runs through him and through the whole line, and how everything depends on the sufficiency of each link. Such a game gives a realistic sense at least of physical integration. So dancing — all combined rhythmic play — has a similar effect.

But the thing itself is not mechanical: membership is not a question of physical combining, nor on the other hand is it merely a matter even of spiritual coöperation. It does not consist simply of helping each other nor of working together for the same end. It means working not coincidentally but as a unit, acting not merely together but as one person, as though from a common soul and consciousness. General Sherman said, "There is a soul to an army as well as to an individual man." No precision of coöperation, no interlocking of corresponding parts, is its equivalent or implies anything of the true experience, though it is likely to produce it. As I have said in describing the social play of the dramatic age, the only way to belong is to belong.

Membership exists only as itself: it cannot be compounded of other elements. It is like the way you move your arm: if you have forgotten how, no description of the method will bring it back to you. Because there is no method. It is sheer exercise of original power, irreducible to other terms.

The practically important thing in getting hold of an inherited capacity like this is the depth to which you succeed in carrying your experience of it. The question as to any given exercise is how thoroughly you had it, how deeply you were bitten. The crucial point is establishing the color — not the amount, but the degree, not how often you were a member, but how fully you belonged. Here if anywhere — here as everywhere, but here more vitally because this is the most vital power we have — you must lose your life to save it: you will exist and grow in proportion as you become absorbed. It is the team sense that above all other instincts takes the individual beyond himself. What the team purpose demands of him that he will do whether he can or not — his conception of the possible enlarges in the presence of this necessity; his very physical powers increase to meet the call upon them.

Such moral transcendence of the individual by the team sense within him is not confined to men. Darwin tells us of the sheep dogs of South America, that some are brought up with the family, others of the same breed with the sheep; and that the latter accept the flock as their own pack and play with the sheep just as if they were puppies, often to the extent of tiring them out with too much tag. The dogs thus brought up are very fierce in defense of the flock, and will quickly drive away from it any of their brothers brought up with the man pack who venture near. These latter in their turn, though retreating before their own kin from the neighborhood of the sheep, are so fierce in defense of the

family as easily to repulse any of the sheep dogs who come near. In each set of dogs the pack motive is victorious, and the only way to secure a fair fight between them would be to have the man pack attack the sheep. Sometimes, as in the case of the bees, the team appears to supersede the individual altogether and to substitute public for private motives.

Team play is important because it is the deepest attainable experience of membership, the most whole-hearted surrender to the belonging instinct, at the time when this instinct is establishing its dominion in the boy's heart. But there is also in team play, besides the sheer and intense expression of the belonging instinct, much practical experience of the methods by which a social personality is built up. The player learns that a team is, in the first place and always, a work of faith. It is created by assuming that it exists and acting boldly out from that assumption. It grows as its members have power to imagine it and faith to maintain, and act upon, the reality of that which they have imagined. Each member feels, though without analysis, the subtle ways in which a single strong character breaks out the road ahead and gives confidence to the rest to follow; how the creative power of one ardent imagination, bravely sustained, makes possible the execution of the team purpose as he conceives it.

You noble English . . .

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips

Straining upon the start. The game's afoot.

Follow your spirits. . . .

As King Harry sees them, so his men become. The power of creative assertion is at its greatest in the making of a social whole. The leader is not merely a glorified individual, he is a functionary, an official, — true priest to the spirit of the team, or army, or nation, he represents, — mid-

wife to the latent loyalty of his followers, servant of all in the highest service man can render to his fellow men.

A participant in team play feels also to the marrow of his bones how each loyal member contributes to the salvation of the rest by holding the conception of the whole so firmly in his mind as to enable them to hold it also, and how the team in turn builds up their spirit. And he experiences the effect of the disloyal member, the one who refuses adherence to the going conception of the team, usually one in whom the power of membership is weak, the chronic objector. Again, he may go through an episode of revolution, the work not of a negative mind but of a true rebel, one not lacking in loyalty but whose loyalty was to a different purpose, perhaps to a deeper conception of what the team should be. Team play gives practical experience of loyalty and its effects; sets daily problems in the value of orthodoxy and intolerance on the one hand and of protest and revolution on the other.

The team is of course not literally an organism. Like the ring around a rosy and other social combinations of the dramatic age, its existence is wholly in the minds of its several members. It is, as I have said, a work of faith. But it is none the less real on that account. It is, on the other hand, just because of its purely spiritual nature, very dependent on spiritual experience for its development; and this experience must be gained at the age set apart by nature for the purpose if the power to belong, the citizen capacity, is ever to get its growth.

And in our great group games there is not merely experience of the sense of membership and of the methods of its production, but there is definite, severe, and effective training of the belonging muscles, of the power of holding the team sense — retaining one's image and preconception of a play and one's consciousness of the whole team as carrying it out — in

spite of difficulties and in the midst of failure and defeat. It is one thing to feel the unity of a company marching and wheeling on a level floor; it is a very different thing to retain your sense of organization when there is a tangle of bushes and a stone wall between you and the next man on your right. And when it comes to holding an accurate conception of the rhythm and ictus of the play when one man is trying to strangle you and another has got you by the foot, the difficulty is considerably enhanced. The triumph of the trained imagination in still holding its sense of organization under such circumstances, is a notable one — especially when, as in the most successful teams, the players' grasp of the movement is of so strong and flexible a nature as to enable them not merely to carry it out as prearranged, but to modify it in the face of instant and unforeseen emergency. Team play toughens the fiber of membership, trains the practical belonging power to a high point of efficiency.

It is a significant and most important fact that in all the great games the several players have definite parts assigned. They are not merely aggregated, but combined, forming a definite whole in which each has his place. They work not as a mass but as a team. It is significant that after the first years of the age of loyalty, after about the fourteenth year, a game does not fully satisfy the boys' team sense unless it has this specializing character. There must be not merely participation in a given purpose, but participation through the fulfillment of specific function. Even a wolf pack has organization. The outlyer calls the rest, and waits for them, and apparently, when the chase is on, some flank or head off the deer while others follow straight behind. In the man pack this tendency is very strong. There is a special joy in taking part in a definitely organized movement, in being one half of the pair of pincers and feeling how the two halves

bite. There is peculiar exhilaration in charging down the field with the other "end" and pocketing the fullback, in throwing yourself, regardless, against the line and feeling how the play holds together and shoots the runner through the hole. We can all sympathize with the grim joy of the little quarterback in a famous play, delaying his pass to the last moment, until, when he did send the ball straight to the sprinting halfback who made that historic touchdown, the whole center of the opposing line, lured by a false hope, went down on top of him. There is joy in definite responsibility, in the power to identify your own individual contribution. A boy wants to know just where he fits: not merely to pull with the rest, but to hold up his end.

This desire is not egotistic. It results not from an individualistic motive, but on the contrary from a desire to belong more fully, to intensify the sense of membership. It is precisely in order that the team in him may be more wholly absorbing that he desires such particularity of service. It is true that he can lose himself very fully in the horde or mass game, as in later life he may lose himself in a mob; but the point is not to lose himself, but to find the team, not to sleep, but to wake up. He would die to the narrower consciousness in order to be born into the wider one, to be alive as he never was before.

Specialization contributes to the fullness of membership because through it the team makes its full claim on the individual. In intrusting him with one especial service, it stakes its success upon his adequacy, subjects him to the full current of its purpose. If shortstop does not field the ball when it comes his way, if first base does not catch it when it is thrown to him, it will not get fielded or will not be caught. In his own especial office each player *is* the team, all there is of it at that point.

The relation is the same as that of the child to the home in which he has a definite duty to perform. It is the relation that saves life and character everywhere. Kipling, in the story of "The Ship that found Herself," has the rivets tell one another how one time a rivet let go and then the next gave way under the strain, and so on until a plate started and the ship was lost. To feel that you have a particular thing to do in the service of your cause that no other can accomplish — that you are, in that one thing, however humble, a live wire of the common purpose — is the way of initiation to full membership. And it is the only way. Unless you are, in very truth, needed for its accomplishment, the stress of the common purpose will not run through you. Responsibility is the great word in education; the miracle is not performed through work that can be neglected with impunity.

As specializing in the great team games arises from the boy's own desire for intenser membership; as separate duties are assigned not because the players wish to be kept apart but because they desire a closer union than merely sharing the same function could ever give, — so always it is the sense of unity that enforces the separation and holds each member to his part. A team is a living organism, not a mechanical contrivance; it is governed not from without, but from within, is held together not by the teachings of the coach, but by the team sense of its members. As in every live organism, its law pervades it, is present in all its parts.

Plant an apple twig and there grows up not an edifice of twigs but a tree, with roots and flowers and apples. The twig was always dreaming of the tree; it had already roots and flowers and apples in its heart. It held its place, partook of the tree life, existed as a twig, in virtue of such possession. There is said by biologists to be no great difference between the seed of the plant or animal, including man,

and any other cell. Yet the seed has in it countless generations, in whom the whole inheritance, even to tricks of gait and speech, is handed down. And as of every other living organism, so it is true also of the team, that each one of its members contains the whole. Each need not indeed know the parts of the other players as he knows his own, but each knows the game as a whole and the team conception of it; and he knows his own part not separately, but as an item in that general purpose, so that when he acts it is not as an individual but as the team in that particular syllable of its expression.

"Shoemaker, stick to your last" is a favorite text of aristocracy — admirable if not taken in the aristocratic sense. It is indeed through sticking to his last, and only so, that the shoemaker can be of service; but he must stick to it not by grace of cobbler's wax, nor through any other external power or contrivance, but through his own sense of what the community requires of him; the same sense — shared by him and all other citizens — that also assigns the aristocrat his part, if haply he has any to fulfill.

Which of the great team games gives the best training in effective membership is a somewhat academic question because these games, being played at different seasons of the year — baseball in the spring and summer, football in the fall, hockey and basket ball in the winter — do not conflict. As between our two greatest games, football and baseball, authorities differ. In the old days before Rugby had been got down so fine as it is now, there was in it more scope for imagination and independence than in baseball. Now, however, when the game is so thoroughly worked out beforehand, and the combinations so generally foreseen, that the players, except the quarterback, have little to do but execute

maneuvers in which they have been minutely drilled, it has much less of this advantage. In baseball, on the other hand, the combinations present themselves so suddenly that the player must rely largely on himself. He may have been carefully taught what to do in every possible combination, but he never knows which combination is coming; much must always depend upon his judgment and presence of mind. In football the fault of the weak player can more often be atoned for by the strong ones; of baseball it is peculiarly true that each must do his part or it will not be done, that the team is no stronger than its weakest link. Still, for football it must be said that its emotional appeal is deeper, that it brings the whole nature into more intense activity than any other game. It is often found in practice to reach the toughest and wildest spirits as nothing else will do; and it is noticeable that under its spell they play in silence.

It is a national misfortune that our most popular game is one requiring a prairie for its accommodation. And as yet no substitute has been discovered. Playground ball, squash ball, and other modifications have had considerable success, but none of these have come to seem like real life to boys over twelve. Rugby football, on the other hand, can be made, so far as preliminary practice is concerned, a fairly space-economizing game. One of the best boys' teams I have known about was developed in the basement of a church 50 by 30 feet in area, less a stairway and six brick posts. It would in my opinion be not only a great advantage from the point of view of finding room for all the boys to play, but an improvement in the game itself, if the size of the official field were greatly lessened. Such a change would increase the amount of scoring, lessen the present absurd number of tie games, and what is of even greater importance, would make a score imminent all the time. Tennis, with its

background of some two thousand years, conforms to a truer psychology in this respect. With boys of fifteen or so I have found a football field 25 yards long by 30 yards wide more popular than a larger one, when they were playing for the game without reference to its more august conventions. Soccer, partly because of its lesser serious effect upon the wardrobe, is a more available game than Rugby, and better for general and informal use. William A. Stecher and other leaders are performing a national service in devising and popularizing games leading up to soccer, and such subsidiary games as volley, dodge, and captain ball. Rugby, however, goes deeper than any other game, and because of its roly-poly opportunities is also especially adapted to the very young.

The team game gives the deepest experience of the belonging instinct, at the time when it is setting its stamp upon the mind and character. It is through the team games that the power not only to think but to feel in terms of a larger personality gets itself set most deeply in our blood and bone. This is the power that makes the patriot, the loyal member. It is not so much a power to act as a capacity for being acted on, for being caught in a larger orbit than that of individual desires. Without possession of this sheer belonging power, all group action would be impossible. A regiment can charge a fort as no aggregation of individuals could ever do, because the regiment will reach the fort if it has the courage to keep on, and can thus feel the inspiration of the whole movement and of what it may accomplish. It may lose half its number and yet its blow will be delivered. Even if the whole regiment is lost, there is the team sense of the army back of it; some other regiment will land the telling blow.

A collection of individuals, on the other hand, could never charge — at least not in the same blazing spirit of success —

because for each of them the chance of ever getting there would be too small. No single soldier could look forward to a fair prospect of serving a useful purpose by his sacrifice: he could offer himself for martyrdom, but could not feel the thrill of an immediate contribution to the result. A regiment can charge because a charge is rational if you think in regimental terms. It is a weapon big enough to deliver that sort of blow. Indians, though almost incredibly brave individually, rarely charge, because their team sense has never developed that especial form. The Zulus, on the other hand, whose team sense is very strong in this direction, will, as an English officer who had seen them once expressed it to me, "charge up to breastworks defended with repeating rifles, with nothing but a spear and a smile." They come against any odds like a great wave, in a single, fused, tribal determination to sweep over and submerge all obstacles; those who are stacked up dead against the breastworks have done their part. Negroes in this country, with the high power of social fusion for which we laugh at them, have distinguished themselves in a similar way from Fort Wagner to San Juan.

Without the team spirit we could never strike with more than the weight of a single individual, could never accomplish, in any direction, more than can be done by acting severally, with more or less coincidence in time.

Although the great team games are the highest expression of the belonging instinct, an equally natural form, at least during the early part of its ascendancy, — say from eleven to fourteen or so — is in the raid or foray. Great satisfaction is to be found during this period in some combination of stalking, chasing, stealing, rescuing, and absconding, preferably directed against another gang — those other fellows — whom it is a joy to threaten, harry, despise, make the subjects of intertribal wit and repartee. I think we all of us,

in our early teens, can almost remember the happy days when we used to get up in the gray dawn, steal down to our trusty ship awaiting us in the creek (the wick of the Vikings), hoist the dragon flag and steer across to the other shore, there to surprise and rout our enemies, smash and pillage to our hearts' content, and then sail home, exchanging brilliant sallies with such of the inhabitants as ventured back to the beach to yell and shake their fists at us. Somewhere there or thereabouts, I think, is the true aim of life as the boy feels it. This desire is very fully satisfied in the raiding game; and, as I have already said, everything necessary should be done to preserve I spy, robbers and policemen, white men and Indians, and other games of that class. They are not easy games to play in most cities, but they are possible in many suburbs and residential districts. And then most people still live outside of the cities in places where children have at least room to grow.

Perhaps it should be said before leaving the practical discussion of team games that they will all bear watching, football especially. In the first place there is the physical danger. Many boys, under the unnatural strain that the excessive attention of their elders to athletic success brings upon them, overdo in games as well as in rowing and track events. Aristotle reports that few boy prize winners in the Olympic games develop into men prize winners; and he attributes the fact to overstrain. There should be careful medical supervision of all school and college athletics by men who will continue, under all forms of pressure, to consider health and future usefulness more important than present athletic victory. Boys left to themselves, indeed, would not go far wrong in this respect. They put their whole soul into the game, but do not kill themselves before the game begins by overtraining; except when there is something the matter

with their hearts, they could for the most part be trusted. But there is now no hope of their being left to themselves; newspapers and graduates will see to that. The only safety is in substituting a calm and deliberate for an overstimulating and largely hysterical interference.

Regulation is necessary also on moral grounds. Royce's loyalty to loyalty — respect for the self-devotion of the other side as an example of the spirit of loyalty which both sides obey — is a plant of slow growth. The first attitude of boys towards their opponents is seldom governed by that spirit; and when left to themselves they do not as a rule develop it. Even our colleges have not been especially successful in that direction, though there has lately been considerable improvement.

Teaching in this matter is not, it is true, an easy thing. The method, to succeed, must not be too direct. You cannot say, "Now, fellows," and then proceed to lay down the moral law as applied to football with any just expectation of success. Suggestion is a better way. And the suggestion must be subtle, atmospheric, a matter chiefly not of speech but of attitude. A very few explanations, mostly private, of how the sort of thing you desire to discourage looks from the other side may help; but in the main the best teaching will be through silent and decisive assumption that such and such is not the way we do.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE GANG

THE belonging instinct during the period we are considering has other manifestations besides team games. Often a set of boys will meet day after day when there is no game to be played and very little else to do; sometimes they simply meet and hang around, their object being apparently to do nothing at all and do it together; sometimes, on the other hand, they find a great deal to do of a sufficiently strenuous sort, not always in accordance with the laws and usages of civilized society. In short, boys during the age of loyalty, and especially between the ages of twelve and sixteen, are prone to form the gang, of whose adventures and evil deeds we hear so much, — the drove, pack, original boys' club, first expression of enduring membership outside the family, original cell of a society of equals.

Just what percentage of boys belong to gangs at one time or another has never been carefully ascertained, so far as I know. The proportion is said to vary according to race, opportunity, and social position, the gang tendency being high among the Irish, and among those of meager opportunities in other directions, low among the Jews and the well-to-do.¹ I suppose it is an underestimate to say that the majority of boys belong to gangs at some period of their career; and the proportion of those whose belonging instinct has a tendency toward this form of expression, and under

¹ See "The Boy and his Gang," by J. Adams Puffer, a valuable treatise on this subject.

favorable conditions would result in gang membership, is much higher. The gang is, at all events during the period in which the belonging instinct dominates growth and education, that instinct's most highly developed and revealing manifestation. What, then, are its essential characteristics?

In the first place there is no doubt that the gang is a real social body, a true *persona*, or subject of common membership such as I have attributed to the team and, in a more rudimentary form, to the ring of the dramatic age. Whatever else its members may or may not do, they certainly belong. And the members of a gang belong, if not more deeply, at least more inclusively, for a wider variety of purposes, than do the members of a team or any other body during this stage of growth.

The forms in which the gang finds expression are very numerous. I will state them in their observed order of preference.

First come the regular team games. For a team may exist not only for its own purpose as a team, but also as a representative of another more inclusive personality. Teams represent schools, colleges, cities, even nations. And so they are often expressions of the gang; or conversely the team itself may grow into a gang, its membership coming to be of the more general sort. Team play also takes place within the gang; in that case the gang spirit itself has a legislative and judicial part, as judge, promoter, and patron of the sports. Very popular, and coming very natural to the gang, are the raiding games of I spy, white men and Indians, variety.

Team games are the best, and certainly from a grown-up point of view the most convenient, expressions of the gang; but they should not be the only form of its activity. There are other innocent methods of expression; and then I am not sure that the gang ought to be wholly innocent in its

activities. When is a boy going to cultivate the less innocent, undovelike but necessary, qualities if he does not get such training in the gang?

Next to team games come the more direct and primitive expressions of the instincts on which these are based. The instinct of tribal war, which forms evidently the basis of football and to a less extent of baseball, hockey, and so many other games, finds satisfaction in fights with rival gangs, the preferred weapons being stones, sticks, and snowballs, the use of which satisfies the subsidiary throwing and striking instincts so important in baseball, hockey, and other team games, with resort to fists when at close quarters. Sometimes these fights are of an international rather than intertribal nature, — one quarter of a city against another, as in the historic snowball fights, sometimes helped out with slings, ice, and stones, on Boston Common. A picturesque instance of intercity warfare occurred when, two or three years ago, the armies of two Boston suburbs met, some thousand in all, on the ice of Mystic River to settle certain differences of opinion, — on which occasion, after a pretty serious encounter, the breaking of the ice followed the breaking of heads, and one of the vanquished was drowned in spite of the life-saving efforts of the victors.

Then there are actual raids in obedience to the instinct that prescribes the raiding games: the robbing of cellars and greenhouses; swooping down on gardens, orchards, and fruit stands; smashing windows and the glasses of street lamps; stealing street signs, gates, and barbers' poles; engaging the grocery man in conversation while a companion makes off with the bananas; escaping down dark alleys and over roofs and by the exercise of many wiles; breaking, harrying, pillaging, and carrying off. A set of boys I knew, who had the sea and woods to play in, and plenty of boats, swimming,

and baseball, nevertheless found it necessary toward the end of each summer vacation to go on what they called a raid — getting themselves up as tramps, ringing doorbells and demanding food or money, frightening householders or getting them seriously excited, and ending in glorious retreat before the advance of the patrol wagon.

The preferred object of these attentions also, is another gang. Indeed the whole satisfaction of raiding would be greatly impaired if the element of injury to a hostile "crowd" were absent; and the joy is at its height when you can best appreciate the feelings of the injured. Indeed the world, as assumed by the instinct of this period, is a world of gangs. Gang is the normal antagonist of gang as boy is of boy.

And in every gang there is need of adventure in other forms besides that of the raid. For one thing there is a distinct locomotive tendency, derived perhaps from the old hunting instinct like that of the wolf pack. We all like to run with the crowd, and often begin to do so before we ask where they are all running to. Just as a dog will get up and bark and run with any set of children, so the pack instinct in us comes to life in the presence of moving people. Boys like to set off together on long tramps, not always piratical in nature. There is an especial attraction toward wild places, the sea-shore and the woods; toward hunting, fishing, camping, and staying out all night. There is a desire to visit strange coasts and cities, to see new scenes and the races of articulate speaking men. The *Odyssey*, indeed, ought to be taught during this period, when boys are still in *Odysseus's* class and can appreciate him.

And the gang has an especial love of darkness. We are *Diana's* foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon, under whose countenance we — steal. It is best meeting in the dark, best of all at the hour when churchyards

yawn and graves give up their dead, when more things can be uttered and believed than in broad day. Imagination is still the leader, at this age as through life, still the first form of achievement — action in the fluid state, preceding its hardening down to the concrete. And imagination is now largely a team product. Boys tell each other things they never knew and would not have discovered by themselves; the gang evolves them out of its composite soul.

Historically I suppose the gang is a survival of the war band. Or perhaps it goes back even farther, to the pack of young males running by themselves, as in the case of some kinds of animals. There certainly is in it a sex antagonism — a tendency to class girls with peddlers and old clothes men as preferred objects of persecution — which suggest such a separation; as there is a tendency among savages, seen also in the ancient Germans and the modern English, to separate boys from the home. Perhaps the war band itself is a survival of such an aboriginal pack of the young males. The German youth flocking to the standard of some young leader who announced a raid on Gaul, the young Indian bucks who with the stirring of the sap in spring felt the need to join the war party of some youthful and ambitious chief, seem to have been acting not from a sober economic motive, but rather from an inner necessity to go out and pick a fight with some one.

Fighting at all events and fighting games are very close to the gang spirit. Indeed so germane to that spirit are the fighting and raiding impulses that it might be questioned whether they are not integral parts of it, — whether the gang impulse itself is not one of get-together-and-fight, or get-together-and-raid, rather than simply an impulse to get-together, by which these special manifestations are taken on. It seems clear, however, that the frequent existence of gangs

apart from such special manifestations proves that the impulse they represent, whatever it may have been originally, has at least become separable from fighting and raiding, although so frequently combined with these. Of course when the two sets of impulses do come together they, as in all such cases, act as one; there is no double consciousness, no rift in the single or composite purpose, whatever in a given instance that may be.

It is certain, at all events, that whether it is engaged in active hostilities or not, the outside world is under normal conditions *hostis* to the gang. All that are not of it are its enemies. And this feeling is due not only to the inherited war-like impulse, but partly to the desire for self-realization. The gang has enemies because enemies are needed in its business; they are a psychological necessity, a prerequisite to its attainment of full self-consciousness. Cæsar tells how the Suevi took pride in having as wide a border of devastation as possible around them. This was the ancient German and English *mark* — the edge and outline of the tribe, the thing that marked it off. A gang can fully know itself only against the background of a hostile world.

And this desire for distinction shows itself not only in hostility but in many other ways. The gang marks its separateness by speech, dress, gesture, walk, custom of every sort; and every such attribute is made a source of pride, every departure from it a disgrace. To be distinguished by almost any trait, however absurd in itself, is a source of satisfaction to the gang as to the individual. Kipling, who has himself preserved the rudimentary gang feelings in all their pristine freshness, and so is a direct authority from the world of boydom, makes Mowgli revile the Red Dog for having hair between their toes. In the eye of the Eternal, hair between the toes may be as honorable as no hair, but Mow-

gli's wolf tribe had it not and the Red Dog had it; hence it was a hissing and a reproach.

The humor of the gang is an important manifestation of its instinctive attitude toward strangers. It is seldom of a sympathetic sort, and is in truth a verbal form of war, its purpose being to heighten the gang's own sense of personality and to lower that of its rivals, to break up so far as possible the latter's complacent image of itself. In all international humor the same quality inheres. English jokes about the French, French witticisms upon the Germans, are not usually of a flattering description. America has served the Old World well, from the time of Dickens down, as a foil to its own perfections. Nations, like gangs, say these things of each other not as a result of scientific observation, but from an inner necessity. The cause is not in the other nation but in themselves. Their object is to heighten their national consciousness, and it is not necessary for that purpose that the foreigner's difference from themselves should really be an inferiority. It is not even necessary that it should exist. An imaginary trait will serve as well as a real one, and one trait about as well as another, for this purpose. The relation between membership in our own group and hostility to the outer world is deep in all of us. War and patriotism are only just beginning to be disentangled.

War and distinction from outsiders are not the only means of heightening the sense of membership. The gang intensifies its own self-consciousness by customs and observances of many sorts; by singing favorite songs, repeating shibboleths and intratribal jokes, and by many other methods of self-assertion and celebration. Traditions — the apotheosis of its heroes; recounting the great deeds of the past until the tale, whatever its actual origin, becomes fitted to the gang ideal — are means to the same end. Every well-established

gang has its mythology and its ritual, in which latter there should be something of mystery and awe. Many have secret signs by which the members know each other; some have a special language. Oaths, accompanied by blood-curdling rites, are often used, not so much to bind the consciences of the members as to impress their imagination through partnership in a dread secret. There is in these ceremonies much converse with skulls, skeletons, blood, knives, the dark of the moon,

With more of terrible and awfu'
Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu',

for good instances of which the reader is referred to Stevenson's "Lantern Bearers" and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy."

A common expression of the gang is in the hang-out or stamping ground. There is of course the practical necessity of having the meetings in some particular place; and some one place will naturally be the most convenient. There is also the force of habit to prevent a change. But besides these practical considerations there is a clear tendency toward localization, the identifying of the gang consciousness with some especial place. The Franks easily become the French, children of the land of France, until France becomes to them *la patrie*, the Fatherland, the goddess of their tribe consciousness. Even a dog soon learns where your land ends, and takes a wholly different attitude toward strangers and other dogs as soon as they cross the boundary. The hang-out may be a hut, a deserted shed, or merely a street corner. The gang likes best a place that it can fix up for itself — bestow its treasures in and decorate to suit its special taste. At all events the meeting place must not be dominated by an alien power. And it must not be wholly finished or too clean. It is hard for a gang to become domesticated

in a model club room or a best parlor. A clergyman of my acquaintance, on taking possession of a house provided by his parishioners for social work, kicked a hole in the plaster by way of inauguration ceremony, in order, as he explained, to make the boys feel more at home in it.

But after all the most important thing about the gang is the strength of the sheer belonging impulse which it represents, a strength sufficient by itself to prescribe the occupation (or the idleness) of many hours. The gang does not so much meet to do things as do things for the sake of meeting. The exercise of the belonging instinct is, in this case, its own reward.

College societies well illustrate the exuberance of this instinct in its pure state, unmixed with any extraneous purpose or desire. The members join these organizations not in order that they may take part with others in accomplishing a specific object, but simply in order to belong; and their sole activity in many cases, once they do belong, is to take in other members so that they may belong also. These in turn take in still others; and thus in self-perpetuation the whole cycle of the society's activity is complete. It is true that college students are beyond the age of the gang proper, but then they are a class notoriously privileged to prolong their childhood. Moreover, so far as the exuberance of the sheer belonging impulse is concerned, the manifestations do not cease with college life. The same characteristic appears in many of those societies and orders that spring up so plentifully among grown persons in our democracy. Indeed the majority of us are "jiners" at heart, and will join almost anything without inquiring very strictly into what the proposed organization is expected to accomplish, while of our constitutional non-joiners it may be said that the greater number, even of these, will join most things rather than be

left out. The belonging instinct is indeed preëminent in its power of standing alone, or nearly so, as the basis of a popular amusement.

An important result of its independence of specific purposes is that the gang, unlike the team, is permanent. Its continuance is not dependent upon the seasons or other extraneous conditions. Its members are members all the year round and often continue such for several years.¹

¹The following from the opinion of Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, in the case of *Pooley vs. Driver*, 5 Chancery Division, 458, is interesting as showing the transition in English law from trying to deal with a business partnership as made up of relations between individuals to a frank recognition of the fact that it is a true entity of a very practical sort.

"I am almost sorry that the word 'agency' has been introduced into this judgment, because, of course, everybody knows that partnership is a sort of agency, but a very peculiar one. You cannot grasp the notion of agency, properly speaking, unless you grasp the notion of the existence of the firm as a separate entity from the existence of the partners; a notion which was well grasped by the old Roman lawyers, and which was partly understood in the courts of equity before it was part of the whole law of the land, as it is now. But when you get that idea clearly, you will see at once what sort of agency it is. It is the one person acting on behalf of the firm. He does not act as agent, in the ordinary sense of the word, for the others so as to bind the others; he acts on behalf of the firm of which they are members; and as he binds the firm and acts on the part of the firm, he is properly treated as the agent of the firm. If you cannot grasp the notion of a separate entity for the firm, then you are reduced to this, that inasmuch as he acts partly for himself and partly for the others, to the extent that he acts for the others he must be an agent, and in that way you get him to be an agent for the other partners, but only in that way, because you insist upon ignoring the existence of the firm as a separate entity."

A firm thus treated as an entity or a corporation created by statute is not a legal fiction but an existing fact which the law recognizes or sanctions. A fiction would be necessary in treating the matter in any other way.

CHAPTER XL

THE LAND OF THE LEAL

It is clear from the above description of the gang that it is for boys the fullest natural expression of the great belonging instinct. As such it is normally not an evil but a good. Lawless as its manifestations often are, the thing itself is not lawless; on the contrary it is, for boys of the age affected by it, like the self-assertion of the Big Injun age, the most lawful thing there is. The spirit of the gang indeed is more than lawful: it is the spirit of law itself. The instinct that supports it is the instinct which all laws and all governments were intended to express and without which they could not exist.

Aristotle says that man is by his nature a social animal, and he attributes the existence of human society directly to that fact. We make cities and states and nations not because we find them useful in our business, not because they help us to accomplish our economic or other ulterior ends, but because we were born that way. Nature doubtless had her purpose in creating us with this desire — or to put it in current terms, our survival is no doubt due to this predilection on our part — but, given human nature as it is, our motive for social action is not utilitarian. We combine in social units for the same reason that wolves do, or bees, or ants — because we are that kind of animal. And if we were not that kind of animal we could not so combine, however desirable it might be to do so. Given the power, and the resulting institutions, we do indeed promote and modify

these for utilitarian reasons; and we often believe that these sensible second thoughts are our real motives for combining — just as the gang finds many wonderful excuses for its existence. But these are never the real motives. The instinct that makes all laws and social institutions is the same instinct that has made the gang. It is always in virtue of the belonging instinct that we belong.

And without training in obedience to this instinct we could not belong effectively any more than we could become good artisans or good runners without permitting the chasing and creative instincts to train our legs and hands. If we would have our children full and useful members of society in any of its manifestations, we must permit them to take the prescribed course under this last and greatest of all the masters in nature's school.

It may perhaps be said that we can procure this training in other ways than through developing the gang; and it is in truth unnecessary to insist that all boys shall take the full course in gang membership in its most primitive form. The manifestations may be modified in various ways which we shall presently consider. But to do away with this primal expression of the belonging instinct altogether would be to cripple, at least in many boys, the power of membership by omitting from it a necessary stage of growth. The gang is not a chance phenomenon. It is nature's unit for the belonging instinct during this period of its special vogue; it is the branching off of membership in its new and accelerated development, the first bud of the state. As such its growth in some form is necessary to the best result. To arrive at nature's ends, you must follow nature's path. It may seem roundabout, and you may be tempted to lay out some cross-lots method that looks more direct; but growth is a biological not an engineering problem, and growing things cannot

be made to follow geometric laws. Belonging, to the boy, means as a rule belonging to the gang. The growth of the citizen in him is involved in the fortunes of this earliest shoot.

Here again, as with the child finding its playground in the gutter and with the small boy seeking real achievement, we have so arranged it, especially in our cities, that this budding power, upon whose successful utterance healthy growth depends, shall search in vain for lawful methods of development, and shall be driven, in many cases, to choosing those which make of it a power for evil. One can hardly pick up a newspaper or a magazine without reading something of the terrible doings of the gang. We hear of it as a center of criminal association, and as developing into the unit of corrupt politics. There is frequent talk about breaking up the boys' gangs; and sometimes the associations of a gang have got to be so bad that nothing but breaking it up can save its members. But it is a grave criticism upon the opportunity which we have given — or rather denied — to our boys, that such instances should occur. I think there is some special judgment denounced against those who would turn the vital forces of the world into channels where their results are evil instead of good, pulling down instead of building up. This judgment our American cities have thoroughly merited, and it is now being meted out.

The way to preserve the gang as a normal incarnation of the belonging instinct, and at the same time to avoid such manifestations of it as are incompatible with modern civilization, is obviously to provide opportunity and encouragement for those of its natural expressions that avoid this inconvenience. The fighting impulse should find expression in the fighting games. For the raiding instinct there are the raiding games, now too much neglected, for which, in our crowded

cities, some substitute must if possible be found. Long walks, excursions, picnics, camping out, cross-country runs, making huts and hang-outs, tracking other boys and animals; fishing, shooting, collecting, and photographing expeditions; visits to strange scenes — including a reasonable allowance of danger, starvation, and fatigue — these and similarly appropriate and strenuous pursuits will meet a long felt want in any gang, and help materially in keeping it to lawful ways. Boys indeed are often surprised to find what a pace their elders can set for them and how satisfying to their moral requirements a perfectly innocent pursuit can be. The activities developed by the Boy Scouts can do much to fill in this gap. And when it has been filled, our suburban gardens and orchards, our prisons and police courts, the fruit dealer and the grocery man, will know the difference; while mothers and fathers will see their boys, now going wrong from excess of the best qualities of boyhood, restored to decent and successful ways of life.

To meet the hang-out instinct boys should be given the freedom of a shed or play room or an old attic; and their taste in furnishing and ornamentation should be allowed to pass without comment or apparent observation. Respect your boys' secrets, and if you happen upon their rendezvous keep the matter to yourself. The fear of ridicule has probably driven more boys to secrecy, and to doing things which they take care shall at all events be no laughing matter, than any other cause.

Theatricals meet very accurately both the night-haunting proclivities and the imaginative leanings of the gang, and are often used with success in turning these to good account. There is a theatrical element — a half real, half symbolic quality — in a great part of gang activity which makes acting an instinctive method of expression. The gang, more

than the individual at this period, retains reminiscences of the dramatic age.

In general it should be said that this method, of developing the spirit of membership by utilizing the gang itself as the natural unit of development, is not an easy one, although it is being successfully practiced by the Boy Scouts and by many of the small-sized boys' clubs and settlements. The soul of the gang is in its independence. Its aim is above all to be itself, the authentic outcome of the actual social spirit of its members, not the offspring of a foreign will. It is as wild as a pack of wolves and almost as hard to tame. And it cannot be caught by any lukewarm morality. Stories of the good boy who died, demands for the passive virtues of patience, resignation, blameless behavior, do not appeal to it. It is positive, masculine, demands rough work, will submit to no spirit less heroic than its own. Dr. Gulick has pointed out that the call most successful in bringing young men into the church has been the call for missionaries. They will not come purely to receive: but ask them to give, even their lives, and they recognize a demand that is worth attending to.

In our praise of the gang impulse and of the team play that best embodies it, do not let us make the mistake of supposing that we can leave the training of the civic faculty to these alone. The gang contains the very substance of which citizenship is made, but it is the substance in its crude form. Its ethics are those of the war band, and need the correction of a wider loyalty. As between itself and all outsiders it has no sense of justice and inculcates none. The gang spirit, in short, besides being intensified, must be refined and very much enlarged.

In this as in every other case of a passing expression of a great instinct, there is danger that adhesions shall be formed,

that the early form shall survive its usefulness. We do not want middle-aged gangsters, nor perpetual ball players, any more than we want children to keep on through life making mud pies. The coming of the blossom involves the bursting of the bud. Our constant principle of timeliness implies not only beginning, but leaving off.

The method of broadening the gang is by treating it as the gang itself has already treated the individual: by making it part of some more inclusive organization, subjecting it to the regulation and criticism of a larger whole. Boys' clubs are often built up upon this principle, making the gang rather than the individual boy the unit of organization, but bringing many gangs together into a larger loyalty. The school also may adopt the same procedure, recognizing existing gangs in its choice of teams, either for athletic or scholastic purposes. There is no conflict between the preservation of the small gang-sized unit and the development of the wider school or club loyalty. Belonging, in human beings, is not limited to one social body at a time; on the contrary true membership in one unit often strengthens the power in regard to others. A man is not a worse citizen because he is a good father, nor does he love his country less in proportion as he loves his city more. Boys, it is true, during the special gang age are, if we might coin a word, monogangous; the specific gang impulse, like that of patriotism, monogamous marriage, or the homing instinct, seems to require one object and only one for its fulfillment. But though the boy has but one gang, his membership in that does not prevent his belonging to other more inclusive bodies. Gang members can be as patriotic, and can feel as strong a loyalty to their home or to their school, as anybody. And in general the relation of the smaller units of membership to the larger ones is that of mutual support rather than of antagonism.

In a great degree the smaller unit is the matrix of the larger one: the school, the city, the nation are but the gang writ large. Having established the color — allowed the boy through the depth of his first instinctive belonging to know what it is to be true blue — we spread it over the wider area. And the gang spirit, or the belonging instinct back of it, is very susceptible of such development. The head of a boys' institution once said to me: "When they first come in here they steal *from* the institute; later they steal *for* it." Once established, the sense of membership can be gradually widened to include the larger whole. Boys readily feel that George Washington was playing the game and Benedict Arnold was not; those in whom the germ has once got a foothold are good subjects for its further operation. But while the belonging instinct easily throws off these widening rings, the gang itself or some successor of it, some club or "goodly fellowship," some compact body of social equals, usually survives and, for reasons developed more fully in the next chapter, it is very desirable that it should do so.

The effective way to develop school spirit, to make a school as distinguished from a place in which the children sit and study (or rest) certain hours out of every day, is practically the same as that by which the gang instinctively enhances its own existence. There should be school teams, not only in games but in science, art, debating, theatricals, and music. There should be glee clubs, mandolin and banjo clubs, a school orchestra, songs and plays written and rendered by the pupils, entertainments given by the school. There should be school occasions, a school birthday, or the birthday of its founder, who should be a sort of patron saint; commencement exercises in which graduates come back and tell what they have done and become shining lights to illuminate for the present pupils the road ahead. There should be ritual,

such as the symbolic handing on of the flag from the graduating class to the next in order. There should be a school emblem, a school color, a school song. The school should have its ancestors, the past heroes of its athletics with the appropriate myths of their superhuman deeds, its heroes of art and politics. It must have and celebrate a past, a present, and a future — cultivate tradition and aspiration, study the richest presentation of what it has done, what it hopes to do, and what it eternally is and means to be. These are of the very life of a school as of a true institution of any sort.

Rhythm should not be forgotten as the great fusing power. It should be utilized not only in music and poetry performed by selected representatives, but in marching, congregational singing, perhaps some day in dancing, the original form of community expression. The school should be visualized in fit and dignified buildings, not crushing it down with a vast suggestion of expense, but embodying its use and purpose. School loyalty should be cultivated through definite services to the school. The smaller children should be encouraged to bring pictures and flowers and to take care of growing plants. Older children should be given responsibility in looking after the younger ones, coaching them in their games, inculcating a spirit of loyalty. Manual training should take so far as possible the direction of making things that will be used in the school and on the playground, though in a day school it would be impossible to reach the standard set by Hampton in this respect.

The school cannot make use of the conspiring spirit of the gang. It cannot indulge in blood-curdling rites, both because the masters, who are members like the rest, would find it impossible to take these ceremonies seriously, and because the school, unlike the gang, has ceased to need for the promotion of its own self-consciousness that hostility to all

outsiders which these rites usually imply. On the contrary the pupils must be led on by masters and graduates to understand that other relations between groups are possible besides those of hostility. They might be told the story of Pasteur, whose strongest conscious motive in his eternal service to mankind seems to have been to get even with the Germans for Sedan. They should be led to feel, at all events, that competition is not necessarily internecine, that at bottom all loyal members of all organizations serve the same end, are children of the same ideal. The school must therefore in all practical ways suggest a wider loyalty. There should be athletic leagues in which several schools find a common interest in having the games fairly carried on.

In general the boy's team sense should be taken at its most exalted moment, before it has hardened down into exclusiveness or incapacity for generous appreciation of outsiders; and at this point there should be injected into it the idea that a narrow loyalty is disloyalty to the very spirit of which true loyalty consists — that taking the gang as final means disloyalty to the school; that exclusive devotion to the school means disloyalty to the college, and that the graduates of a college who, when placed in responsible business office, give preference to their fellow-graduates, are disloyal not merely to their employer but to the college itself by identifying it with such disloyalty. In short, our boys and girls must be taught Mr. Royce's spirit of loyalty to loyalty, including that of your opponents.

I wish we had the Scotch word *leal* — loyal and happy — the noblest word I think in any language. The Land o' the Leal, the true Valhalla, home of the happy warriors of all nations and of all faiths, the land where true foemen meet, and see that each was working for the one true cause: that is the heaven that is worth attaining, and such is the loyalty we must learn to teach.

CHAPTER XLI

THE GANG STANDARD

THE gang's independence of specific aims and purposes has one especially important result not noted in the last chapter. Membership independent of specific purpose becomes membership for all purposes. The gang consciousness comes to be expressed not merely in this or that activity but in almost everything its members do. The boy carries his gang with him wherever he goes; it becomes a constant force and quality in him; he is a Wharf Rat or a Ring Tailed Heeler in all relations. The gang in short does not merely prescribe action; it confers status: it affects for each member not only what he does but what he is.

It results that the gang has a great influence on individual conduct. The sort of influence varies much with different gangs; it has nevertheless a general pretty well-defined direction. So far as individual relations, as distinguished from gang activities, are concerned, the gang takes over, practically entire, the ethical standards of the Big Injun age; the new law is superimposed upon, but does not abrogate, the old. Indeed the desire for individual distinction characteristic of the earlier period becomes intensified; the boy of fourteen is even more of a Big Injun than the boy of eight, although he is also something else.

And the specific gang spirit, so far from discouraging the Big Injun tendencies, except where they come in conflict with its own purpose, adopts and sanctions them. In the execution of a gang maneuver the member must subordinate

his individual ambition to the common purpose; but where there is no conflict the gang not only permits, but requires of him, that he shall seek personal distinction. It holds up an ideal not only of common but of individual achievement and requires obedience to it. As a boy who represents an organization in track athletics feels the two motives both together; as he wants to win for Yale, and will go beyond himself — just that all important inch beyond what as an individual he could possibly accomplish — in his efforts to do honor to his college; so the gang's ideal for its members projects itself, in the imagination of each, beyond his individual outline, and under its requirement he adds a cubit to his height.

And it is not merely in recognized team or gang contests that there occurs this transcendence of individual limitations. What "the crowd" expects will, in every direction, carry the member beyond the high-water mark of his individual achievement. The Spartan is a Spartan for all purposes. He is Sparta incarnate: what he could never even aim at of his own initiative he will dare to satisfy her laws.

It is characteristic of every gang to make this kind of demand upon the individual member. Such requirement is shown at the very outset in the conditions of entrance. Every gang, every college society — every human association — has some sort of initiation, conscious or unconscious, to see whether the neophyte measures up. The standard in a boys' gang, like its external politics, has largely to do with fighting; only here it is single combat that is in question. The dueling instinct is older than society, and in each generation of boys antedates the gang; but the gang instinct takes it up, standardizes it, and adds its own peculiar sanction. Fighting is a common test for admission to

the gang as it is to good society everywhere, from the head hunters to the aristocratic circles of every age and country. The obligation upon the boy to fight upon due occasion and to hold his own in the hundred forms of individual competition is owed not merely to himself but to the gang. He must in this as in every other respect uphold its colors. And he usually finds he can do so, as many a man will do things for the honor of his cloth which he could never have gone through by the power of his individual morality. Fighting is a characteristic requirement, but not the only one. The law of the whole as it lives in each member implies a general obligation to make good.

What may be the cause of this gang law, applying to the individual conduct of its members unconnected with the gang activities, is an interesting but not a practically important speculation. Shore birds (perhaps all birds that go in flocks) will kill a wounded mate. I suppose the reason is that the flock can fly no faster than its weakest member, and that the same instinct which forbids the abandonment of the living comrade prescribes his sacrifice. So the gang asks, "Are you up to our requirements; can you row your weight; or will you be a drag upon the rest?" And though it does not kill, it accomplishes the same object by exclusion of those whose answer must be negative.

At all events, whatever the reason of its existence, this standard setting by the gang, the impinging of its law upon its members in their individual affairs, is I believe the strongest moral force that applies to youth. That it is not always a force for good gives rise to a social problem of the first magnitude which we must presently consider. But that it is a great power for good or evil I think no one will deny.

One reason for the ability of the gang to enforce its stand-

ard is that it has the courage of its convictions. It will go all lengths. It is the only educational institution that is not afraid. Intra-gang discipline is very strict in its punishment of disloyalty; but its positive spirit is its great quality. It carries its members with it whether for good or evil. St. Augustine concludes that he would never have stolen those pears if the other fellows had not said: "Come on." If the gang standard demands fighting, its members fight; if it requires stealing, they steal; if breaking and entering is a part of the curriculum, that also is forthcoming.

And the end so emulously sought is never wholly evil. The true end, indeed, is never really so, however mistaken or even criminal the means. The gang, every gang, however uncouth its outward manifestations, is always idealist at heart. Through good repute and ill repute, in all its dim gropings for expression, it is ruled by an incorrigible idealism, by a dreamer's faith that somehow, somewhere, against all appearances, its ideals are true and bound to triumph, and that any sacrifice to them must be worth while.

The gang is the normal source of heroic standards among young men. Its value in this respect is recognized, apparently, in English boarding schools, which seem to rely upon a set of bigger boys for the most important part of school government, namely, the maintenance of standards of manners and conduct. The war band of the ancient Germans, the "Young Men" among our own Indians, are the originators of bold adventure and heroic counsel, as are the well-named *scholæ*, clubs of warriors, in every time and nation, from the hetaireiai of the Greeks, the peers of Charlemagne, and their predecessors the "companions" of the German war kings, to the bands of minute men of Massachusetts (one of which still survives in the Concord "Circle" to which Emerson belonged) and the young officers' clubs of the pres-

ent day. The cadets of West Point and Annapolis, with their fighting customs, and the German dueling societies are not so crazy as people think.

Boys do not join the gang for the sake of pleasure or self-indulgence. It is true they sometimes think they do. You have to state to yourself some object for your endeavors, and if raiding apple stands is the most eligible occupation that presents itself, you doubtless assume that it is for the sake of the apples that the enterprise is carried on. But it is never really so. To cite St. Augustine again, he finds that it was not the pears that attracted him but the sheer love of stealing — “and if they did taste good it was the sweetness of stolen fruit.” So far as there is any motive in belonging to the gang beyond the direct satisfaction of the belonging instinct and of the fighting, raiding, and other achieving instincts represented in its activities, it is, as often as anything else, the desire for hardness, for doing difficult things and being made to do them, the desire for emancipation of the spirit through daring. The boy may be a coward in his heart, but his instinct of the moral necessity of being otherwise will make him seek the gang, with its inexorable standard, and raise himself to its requirements. It is because its standard is inexorable, more uncompromising than any discoverable among adults, that it holds dominion over him. The Knights of the Round Table were — apart from their excessive devotion to distressed damsels — the ideal gang, the one which each actual example tends to become. Courage, adventure, loyalty, are its fundamental motives.

They reckon ill who leave me out : to ignore the instinctive form both of their heroism and of their loyalty is to give up the moral education of our boys. Much as the gang has done for evil, its essential spirit is, for boys between twelve and sixteen, the most powerful influence for good.

This function of the gang as a school of individual heroism is a reason, in addition to its importance as the germ of citizenship, for its retention in our educational system. It needs to be widened and refined, but its spirit of intense all-round membership, with the resulting concrete standard of individual conduct, must be preserved. The gang spirit must be spread out but not diluted: the sort of close fellowship it represents is needed as a school of conduct. Young people are not all heroic. No people, young or old, are capable of evolving their own standards of behavior. We all need outside pressure of a fierce and inexorable sort to overcome our laziness or cowardice, make us face the lion in the path, strike out into the cold world upon the quest our soul demands of us. Hunger is good, but an exacting social standard — searching, concrete, unescapable — such as some form of gang alone supplies, is better still. Remember again the dog who climbed the tree, not because he could, but because the catamount was after him and he had to. We are all of us that kind of dog.

Manners especially are a social product. Good manners are the most important of our institutions. The most difficult problem of life is to find the right way of treating other people — to make courtesy coincide with independence, respect for others with entire self-respect. Actual good manners constitute the rarest of accomplishments and the most respected, whether in a palace, a wigwam, or a corner grocery. They are the most authentic credential and best achievement of our heroes. But even heroic genius will hardly hit upon a whole code by itself alone. And, if it should, the message will not in such case be transmitted, for lack of any public to receive it.

Good manners and good *mores*, actual habits of behavior befitting human dignity, consonant with the higher human

needs, — these are our most precious social heritage; and the most important business of social institutions is to see that their tradition is passed on. Success in this all-important function requires a social medium tense enough to receive and to transmit the heroic conception of behavior as it is gradually evolved. Precept in this all-important department is of negligible value. Not what he is told to do, but what he sees done and what he finds required of him by a body of opinion whose pressure he cannot escape, is the force that molds a young person's standard of behavior.

And the standard must be concrete. The type set up must be defined to a degree beyond the scope of any possible description. Behavior is not a science but an art. There are a hundred matters of conduct in which some particular way must be found, although no way is demonstrably best. I am not arguing for pedantry or the rule of the martinet; as often as not the heroic fashion will be that of rebellion against existing formulas. But yet there must be some element of fashion, some conventional requirements. Young people should not be thrown into the world with nothing between them and its infinite and perplexing problems but the Golden Rule and the injunction to be good. There must be definite ways, prescribed or understood, in which courage shall be demonstrated, definite forms of heroic behavior required, specific ways of expressing scorn of danger, of bribes, cajoleries, of showing a readiness to act as the spirit wills. It is all the better perhaps if the heroic soul rebels against the prescribed way and shows a better one; but there must even in that case be a way to rebel against, while for the average unheroic person a definite standard and an inexorable social pressure to its attainment is a needed help. Children, though not born heroes as a rule, are fortunately all born

susceptible to heroic example, and they should be brought together in association close enough to allow the heroes among them, and the hero in each when he dares declare himself, to make their example binding.

When the young savage is required to demonstrate his proficiency as a hunter and fighter before he is allowed to marry, the educational effect must be very different from that of a general precept to "be brave and skillful." Civilized nations have preserved something of the wholesome savage custom. The young Athenian had to meet definite physical and moral requirements before he was named a "man." Rome made similar conditions to putting on the toga. There is some reminiscence of such even at the present day.

But the important part of such requirements must always be unwritten. The ideal of the gentleman, especially as held in aristocratic societies, is an example of what I mean. There has been built up around this word a concrete, almost visible, ideal of character, carried far beyond what can be reasoned out from any conscious principles, the composite portrait of a gentleman, to which a thousand forgotten heroes have added each a trait. The creation of this ideal has been in my opinion the greatest achievement of the English race. It is an epic achievement, a work embodying the moral genius of a great people, a poem to be felt, not read, more active in the heart of youth than any reading of Homer could ever make his heroes. It is a conception concrete yet open to an infinite projection. In some respects, it is true, the ideal of the gentleman is not only beyond our conscious principles but is opposed to them, as in the place it assigns to women, treating them not humanly as they are, but as the male imagination of some centuries back required them to be. And yet because of its beauty and its definiteness

it is, though partly obsolete, superior to any other we possess. A boy can still be brought up as a gentleman because there is an established standard of what the word means, — a standard that can be definitely presented, for which no substitute has yet been found.

A similar result has been achieved by the Samurai of Japan. All aristocracies have had something of the same effect down to the days of "good society" itself. And almost all have stood for some form of the code duello, the first item in the individual ethics of the gang. We would not perpetuate false ideals of caste, but we must preserve in some form that compactness of social structure, capable of receiving and transmitting definite standards of behavior, on which the influence of caste depends, and without subjection to which the child is denied the most important element in education.

The lack of definite social pressure is the weakest point in our present civilization. With the primitive but definite ideals of barbarian society something very precious has been lost. Darwin said that the wild cowboy Spaniards of the east coast of South America were gentlemen, while their more civilized cousins of the west coast were not. Sir Walter Scott makes a similarly unfavorable comparison of the civilized burgher of Glasgow with the wild cataran of the Highland hills. Comparisons to the same effect are often drawn between the manners of barbarians like the Bedouin Arabs or our own Indians and those of more civilized peoples. And after making every allowance for aristocratic prejudice in favor of the more barbaric virtues, there is enough of truth in these opinions to be worth thinking of. Certainly it will not profit us to gain the whole world of material prosperity if the result in human character turns out a loss.

It is for the sake of compactness of membership and re-

sulting concreteness of ideal that all dogma, all intolerance exists. We are apt in these days to be intolerant of intolerance; and surely our revolt was needed in view of the hideous cruelty and stupidity of the old régime, of the depths of baseness and inhumanity to which the chivalric mind showed itself able to descend. But we are mistaken if we think that we, or any society, can live or be worth preserving without affirming, and insisting upon, many things the truth or value of which has not been demonstrated. The conduct of life cannot wait upon scientific demonstration. No city, nation, society of any sort, will ever gain or preserve its life that will not take risks — affirm, and gladly die for, things that never can be proved.

It may seem that I have arrived at a paradoxical conclusion in thus affirming in substance that the gang must be preserved as a school of manners. Good manners in the ordinary sense are certainly not among its salient characteristics. But consult any drama, novel, myth, or other illustration of what has been deemed heroic character, and you will see that what is most respected in this world is in the last analysis that very scorn of pain and danger which, in a higher degree than any other institution, the gang requires in its members. The German upper classes send their sons to Heidelberg "to learn manners." And the manners of Heidelberg are prescribed by the student dueling clubs. They may not be the best sort of manners, but they include the hard part; and above all they are really taught.

The gang of course must be corrected, led, set right on many matters. But it must not be denatured. We need for our salvation the compelling influence of such an institution, with its definite standard and its stern transmission

of it. Man, in morals as in war and industrial pursuits, advances not alone, but by group units. The self-relying hero, it is true, has his essential function as standard-setter, moral pioneer, but the compact group vibrant to his example is essential even to the hero's fulfillment of his function. It is the soil in which heroic acts take root.

CHAPTER XLII

THE LARGER UNITS OF MEMBERSHIP

THE gang tendency of the belonging instinct crops out as gang, as team, club, troupe, chorus or study group, and in many other forms. It may, as has been stated, easily be widened to include the school or playground, and there are many other organizations which young people will join in the early exuberance of this instinct, some not so valuable as others — some, like most high school fraternities, in which exclusion of outsiders rather than the belonging of the members is the chief attraction, requiring positive discouragement.

But there are certain units of membership appearing later than the gang and school which seem to be in our blood, which we certainly take to with especial readiness, and which should be encouraged both as normal expansions of human personality and as practical social appliances which we cannot well get along without; namely, the profession, the nation, the local political unit, and the neighborhood. These institutions should be made to grow in all of us both because we need them in our business and because, like the home, the gang, or the team, they are almost as much a part of us as the hand or tool. They fill out the form of our inherited spiritual body; their omission implies stunting and deformity.

Of all these social units the neighborhood is perhaps the most important in its educational effect because its influence is especially concrete. Neighborhood opinion

has in it a compelling quality that is lacking in the larger units, and applies to matters of everyday morals and behavior which these can never reach.

And the neighborhood is peculiarly in need of cultivation at the present time because it is that one of the concentric circles of human personality that is in danger of dropping out if conscious and effective means are not presently taken for its preservation.

The danger, like so many others that threaten our social life, arises from the crowding of our cities and the corresponding loneliness of our country districts, due to the great improvements in the art of agriculture. Country people now live so far apart that they cannot meet, and city people so near together that they cannot breathe. The former difficulty is being partly overcome by our modern space-annihilating contrivances; the latter is more stubborn and is reinforced by the absence of common interests and institutions.

A patch of city is not a political or industrial unit, and it is very difficult to build up in it a social life of any sort. Its institutions are not its own but those of the larger whole of which it is not a member, but merely a geographic section. The citizen's real associates may live two miles off, while he and his next neighbor never meet. Even the lodger on the next floor may marry, die, or move away, and the city dweller never be the wiser. If indeed he has real neighbors, even at a distance, the lack of local ties may be to a considerable extent made up. The social set, if he belongs to one, may replace the neighborhood, and in this matter of forming congenial alliances the city has a superiority in the larger choice it offers. Still, the real neighborhood has two great advantages: first that, as Chesterton says of the family, it includes all sorts of people, so that its

members have to put up with human nature in its normal variety; and secondly, that nobody, whether he wants to or not, gets quite left out. The danger, often realized, is that the city dweller may have no neighbors, or at least no neighborhood — no group of any sort in which he feels a membership — no immediate social atmosphere, no standard which holds him up and which he feels it his business to uphold. He easily becomes the man without a neighbor, almost as maimed a creature as the man without a country or the man without a home.

The loss of active participation in neighborhood affairs is the loss of what is in grown-up life the first, most intimate and concrete form of patriotism. The civic loyalties of the neighborless man are starved at the root for lack of content. To be a full-power citizen you must have worried about the condition of your own street, your local school, your particular branch of the sewer system. You must have joined with your neighbors in impassioned protest on the subject of garbage removal and fought against them for the suppression of their favorite nuisance. It is these direct experiences of the daily humble service of the working citizen that give perspective to your views on such comparatively simple matters as the tariff, the regulation of the trusts, and foreign war.

But the greatest injury to the individual from the atrophy of the neighborhood in modern life is through the loss of its reflex effect upon his own morality. Plato questions how far any man could be trusted if he were invisible. Such is precisely the case of the man without a neighborhood. He is to all intents and purposes invisible so far as effective check upon his conduct is concerned. Nobody sees him whom he need ever see again or whose opinion he has any motive to conciliate. The people of his own

street need know nothing of his life. There is nobody to whom he must give an account of himself or present a definite and comprehensible personality, no public opinion to which he is effectively amenable. Hawthorne, describing his consular experiences at Liverpool, gives an instance which he says is typical of many, of a respectable citizen going morally to pieces upon finding himself for the first time alone in a foreign city. It may be said that such a man, like Bernard Shaw's middle class English people, has had too much of the neighborhood, has relied upon the harness to hold him up, and acquired only respectability, not life or character. If so, the real trouble was that the neighborhood itself had gone to sleep for lack of membership, in its turn, in a larger and more stimulating whole. Indeed, Shaw himself says that the trouble with respectable people is their leading too private a life in too small a circle.

In any case it remains the fact that we all of us need a concrete social requirement to hold us up to the mark, to remind us even of our own ideals and help us to live up to them.

The neighborhood unit is so deep in us, has had so large a part in the conditions under which our social instinct took form, that we cannot live successfully without it. The life of our ancestors for many thousand years, which molded their character and traditions, was lived in villages. From the days of Tacitus and beyond, the village community was, next to the family, the social unit of the Germanic peoples — and of the other races also for that matter. The old life was fairly reproduced in the English village, with its close neighborhood, its common land, its village green, which in its turn was transplanted without material change, so far as neighborhood influences are concerned, to this country. The village community was the crucible of the

race, the soil in which it grew, its nest, its natural habitat, its second home, to which its social mind has reference. Our social tentacles feel about for it and can close so contentedly on nothing else. Some anthropologists indeed believe that the horde — the ancestor of the village in its earlier migratory stage before, like a barnacle, it attached itself to a particular locality — is older than the family itself.

As to the method of cultivating the neighborhood and the other normal units of membership in the child, it will include the means already described as appropriate to the school. But to each particular unit certain methods are especially appropriate. The neighborhood is peculiarly susceptible of expression in the form of play. The village green must have had a good share in its original creation, and in essentials the village green, even in our cities, can be revived — indeed, if we use all the resources at our command, it can in some essential aspects be surpassed.

Play should accordingly often take forms that represent the neighborhood and receive neighborhood recognition. There should be neighborhood ball teams, neighborhood dances, concerts, plays, entertainments. Dramatics are an especially valuable and effective form of neighborhood occasion. Neighbors I have reason to believe can get together even on a sand beach to dance, play games, and generally to disport themselves on moonlight nights, regardless of age and apparent social or physical incapacity — even of such discouragements as the increasing depth and wetness of the sand and inability to hear the distant sorely thumped piano. Come let us play with our neighbors should be added to Froebel's famous exhortation concerning our children.

The school is already becoming, and will become still more, the center of neighborhood revival, and will thus restore for its children the lost unit of membership, the social

setting in which they can best grow, the all-embracing, definite, and conscious social standard, the lack of which is their present greatest educational disadvantage.

The battle with the slum is not primarily a battle against the obvious evils of drink, overcrowding, immorality, and bad sanitary arrangements. These are the evidences that the slum exists. The thing itself is not a positive but a negative phenomenon. The slum is what is left when from an aggregate of people living together you subtract the local personality. It is the body of a dead neighborhood, and what happens to it is simply the normal result of death in any organism. Every social environment that is not a neighborhood is essentially a slum. Its consistency has become that of the shifting soil of the desert. It is here that the school may act as the pioneer plant, the broom or scrub pine that sends its roots out through the shifting mass and gives it its first coherence, making it in time a true soil in which other things can grow.

Next to the neighborhood the trade is the unit of membership most neglected in our modern life. The guild, artel, brotherhood of workers in the same calling, was an early creation of the belonging instinct, and one of great importance. With its professional ideal of workmanship, making the honor of the calling, not the market alone, the standard, it stood for the artistic element in useful work. It represents the play standard, the ideal of beauty and craftsmanship, the elements of rhythm and creation, as superior to the hunger or purely bread-and-butter motive.

And the guild has stood for making good also. It has especially insisted upon the public nature of true work. The guild brother was, as such, a citizen, and recognized the civic responsibility of his calling. He stuck to his last not, as Plato advises, because he was merely a workman

and had nothing to do with public matters, but because for the very reason that he was a workman he exercised a public function and had a duty to his fellow citizens. It was no accident that the guilds played a great part in the political as well as the artistic life of the free cities out of which our modern democracy has grown.

The sort of place occupied by the guilds is taken by our professional organizations of the present day. Our lawyers' and doctors' associations, in upholding the scientific standard of their respective callings, attacking abuses of practice, appearing before legislative committees to advocate laws simplifying legal machinery or curtailing the activities of the microbe, — thus cutting off their own means of subsistence, — persisting in this course in spite of public misunderstanding and the attacks of the less scrupulous members of their own professions and others interested in the perpetuation of the evils aimed at, show themselves true public servants and true professionals who realize for us to-day the higher attributes of calling.

Trade unions take a different place. Occupied primarily with the relation of the worker not to his work but to his employer, they represent an economic rather than a professional interest. A professional standard is not, however, wholly absent from their intention, and may become more prominent as time goes on, although there is, in the absence from our modern callings of artistic or scientific expression, a permanent obstacle to such development.

Vocation may become a solid ground of membership in a different way, namely, through coöperation. Sir Horace Plunkett, who has been the most successful social architect of our time, has encouraged industrial and financial coöperation among the peasantry of Ireland largely as a means toward a better social and political coöperation, and has

advised a similar beginning as a means of overcoming the extreme individualism which is the chief barrier to social progress among our own country people in America. The future of coöperation is indeed the future of industrial membership, of true concrete socialism.

Coming now to the units of political membership: the town or city, the county, and the state are the most important as organs of internal policy, the nation as embodying relations to the world outside. The town, as the descendant of the ancient village community, the county, and the nation have deep historic roots which however it is the province rather of the sociologist than of the educator to trace.

The method of cultivating the town, city, county, state, and nation as living personalities in the child's heart is largely a matter of precipitating existing sentiment in the form of clear conception and definite resolve. Political ideals easily become abstract. What is needed is to teach concrete ideas of service, to give the child a notion of just where he fits. Many children leave school with the idea that they would like to die for their country, and with a real readiness to do so, who yet exemplify their patriotism only by trying to live at its expense.

One thing we can do is to inculcate the idea that in the city or nation, as in every other team, the first duty of the member is to hold up his end. Support yourself, and your family when you have one, pull your weight, do in the first place your daily humdrum work; this is a part of your service to the state, indeed the most essential part. Here we come again across the guild idea. Dr. Kirschensteiner of Munich, the distinguished exponent of the value of continuation schools, writes that their best effect is in teaching patriotism; "Do it for Germany, do good work in order that German goods may be the best and that the Father-

land may prosper" is their most important lesson. It is this sort of teaching that makes patriotism concrete, produces real citizens, brings to its full life in the child this most important form of membership.

Of course the concrete duties of citizenship in the narrower sense should also be taught in school, especially in the higher grades in connection with the study of history and of the methods of government and public action. Something is accomplished by showing the child just what his civic duties are going to be so that his patriotic intention may learn early to close upon them and not evaporate in noble sentiment. Royce's question "*When* were you patriotic?" is worth suggesting.

But in developing political membership in children the appeal to the imagination is always the important method. Every means should be taken of making vivid the city, state, and nation as living beings. Our children should feel, like the citizen of Florence, the beat of "the grand heart of the commune." We should present to them Milton's vision of the commonwealth as "a huge Christian personality as compact of virtue as a body, the growth and stature of an honest man."

To this end we must make much use of symbols. Flag worship may be overdone, but it is founded on a true psychology. Children must know our shrines and sacred places, our Old South, Old State House, Faneuil Hall; our Valley Forge, Mount Vernon, Concord Bridge; if not by visits, then by descriptions, colored prints, and photographs.

We must preserve and dignify our monuments, erect our public buildings in a spirit of reverence for the commonwealth for whose perfection we travail, however feebly and imperfectly, as the civic and religious associations of the

Middle Ages labored at the cathedrals that have ennobled their cities for all time. The child should be helped to carry his city and his country with him in imagination, and these should be made capable of visualization, for this reason. The Swiss are the proverbially homesick people because their country has more feature than another. There is more of it in the memory to be missed. It was not for nothing that Athens had her Acropolis and her Long Walls, with Parnassus behind and the opalescent Ægean, "the wine-colored sea," in front. The Athenian wherever he went could see his beloved city in his mind's eye, and showed his gratitude by adorning it as no piece of the earth's surface has been adorned before or since. St. Paul's, Westminster, the Tower, London Bridge, have done much to create London and hold it together in spite of its bewildering political confusion and enormous size. English authors who like Dickens have known and described their city with familiar affection have added greatly to its personality. The local political unit should for this reason be of convenient visualizing size. The county will never be as well governed as the town because it can never be so well imagined. A state or nation is a different case, because there we frankly resort to symbolism, and because what is lost in handiness of size is gained in majesty. We see the nation as the largest extension of ourself, the final apotheosis of the gang against the background of an outside and partly alien world.

City and nation must be embodied, and their ideal extension illustrated, in human personality. Every city of Greece had its figure of the Koré or virgin — her Parthenon, or virgin's temple, being Athens' contribution to this cult — and its divine protector. The temple of Poseidon standing alone amid the grass and brambles still tells what the city of Pæstum meant to its busy throngs. And every old

town in Europe has its Madonna or its patron saint — the latter often being its ancient bishop beloved for his local patriotism. We do well to tell our children the stories of those heroes in whom the country has reached its fullest incarnation, touched its present high-water mark in courage, dignity, humanity. America's greatest assimilative power to-day is the great heart of Lincoln. In him the poorest immigrant, the smallest child, feels something of what our country longs to be.

And we must make as vivid as we can those times, as in the revolt of the colonies, the winning of the West, the uprising of the North, in which the Nation itself emerges, and walks the earth almost as a visible personality.

We form the city, state, and nation in the child's mind as we form the school, as the gang instinctively learns to form itself — by symbol, story, song, and prophecy — by making real its past and future and its living present.

This making the political unit live in the child's heart is important not purely that the child may help to make a great nation, but also that the working within him of a great nation may make the child. For, more than all other educational influences, it is in truth the nation that makes the citizen. His country is the tree on which he grows. Its living demand upon him is the most important non-hereditary element in character. When Mutius Scævola burnt his hand off in the flame, it was Rome in him giving her answer to the foreign king who thought to frighten her. Athens made the Athenians. She demanded heroes, poets, sculptors, men of genius; she yearned and travailed for these, required them to fulfill her purposes, dreamed beforehand the things they were to do. They rounded out the body which her soul implied. She was afire with the beauty

and wonder of the universe; and within her four walls no citizen escaped the flame. Phidias, Plato, Sophocles, are voices of a civic personality the most intense the world has ever seen.

And to ennoble the child the city, the nation, must itself be noble. Its spirit must be such as, living in his heart, will require nobility of him. It is to the ennobling of the state in all its manifestations that we, the citizens of to-day, should consecrate our lives.

These various memberships and the others in home, gang, school, that we have previously spoken of are not extras in human life, but belong to its very substance. They are the threads upon which human character is strung, — the braces, the stays, or rather the roots running out in different directions and keeping the individual's personality in place. It is by preparation for taking their part in these that we can best insure for our children continued life and growth.

CHAPTER XLIII

GIRLS

UP to the age of loyalty what I have said about the play of children applies to boys and girls pretty much alike. During the dramatic age girls care more for dolls and boys more for soldiers — and this not wholly because in our treatment of each we assume that such will be their preference. Of girls during the Big Injun age it may be said that they are *less so*. There is of course great variety among both boys and girls in their presentation of the characteristics of this strenuous period; but on the average the girls represent a milder case.

The great practical conclusion of those who have made the best study of girls during the Big Injun age is that it is best they should have it thoroughly. Every girl should play with boys and should be encouraged to be as much of a boy as possible. She should learn to give and take, to accept defeat and hard knocks without crying or having her feelings hurt or becoming tragic over it. She should even carry the experience of the Big Injun age so far as to acquire a rudimentary sense of justice, a quality not necessarily detracting from the eternal feminine. In short, a girl should be a tomboy during the tomboy age, and the more of a tomboy she is, the better. From eight to thirteen is indeed, according to the best authorities, the critical age with girls, and not, as is generally supposed, the period of the early teens; because it is during the earlier period that the issues of the later one are practically decided. If a

girl does not become a good sport before she is fourteen, she never will, but will be condemned to premature young-ladyhood. She ought, indeed, to secure the best results, to be caught somewhere about the age of eight, or ten at the latest. Of course we must, here again, beware of adhesions to a passing phase. It is not a perpetual tomboy we are trying to produce, but the enduring values that are to be acquired during that period.

The athletic capacity of girls under fourteen is in most directions about equal to that of boys. At the age of twelve or thirteen they can usually beat boys of the same age, particularly in the running games. Pole vaulting, throwing or handling heavy weights, races longer than a hundred yards, have been classed by good authorities as bad for little girls, basket ball and field hockey as doubtful. But with caution in regard to these forms of exercise there is not much that boys do that is not good for girls also at this period. Especially appropriate are the running games, both of the chasing class like tag, hill dill, prisoners' base, and of the more developed hunting and stalking variety like I spy and white men and Indians. It is in the short runs especially that girls show their athletic superiority, but games are better and safer than track athletics. Baseball is a good game for girls. They are said to lack the boy's throwing instinct, but it requires a professional to know the difference; certainly some girls can throw farther than most boys. Climbing is good, and Dr. Sargent has pointed out that women do at least as well as men in professional gymnastics; both in truth are descended from the same family tree and show an instinctive reminiscence of it. Girls certainly take more than boys do to the skipping games, such as jump rope and hop scotch, which seem to form a sort of instinctive preparatory course for dancing.

Girls up to thirteen or fourteen are much like boys; but then there comes a parting of the ways. Just when the boys take their great start toward becoming men, girls take an equally definite turn toward womanhood. The boy of sixteen is in every form of athletic ability vastly ahead of his Big Injun younger brother; he is already a man while the other is still a boy. In the same way the girl of sixteen is a woman while her sister of thirteen is still a child; but in athletic ability her sister is as likely as not ahead of her. [People who have to do with girls of this age, especially during the years from fourteen to sixteen, often complain that they take no interest in anything active, in remarkable contrast with their brothers, who at the same period can take no serious interest in anything else. The girl's development, whatever else may be true of it, is evidently not to be, to an extent at all comparable with that of boys, through participation in strenuous athletic games. Some forms of athletics indeed are especially injurious to her. It seems to be true that extreme competition, whether in basket ball or other strenuous forms of athletics, is in this class.

On the other hand it is a mistake to suppose that a girl of fourteen should suddenly give up all athletic sports and be relegated to a purely stationary existence with no outlet for emotion, and no means of growth except of a sedentary sort. There still survives in her something of the Big Injun spirit of competition, though in a less extreme degree than in her brother, and there are many ways in which it can be beneficially indulged.

Ball games especially seem to agree with girls, if indeed they did not originate with them. Nausikaa, it will be remembered, was a ball player, and Atalanta was so addicted to that form of sport that she lost her most famous race through her instinct to follow the ball. Newell tells

us in his "Games and Songs of American Children" that ball was regarded among the Romans as especially a woman's game and that during the Middle Ages it is mentioned as such by Walther von der Vogelweide. Baseball itself is given by Miss Austen in "Northanger Abbey" as a favorite recreation of her heroine. It is, to be sure, the less serious, more romping, sort of ball games that appeal most to the majority of girls when left to their own instincts. Baseball, not quite at its most intense; its reincarnation in the earlier, less scientific but livelier form of what is beginning to be called "squash ball" (originally rounders); tennis, shinny, volley ball; basket ball (women's rules), the players being duly examined and carefully watched, are good games for this age. So are all the running games in which competition has not acquired the tradition of internecine fierceness that characterizes boys' high school and college sports. Most of the small children's games—including a hundred forms that we have lost, in which there is an element of song and drama—were originally the games of grown society. Some of them, as for instance tag and a species of hill dill, were played by the court ladies of Queen Elizabeth, and I believe that big girls and women would take to them to-day if they were introduced in our high schools and colleges.

It should be remembered in all athletic competition for girls over fourteen that though it is still one of the forms in which they get their growth, it is not so nearly the all-inclusive form as it is with boys, that the instinct for competition is less fierce in them than in their brothers, and that as one result they are more easily saturated with it. A girl gets overtrained, gets working on her nerve and conscience, looking green and thin, under a course of training on which a boy of the same age would grow fat. It is

not excess of mere physical exercise that produces this result, — women are said to be, in this respect, at least as enduring as men — the trouble with them is that physical competition is not so nearly their sole instinctive business in life, and that they cannot live on it so well.

Big girls, over fourteen, ought, all the same, to keep on with their running and throwing games; and they will keep on if they get a good start during the tomboy age. They will be especially likely to do so if such games become the fashion as they now bid fair to do. But the competition should not be of the very fiercest sort. If girls play interscholastic games, they must not be backed by that hysteria on the part of the graduates which boys are subjected to. Girls ought to laugh and squeal over their games, not play them in the dogged spirit characteristic of young men's competition.

Climbing is still good for big girls. Shinning up a rope, indeed, seems to be included in all gymnastic courses especially arranged for them. Other exercises favorably regarded by the experts include rowing, paddling, coasting, skiing — which should certainly be encouraged if only for the joy of the bystanders in the wingless victory effect. Walking is always spoken of as a good exercise, as no doubt it is; and the fact is important, as it is in most places almost the only outdoor kind that girls can take during a great part of the year. Of course it is better where there is up and down hill, some running and climbing in it, and something to see that nourishes the soul.

Swimming is always mentioned as excellent for girls. Mermaids are to this day more common than mermen, and there are girls who seem born to this profession, having among other advantages an apparent imperviousness to cold. And yet I always suspect that the praise given to

this exercise by those who approach the subject from the physiological side is somewhat exaggerated. I cannot believe that a pursuit that is not a game and in which exhaustion proceeds as much from loss of heat as from muscular exertion can ever have the highest value for body or mind.

The traditional exercise for grown girls of course is dancing. Among little girls dancing should not be given so prominent a place as to divert the current of the tomboy age; at no age should solo performances be taught or dances naturally producing soloists; social dancing should be confined to wholesome hours. But within these limitations girls can hardly dance too much; and the more tired they are when the day's work is over, the better will dancing be for them.

Girls like dancing better than any other form of play, and their instinct is not at fault. Folk dancing combines many elements of expression and, when so developed as to give room for originality, affords a wider avenue of growth than perhaps any other form of play of either sex. Dancing is musiké and gymnastiké in one, giving combined satisfaction in the form of gesture, drama, rhythm. It has the physiological merits of the best gymnastics, produces the exhilarating effect that comes from calling out all the physical resources in a natural way. The body is the earliest and still the most instinctive instrument of expression, the free command of which gives the deepest artistic satisfaction and also in its highest degree the sort of joy in mastery that a musician gets from handling his bow. Dancing is the first of the arts and the most intimate, parent of all the rest, and for the great majority of people the most available. It is the inmost circle of emotional expression, the first and most exuberant utterance of the joy of life.¹

¹ See "The Healthful Art of Dancing," by Luther H. Gulick.

The folk dances have already proved their superiority to the so-called æsthetic dances that appeared in this country at about the same time, for the reason that they are more firmly planted upon instinct, are more expressive, are in short a truer form of art. It is to be hoped that we shall adopt a few of the best of them until they are played on all the hurdy-gurdies and danced in all our streets. Their point of introduction into "society" will be perhaps as figures in the German.

Parenthetically it may be said that, though dancing is especially necessary for girls, it is instinctive in boys also, and might perhaps be equally important to them if they had not so many other means of growth. As it is, the especially masculine dances, the Highland fling, hornpipe, buck and wing, attract boys and men, can easily be cultivated, and ought to be so.

Dancing has the prosaic but most practical advantage of being a great economizer of space. It is not only the best play for girls over fourteen; but is a kind they can actually get, not only in the country, but everywhere. Dancing can be carried on not only in schools and halls and playgrounds, but in the home. In our country it has moreover the incidental but not inconsiderable merit of drawing the families of our immigrants together, showing the children that there is something in the Old World knowledge of their parents that the New World cares to know.

Skating is a form of dancing, and a particularly beautiful form, both as rhythm, as visual poetry, and as a direct bodily expression of emotion. It is praised by the experts as physically an especially good exercise for girls. It also stands at the very head of present playground provision in our northern cities because of the amount of fun, exercise, health, and human expression obtained per hour from a

given area. No other form of play is so remunerative. Roller skating is of course a poor second, but it is a great and valuable resource to children in our cities and a potent reason for the extension of asphalt pavement.

Every form of artistic expression is good for girls. Music is perhaps the most important, and no girl should be allowed to grow up without a moderate proficiency in singing, or in playing some musical instrument, if it is only the accordion or the Jew's-harp, unless she is able to show an effective substitute in the way of drawing or painting. Dancing, some literary taste, and the habit of reading aloud should be required of all. There should be much story-telling in the school and on the playground as well as in the home; and every girl (and boy too, for that matter) should be taught some home games, including checkers.

Very deep in woman is the instinct of adornment; and a most available art, one which has been as highly developed as any, and on which more money is annually spent than on all the rest combined, is that of dressmaking. Every girl should know how to dress becomingly and should take joy in doing so. Subordinate arts of sewing and embroidery should to a great extent have this motive back of them. Their teaching will both release a power of expression and emancipate from foreign fashion-makers and the monstrosities they now impose upon us.

Particularly important to girls is the dramatic art. In them especially should be cultivated the habit of acting charades and little dramas, giving dramatic sketches of plays they have seen, stories they have read, historical scenes that they are interested in. Interest should be centered upon showing the story to the audience, not on showing off yourself. Above all, the excellent performance should be avoided; it is a receipt for bringing the nerves of

all concerned to the breaking point and destroying all natural joy of expression. When the boys and girls get far enough along to really care about some dramatist, when they have an enthusiasm for Shakespeare, then indeed it will be safe to let them see what they can do with him to bring conviction to their friends and fellow pupils.

In order that girls may get the benefit of theatricals it is essential to catch them before the self-conscious age; somewhere from eleven to thirteen is perhaps the crucial period; certainly after fourteen it will be too late.

How far does the team sense exist in girls? Hitherto in this discussion of girls of the age of loyalty this main question has been left out. It is a question on which we have not yet data for a very satisfactory answer. Girls show as much of the belonging instinct as boys in the ring games of the dramatic age. They show much the same gregarious tendency — with about an equal capacity or incapacity to combine — as boys do during the Big Injun age, and acquire during that period something of the same rough training in the elements of just competition. Girls have certainly as much loyalty to the home as boys have, and it is customarily put to much severer tests. They are as loyal in friendship and possess as great a capacity for it.

But when we come to the team proper, or to the gang — to the pack of young creatures running instinctively together or combining in the achievement of a common enterprise — the matter is more doubtful. Diana and her nymphs were certainly a team, even a gang. The Amazons are another example; but these latter, as their name implies, were hardly feminine and should perhaps be cited on the other side. Upon the whole it seems certain that the team sense in girls is not so strong as it is in boys, while, on the

other hand, I am sure that it exists, because I have known instances of it.

And as a practical matter the existence of the team sense is the important thing. If girls have this sense it certainly ought to be developed. Whether they vote or not, women are citizens and are certain to exert a great influence upon government. And the better the civic sense is developed in them, the better citizens they will be, and the better influence they will exert. Women have lacked skill in fulfilling the wider and less personal relations. Their loyalty is apt to be narrow, rigid, too much attached to particular individuals and particular forms. It needs training in the art of holding to the ideal image of a social body while remaining open-minded as to the means of realizing it, in seeing the cause as something greater than the leader, the essence as more enduring than the form. To see your personal choice for captain put aside and yet play the game with your whole heart, to find merit even in your opponent, and especially in your rival for influence within your own team, to learn that there are other heroes and other causes besides your own, are lessons that would not be thrown away upon the average woman, and that can be learned nowhere so thoroughly as in team play during the team play age.

And then the development of the power to belong is important not for ulterior reasons alone. Like all the powers developed under the direction of the play instincts, its value is direct and ultimate. The tempered loyalty of the true member, the trained ability to conceive and promote a common personality, — whether in the home, in the city or state, or otherwise, — is an essential faculty of human nature.

Here again the tomboy theory is important, for tomboydom lasts an appreciable distance into the team age. This

age, which begins in boys at about eleven, should by analogy with other signs of growth show itself in girls a little earlier. Young-ladyhood on the other hand starts at about fourteen. So there are nearly three years for good hard team play before this latter stage begins. To learn during these precious years to be a good team mate and a good comrade is for any girl an educational experience that will bear fruit through her whole life and in more than one relation. It is what we have had of this hard team play of boys and girls together that more than anything else has given us the American girl, — the best of our productions thus far.

CHAPTER XLIV

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE age of loyalty, more especially the second part of it, from about fourteen on, is the age of differentiation, including the marked differentiation of the sexes. The interest of each sex in the other also becomes accentuated at this time, — in boys perhaps a little later, near the end of the gang period, say at about sixteen.

Not but what there have been symptoms in both cases very much earlier. It is said — though I know of no reliable statistics on the subject — that most boys fall violently in love — usually with a lady of twenty-five or thereabouts — before they are ten years old, and break their hearts over imagined slights from the unconscious object of their devotion. And most of them, at any given period of their career, know some little girl whom they think particularly nice, or some bigger girl whom they worship at a distance. The sentimental history of little girls is, I believe, somewhat the same.

In boys of the gang age there is, to be sure, a certain sex antagonism — at least there is a tendency in the gang itself to tease the girls and affect to despise them. This tendency may be the reverse side of sex attraction, or the future Benedick's instinctive defense against it, such as furnishes the theme of so many romances from *Beauty and the Beast* down. It is more marked in the gang as a whole than in its several members, who may in their private capacity be

very soft each upon some particular damsel, though they would rather die than own it. Still the tendency does exist. It is in the gang that the man's man is produced, with his condescending attitude toward womankind, from which some men, and even all the men of some races, never wholly recover.

But when the new age comes, at sixteen or thereabouts, all trace of sex antagonism vanishes, for the time at least. This is the period when the youth becomes suddenly anxious about his clothes, shines at both ends, in boots and neckties, brushes his hair without being told, and even keeps his hands clean. Up to this time there was no use speaking to him about his nails; now there is no necessity.

The girls, on their side, undergo much the same transformation, though the symptoms are somewhat different; and if pains are not taken to give them other resources, their interest, if not stronger, is apt to be more absorbing.

Hence there arises from both sides the desire of boys and girls to play together; and although there is not, as in the case of the other play instincts, any need of encouraging this tendency, there is great need of its guidance, and this not merely for the prevention of harm but still more for the securing of the great good that ought to come from it. Our problem is how to keep this great force of nature, the mutual attraction of the sexes, to its true task of producing strength and beauty.

The first thing for us to remember is that this mutual attraction is not one but many things. Its issue is all the way from the worst to the best we know. If it has produced much of the evil in the world, — if it is so high an explosive that the spiritual doctors in many ages have forbidden it to the holy and to the carefully nurtured young, — it is also the source of the best things in life. True love is the

dearest possession of the race. Its presence would redeem a world of ugliness. Romance is of the stuff that makes life worth living — partakes of the ultimate, of what the rest is for.

Sex attraction is never simple. It is not merely all things to all men, it is apt to be a great many things to each man, whenever it happens to him.

In the first place no major instinct ever acts alone. Human nature is a sounding board, which when one note is struck gives forth sympathetic vibrations, discords, harmonies, overtones. This note especially is so deep in us that there is very little in our nature that its awakening may not touch. The instinct of the chase is aroused in pursuit of the flying nymph. The fighting instinct, enlisted in supplanting rivals, may be stronger than the original motive and sometimes survives it. Where Venus is present Mars is not often far away. George Eliot says there is always something maternal even in a girlish love. Again, at the heart of true love there is a David and Jonathan relation of pure friendship — *camaraderie* — a marriage of the qualities held in common, supplementing that of opposing attributes — a relation illuminated by the *hetairai* of Athens, in whom it seems to have been specialized, and who, in this essential respect, seem to have been more wives than the wives of that emphatically man-ruled city. There is further in the social intercourse of boys and girls a large element of pure gregariousness. A crowd of them at a ball game is not very different from one made up of the boy undergraduates alone. In short, love itself, as the gossip concerning Venus has long suggested, is very susceptible, and always brings other emotions in its train.

Then in both boy and girl, especially in the girl, the awakening of this feeling is so associated with the whole

awakening of life that it is hard to say where the desire to live leaves off and that for love begins. To get into the game, to drink deep of the cup, to spend and be spent, to have lived and loved, to know the joy and beauty of life, its heights and depths — in some such formless way to every young creature comes the great vital impulse.

Girls coming out in society are well named buds. It is the budding power of Mother Nature that is in them. It is the universal power of life and growth, the strongest power there is, that they are charged with. How far this force is committed to one form of discharge or another is different in every case, and in every case is difficult to know; but that the form varies much according to suggestion and opportunity is unquestionable, and constitutes our great responsibility.

Besides being attended by other impulses, the love instinct itself is not a simple one. Romantic love is something quite different from mere desire, and has as much influence in checking as in producing it. Romeo's love for Juliet kills his feeling for Rosaline, not merely as having a different object, but as being in its essence an opposing force.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever-fixéd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

The truth is that in this matter of the mating of human beings, even in its simplest terms, we encounter a larger emotional phenomenon than that of sex alone. There are other motives present in the very passion itself that materially affect the whole relation. It is true that the different elements are fused, act all as one.

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.

But the resulting sentiment is aimed at something different from mere reproduction. With the advent of romantic love there came a new thing into the world.

This deeper, more lasting, element in human love has solid biological foundation. Its absence, indeed, would have made a controlling factor of our life inexplicable. Without it the whole phenomenon of infancy, with its corollary of growth through play, which has caused the rise of man and of the higher animals above their myriad competitors, could not exist. Infancy depends upon the home, maintained by a monogamous pair who feed, shelter, and defend their young during their period of helplessness. But to create the home, to build the nest and sustain the loyalty of the male through the long infancy of the offspring, there was required an emotional basis far deeper than that which had sufficed for less permanent relations. This great phenomenon of infancy, nature's latest biological invention, responsible in the main for man's supremacy, is the creature of the nobler elements of human love. The lover is, biologically speaking, the decisive element in human progress.

Our practical problem is how to develop the best in this relation among the vast possibilities that it contains.

The solution is partly quantitative. There cannot be too much true love in the world, but there is such a thing

as too much love-making; it is not properly a routine occupation, and if too steadily pursued will generate more emotion that can be safely handled.

In part the way to escape this danger is, as we all know, by creating a diversion, providing other occupations and pursuits. This motive is largely behind the modern belief in athletics. It created the Muscular Christianity of Thomas Hughes' day, from which we still benefit, and is partly embodied in the Y. M. C. A. It is also largely responsible for school extension, for boys' and girls' clubs, social centers, and all sorts of neighborhood and recreational development.

Athletics for girls have not the same instinctive basis as in the case of boys, and can never take anything like the same place. Hard romping games may nevertheless greatly benefit girls in the matter of emotional stability, as in every other way. The tomboy survives in the level head and sense of proportion of the later period.

From this quantitative point of view, the question is one of maintaining due proportion. Everybody is familiar with Leigh Hunt's advice to young ladies that they should keep a debit and credit account — balancing so many hours crying over a novel by a proportionate time given to sweeping the floor or other less harrowing pursuits — and the advice is good.

But there are more intimate ways of dealing with the problem. A purely quantitative treatment will not meet the case. The emotional life of a girl of sixteen cannot find adequate expression in the romping of a very super-tomboy. It must have a more relevant outlet. [Besides, what we mainly want to do is not to sidetrack emotion but to preserve and utilize it.] We want not Amazons, nor even a succession of Dianas and attendant nymphs, but the development of all that nature gives. The lamentable thing is

not so much the evil that exists as the good that fails. Even our dance halls stand, upon the whole, for romance — the incorrigible romance of the human race. The greater evil is not in what they lead to but in what they leave out — in the lost chance for a finer relation, a deeper poetry.

A good prescription in the case of boys is the direct encouragement of romance. Every boy, before he becomes too wise to take them seriously, should read Scott and Lorna Doone. The better sort of love songs, like the Scotch ballads, are good at any age.

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

Burns may not have been a model of virtue in his own life, but he could state the case in a way to make the blank prose of mere sensuousness abhorrent. We want romance because we are made that way, and beauty is its own excuse for being; but Pegasus, in this case, can pull a cart if need be — and beat all cart horses and other motors at the game. There is no better police power than romantic love. As a mere question of safety it is a good investment. Nothing will make a lower satisfaction look more flat and tawdry than a remembered boyish ideal.

With girls, I am credibly informed, the case is different. They have as a rule too much rather than too little of romance, and can be trusted to have enough of it.

Then there is novel reading. It is a remarkable fact, and I think a notable confirmation of my theory that love-making is many things, that we can safely play with this emotion to an almost unlimited extent as presented in good literature. Of the millions of novels read every year (counting each one each time) the effect of those which deal with

the matter in a right spirit is beneficial. And good literature, especially in the form of novels, in which it is most likely to be consumed, is of great importance in our problem. After all, the chief intercourse of human beings is in the form of talk, and the best gift to any set of young people is something worth while to talk about: the heaviest indictment of war is still, as Madame De Staël complained, that it spoils conversation. One instinctively sympathizes with the man who proposed because he could not think of anything else to say; and after they have said "Hello," exchanged a few inquiries about the latest dance or ball game, and executed the then prevailing jest, what — under the yellow light of our present written dispensation — is there left for boys and girls to say? The idle tongue — though idle, never still — is a more dangerous member than the idle hand. And what worthy occupation can it find among the prevailing interests of our young folks at the present time? I put novel reading high as a beneficial agent in this matter.

The pursuit which, above all others, is of specific value as directly satisfying the need of emotional expression is the cultivation of the different forms of art: literature, painting, music, dancing, theatricals. Some people think that all art is sexual, and certainly all the arts afford a ready channel for this emotion. Many a masterpiece has been wrought out in the heat of a great passion. Singing, poetry, and other forms of music, are love's native tongue. Every bird has a love song, and every one in love, or at the special period of love, has a need to sing, and must suffer almost physical pain, lacking that form of utterance. The visual arts also are a cryptogram of the emotions, affording a satisfaction as real as it is inexplicable. Acting is another natural channel. We must cultivate in our boys and girls

every form of art for which we find capacity, and we must cease from stifling. Song is as natural to a young creature of our own species as to a bird; but it is lost to us through the inhibitions of a too critical civilization. We must restore this natural voice — if in cultivated form, so much the better, but in some form at all events. The monotonous chant of the Spanish peasant girl, even the frank, unquestioning bellow of the young Italian, is better than our artificial, clodlike silence.

But though I urge its usefulness in helping us to deal with a troublesome situation, do not let us cultivate art in a utilitarian spirit. Apollo, if we have won his favor, may be willing to set the muses to police duty, and to lend a hand himself. But he must first be rightly invoked. Beauty must be loved for its own sake, not for what we can make out of it.

We must not indeed forget that art may be a stimulant, may excite more than it satisfies. Just what determines which effect shall predominate — and so leaves a balance on one side or the other of the account — we must presently consider.

But ways of sidetracking emotion, or of working it into those forms of beauty toward which it tends, do not make a complete system for dealing with this mutual relation. Nature intended that boys and girls should play together, and no system of play education is satisfactory in which there is not large and suitable provision for this purpose.

There are just now in this country certain conditions that make the need of such provision especially acute. First, there is something which I suppose has never existed in the world before, namely, the exclusive society of those under twenty years old — a separate civilization, with its own

laws, customs, and public opinion, made up wholly of the immature. This condition is due partly to immigration. Children of immigrants, becoming wage earners at the age of fourteen — picking up our language and some of our customs, neither of which their parents understand — often become virtually the head of the family, learn to despise their father and mother on account of their helplessness and their old-fashioned ways, and get pretty thoroughly out of their control. Another cause is in the false individualism which sees the child not as a member of the family unit, but as an independent social entity.

[There is also the real need to fly the nest that comes at about the age we are considering. Girls especially, in homes in which the parents have not abdicated, are usually given too little freedom, — a condition not improved by the fact that others have far too much, — and for these especially there is a moral need of escaping from their mothers' apron strings. And no freedom, conferred at home, can be quite enough. You cannot get the full experience of swimming even on a perfectly slack line.

The place for this emancipation, however, is not in the play of boys and girls together. There is room enough for it in what they do separately, in the school and on the playground, both individually and in team play. Our exclusive boy and girl society is neither normal nor necessary, and we should not submit to it. Older people, in this country especially, are much too shy in approaching those august social circles in which their children move. We must learn to be less bashful, to have our own dances and invite our children to them, and to insist upon attending theirs. There are some purely social advantages in such an innovation. In fact true society, in the more specially festive sense, will never come into being until the existing stratification is

broken through. Some of the most enjoyable parties I personally ever attended were at a house where they had the courage of their convictions upon this subject, and where the ages usually ranged from about eight to eighty.

A second reason why this problem just now needs special attention is in the changing status of women, from one based on the family alone to one derived largely from a direct individual relation to the industrial and political community, as a result of which it is impossible to handle our problem wholly through the family relation. The family is not dead yet, and will not die so long as there is anything of human nature left in man. We must continue to act largely through home influence; but we must also act outside the family, and for that purpose must draw on the same force that has kept pure our family life. We must mobilize the mothers — turn loose upon society as a whole that surplus of maternal instinct that is left over through its lessened sphere at home.

In some ways we already sufficiently recognize the importance of this problem of the play of boys and girls together. What is technically known as "society" seems indeed, in this country, to be founded on nothing else, and to present its huge annual sacrifice of dinners, dresses, and balls, as a perfect hecatomb to Venus and Hymen acting in partnership. But there are other things that need to be done, and some things which society permits that need to be undone, before we can be said to have made reasonable provision in this matter.

In the first place boys and girls should play together in other ways than dancing. The years between fourteen and sixteen for girls, and between sixteen and eighteen for boys, are the most critical in this relation, and they precede the proper age of steady party going. During these years, as well as subse-

quently, much of their music, especially singing, and much of their theatricals, can profitably be carried on together.

And boys and girls ought to play games together during this period. The equal athletic comradeship of the Big Injun age cannot indeed survive. The girl falls too rapidly behind to admit of the continuance of exactly that relation, while the boy now cares most for such games as football, in which she cannot possibly compete. Still there remain golf, tennis, even baseball, in which some girls can beat most boys, while with equal training many girls could come near enough in skill to the average boy to make it interesting. And there are plenty of games of the second rank in which equal prowess is not important. I have known the captain of a college football team to be thoroughly interested in games of prisoners' base, in which girls took part, simply as games, and to strive most strenuously to win; and I have a similar reminiscence of "robbers and policemen" and of "new I spy." In such games as these, in which numbers are not fixed, every additional player helps in proportion to his ability. In those I have spoken of there were, besides the big girls, children down to the age of eight or ten, by no means to be despised in such departments of the game as guarding prisoners or making runs. And such mixing of ages as well as sexes is most desirable.

The minor games are also available in this connection, like three deep and like "the handkerchief game" — in which you stand in a ring and throw a handkerchief from one to another, while a player in the middle tries to catch it — which boys and girls will play together almost endlessly. Finally there are the hundred or more semi-dramatic games played by the children of this country fifty years ago, many of which still survive, and the best of which — being in their origin games of society and of the more cultivated

part of society at that — might well, as suggested in the last chapter, be restored to their original use.

Grown people — the young married people and the married or unmarried people who are not so young — can do much in this needed rejuvenation of their juniors. Indeed they will have to take the lead. Very young people are far too solemn in their social observances, and far too much afraid of departing by a single inch from the straight and narrow way laid down in the fashions of their own immediate circle, to take any important steps in that direction. We ancients shall have to start the play ourselves and show them how.

But whatever may be done in the way of singing and acting and games, the great play of boys and girls together is dancing, and always will be, so long as that form of amusement is permitted. And dancing will always be a critical matter. It is a form of recreation that must be carefully guarded, that, for the sake both of safety and of successful art, requires favorable conditions. I speak especially of dances in which the boy holds his partner. Hands off is a wise old rule. Physical contact marks a danger line; and late developments in this kind of dancing go far to justify the fears of those who have always set their face against it. A well-established convention may, however, do much to lessen such danger. Personally I believe that the waltz, properly danced, has been not only safe but in most instances a means of safety, as providing a normal and artistic satisfaction. On the other hand no convention will ever effectively guard, or justify, some of the methods of our modern dancing, much of which deserves the death penalty if it were only for sheer ugliness.

But there is in all dancing another perilous element, and one of more general interest because of its almost universal

presence in all the forms of art — namely, the element of rhythm, already spoken of in earlier chapters. This element is just now especially important because of the wave of rhythm that is passing over our country at the present time. Dancing has become a national obsession, amounting almost to a mania. Folk dancing, social dancing, æsthetic and dramatic dancing, dancing in imitation of the less graceful of the lower animals, dancing by old and young, by rich and poor, by the wise and the foolish — dancing by all kinds of persons and in every variety of form — is incessant in the dance hall, on the stage, and in the street. It has invaded the very ballroom and captured professional “society” itself. The *Bridge of Avignon*, celebrated in song, is nothing to America at the present time.

The rhythmic madness is not confined to dancing proper — or improper. Our popular songs are all dance music, and are kept running in our heads so that we waltz through our sermons, write prescriptions in three-four time, and add up columns to the music of the Grizzly Bear. Our very conversation is a song and dance. The effect of this wave of rhythm upon the meeting of our boys and girls is seen in the great increase in the amount, and what we may perhaps call the intensity, of social dancing. It has indeed created nothing new, nothing that was not bound to exist in any case. That a popular diversion should be established at the point where rhythm and sex attraction meet was, in fact, inevitable. Our present obsession simply accents a permanent condition.

The danger that rhythm gives to dancing is a danger that attends it everywhere: it is present in music and in oratory and, more or less, in other forms of art, — the danger, already noted, which constituted Fanny Kemble’s objection to the stage, of generating more emotion than it satisfies.

In the making up of this critical equation between emotion and its satisfaction, rhythm not only adds to the side on which danger lies, but it also subtracts from the other. It both strengthens the attack and weakens the defense, arouses emotion, and lulls to sleep the moral and intellectual faculties. As has been said in an earlier chapter, rhythm acts as a narcotic. Like alcohol it dulls the finer sensibilities, relaxes the acquired inhibitions, lets off the brakes of custom, conscience, and public opinion, and leaves the stage free to the chance emotion of the moment. Such lulling to rest is a boon when the road is long and stretches straight ahead, but at other times it may be very dangerous. Kropotkin tells that hares sometimes become so intoxicated in their sport as to take a fox for playmate. It is often so in our dance halls. Emancipation by rhythm may lead as in the "Kreutzer Sonata," as well as in happier directions as illustrated in "Fanny's First Play."

The powerful effect of rhythm in promoting social fusion, breaking down the barriers of personality, and leaving the individual open to the suggestion of time and place and company is another source of danger.

Here we have an instinct protean in its manifestations, possessing the power to abolish social conventions, exercising a hypnotic influence upon the conscience and the brain — a power that has manifested itself in orgies of many sorts, in religious and social frenzies, culminating often in human sacrifice, from the first tribal ceremony down to the horrors performed to the cry of *ça ira*. And it is this aboriginal untamed force, coming up out of the great sea of our subconscious nature, that is turned loose in our dance halls without any effective regulation or restraint.

What are we to do about this situation? The answer, I think, is chiefly to be found in the great positive function of

rhythm in our life. There is one good fairy left to make her gift.

Rhythm is the common element in all the arts, the true parent of the Muses, who are simply the different incarnations in which the god delights and satisfies mankind. In discussing rhythm we are considering not the dance problem alone but the whole question of art and what to do with it.

You cannot abolish rhythm. It is born anew in every child. You cannot safely leave it to direct itself. What is our wisest course? Where is it a benefit, a creator of beauty, an enhancer of our life, and where does it become a danger or a drug?

I believe that the answer to our question is found in the myth of Bacchus — of Bacchus the god of life and art, the god of wine, the god of the primal forces that well up in us — of song and ecstasy — the god who entrances and intoxicates, inspires and makes us mad.

The Greeks were very conscious of the problem. They knew what art is if any one has ever known. And they knew its dangers, and prayerfully considered in what direction safety lies. They even had their Puritans, of whom Plato — whose discourse on education is largely a discussion of the different sorts of music and their effects — is an illustrious example. And their conclusion is expressed in the myth of the great god Bacchus, whom the Thebans imprisoned and who, in revenge for such mistreatment, drove king and people mad. In that story is compressed the conclusion of what was both the most artistic and the most philosophic race the world has seen. Our safety, according to the Greeks, is found in receiving the great god of life and beauty, of dance and song, of frenzy and inspiration, in listening to his message and actively obeying it;

danger lies in the attempt to lock up the god and pretend he is not there.¹

The Greeks themselves based their whole system of education on the twin pillars of gymnastics and music, as they called it, the latter nearly corresponding with rhythm in its various forms. Homer was their universal textbook; even the Spartans had the war songs of Tyrtæus as their inspiration. They knew it was the same god Bacchus all the time: the Greek drama was an elaboration of the ritual with which his festival was celebrated.

But it is not enough merely to receive the god. The world's great mistakes in dealing with him through all the ages have come from alternations of such passive recognition with the denial that inevitably follows it. The essence of our piety is in its activity: we must wrestle with the angel, not passively receive, but cultivate. Inspiration must stir to achievement, not put to sleep.

The alternation between the denial of the god and his too passive reception — between puritanism and emotional indulgence — has been going on from the days of the Greeks down to the present time, and doubtless was an old story when the Greek myth grew up. Following the period of ancient art, through the long Middle Ages, puritanism reigned; the ascetic was the ideal, and it was thought holy to deny the flesh. Human nature at last rebelled, and there came the renaissance, the rebirth of man, of the humanities, the rediscovery of beauty and of art. Then, once again, the god was too strong for the people, or their obedience became too passive; art descended into sensuality.

¹ See Gilbert Murray; Notes to the *Bacchæ*, and "The Rise of the Greek Epic." I have followed his interpretation, partly his words. Bacchus comes pretty near to being identical with native impulse, and the two ways of receiving him almost correspond with what I have called purposeful and exuberant play.

Then came another puritan reaction. And now, once more, the god denied by us, as by the ancient Thebans, is breaking from his prison, appearing in his cruder form, and threatening to drive us mad.

And the solution now is what it has always been. We must stretch our virtue to cover human nature as it is; must learn not only not to deny the god but to receive him heartily, and grant him positive service — to take this great element of rhythm and work it into forms of beauty as an essential part of life.

Specifically, danger is in the inartistic, the unformed. It is the too simple rhythm that is hypnotic, the rhythm to which you lie passive — that requires no effort of attention — sounds a lullaby to the moral and restraining faculties. I saw, at the World's Fair in Chicago, a West Coast Indian chief who could in a few minutes make his people nearly crazy over a simple bang bang bang on a packing case. The hysteria at college games is largely produced by cheering based on the same principle. It is the same with the hypnotic forms of political or pulpit oratory. "Let the people *rule*. Let the people *rule*. Let the people *rule*." At the thousandth repetition you begin to feel that this sound contains some vast portentous meaning. Sleep comes with the simple recurring rhythm, the swing that goes on forever, the sound that carries you upon its waves, wraps you in a world where there are no longer any outlines — no landmarks, no fixed facts, no hard realities — only a feeling without form, a drifting on the infinitely succeeding waves. It is the *ça ira* that intoxicates, the repetition that narrows the active consciousness to a pin point of attention, the dismissal of activity toward any concrete end, while emotion keeps piling up until it reaches the bursting point or overflows.

Danger is in the too simple rhythm. But contained in every rhythm there is the potentiality of unending richness of expression. The immortality of Shakespeare is largely in the music of his verse; and that, throughout all his plays, consists almost wholly of ringing the changes on one very simple metre. It is in elaborating these finer implications that safety lies.

A concrete and infinite ideal of beauty is locked in every form of rhythmic expression, in dancing among the rest. Terpsichore is still one of the muses, though bad company has hurt her reputation. Nobody could be called a dancer who ever expressed the music as he felt it. And the ideal is impersonal, inexorable, wholly above our will, a law given us to obey or lose our chance. So long as it is a striving after the ideal, every art — including social dancing itself — is a satisfaction more than an excitement. Wisdom is not in turning a deaf ear to the voice, but in religious listening to catch the fuller message that it bears. Where attention is fixed upon the reading and realization of the ideal there will be no vertigo, no frenzy; the whirling dervish effects of rhythm will be avoided.

Art is active obedience to inspiration. Evil has come to us not from art but from the absence of it. It is the bald uncultivated rhythm that puts the soul to sleep. Escape is in the elaborated, the highly wrought. Even coquetry — the frankly developed art of sex attraction — is, I believe, a safety on the whole. The spirit of an Irish dance, a Scotch ballad of flirtation, is a spirit of purity as well as beauty.

Creative exertion draws off emotion into constructive channels, finding new forms of beauty in the unending pursuit of the ideal. A principal use of sex attraction is to be wrought into the infinite forms of art.

Let us not be too fearful or too negative. Life, upon the whole, is good, not bad. It was made for living, not to be cast aside. The mutual attraction of boy and girl, that has in it not only the physical continuation of the race, but also the perpetuation of the family and of happy infancy — that contains great part of the interest and beauty of our lives — is not a power to be decried or fought against. We believe in life, not death, in art, not in asceticism. We welcome the love song of the bird, the blossom on the tree. We believe that wings were made for flying, the heart of a man for the heart of a maid, and that the object of it all — to be furthered by us and not obstructed — is that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly.

I have spoken on page 405 and elsewhere in this chapter of the many ingredients of love, including, besides sex, the maternal impulse, comradeship, and gregariousness. The last named develops, as membership intensifies, into fellowship, the love of the team mate — the guild brother or neighbor, as he is called in the New Testament — finally into that emotion of democracy, *passio democratica*, that inspired St. Francis, George Fox, and Garrison. This last, in its highest manifestations, seems often to be combined with still another element, the power of imaginative realization, amounting almost to transmigration, that enables the person so illuminated not only to love his neighbor as himself but to feel that joy and pain, good and evil, are equally real and equally important whether they happen to one's self, to one's fellow man, or even to any member of the animal kingdom.

As in the case of every other combination of instincts, an analysis — the above or any other — is always in a sense false. Love is after all just love. It is more than the sum of its ingredients: and sex, or whatever else produces the illumination, seems more like the making of a window, removing of a barrier and letting reality appear, than like the conferring of a peculiar power.

CHAPTER XLV

THE APPRENTICE YEARS

Oliver: Now sir! What make you here?

Orlando: Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oliver: What mar you then, sir?

Orlando: Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

AT the beginning of the second or fully adolescent period of the age of loyalty comes the marked differentiation not only of the sexes but of individuals. This is the time of the parting of the ways, when the children who have until now been travelling all together begin to divide into groups according to their several destinations.

I do not mean that up to this age children are all alike. On the contrary I know that difference of temperament shows itself almost with the first cry, certainly with the first kicking of the legs, and is marked at every period of growth. But at the beginning of adolescence the individual bias becomes much more emphasized and begins to take its permanent direction. The predilections of the dramatic age, when

Jack will be a soldier
And Maria'll go to sea,

require much intuition on the part of outsiders for their translation into terms of ultimate vocational destiny; and even those of the Big Injun age are hardly less cryptic in their indications. But when, at the age of fourteen, a boy or girl shows a decided set in a given direction, there is reason

to suppose that a lasting interest lies somewhere there or thereabouts.

It is true there are many exceptions. Indications of permanent individual bias often anticipate this stage of growth, and sometimes wait beyond it. Mozart was a notable musician at the age of seven, while Thackeray discovered at forty that he was a writer and not an artist, De Morgan at sixty-five or thereabouts. In many people a distinct vocational tendency never shows itself at all. These last instances may, however, be due to the absence in modern society of the vocations, such as war and hunting, to which some of our inherited capacities relate.

Besides these individual differences there is also the fact that different vocational tendencies bud off at different periods. Artists and musicians have usually created misgivings among their wiser relatives before they have reached their teens, while of philosophers Plato says that no man should settle down to that profession before he is forty, and the Koran says that no prophet is called until that age.

The period of adolescence is, nevertheless, in the majority of cases, the time at which the individual bent begins to show itself.

But this clearer indication to outsiders of the final direction of the child's growth is not the most important vocational phenomenon of this period. Of even greater moment is the interest in his own future which now takes possession of the child himself, and becomes henceforward a conscious motive in his life. It is at this age that he begins to think concretely and seriously of what he is to do and be, to look forward to a grown-up career. The future, no longer as a dream but as a concrete reality, has become a factor in his world. He is hereafter not merely doing this or that as a

complete self-justifying exploit; each separate enterprise is now contributory to a larger, inclusive, total. To the impulse toward isolated achievement has been added a thirst for the achieving life.

To a great extent the desire to reach out toward reality in this new and permanent form destroys the taste for occupations that do not satisfy it. All teachers know the big boy of fourteen who hates the more abstract childish lessons and can make nothing of them, but who will wake up and show a manly power to grasp real things, visible as such to him, if a way of getting at real things is opened to him. The reason is that, in his new vision of his future, he has begun to be a man, and his heart no longer responds to childish things. It awaits the call of the reality to which it is attuned. What renders him deaf to the instincts in their earlier form, urging him from behind, is the sound of the rapids ahead, among which real deeds are to be done. And it is largely the call of the rapids that must henceforth govern.

It is true there is still a large element of dreaming in the look ahead, as indeed there always will be if the child or man is fortunate. The boys and girls still see visions of the prince they may some day meet or of the dragons they are going to slay. But there is a new desire to see these dreams in terms of the grown-up world, to plan how they will cook the prince's dinner, or study just how the dragon is to be come at in tending store.

This new possession of a concrete future, and new thrust toward it, result in a desire to specialize, because under the actual conditions imposed by civilized society the achieving life implies specialization.

So that both through the native bent declaring itself at this particular age and also through the desire for the

achieving life — nature adding, as is her wont, a general clause prescribing action toward her object as such, to her more special enactment tending in the same direction: for both these reasons the age of adolescence is the age of specializing, with particular reference to vocation.

And this tendency to specialize will henceforth be an essential element in growth. The remaining years of infancy, from fourteen to twenty-one, constitute the apprentice age, formerly well recognized as such, in which growth is by its own law directed toward those special powers in which the individual feels his future serviceableness to lie.

Up to this time the child has tended toward an all-round growth, — each of his constituent instincts crying for utterance and having its part in his formation. His own impulse and the duty of others toward him has been the promotion of his general education, a leading out of all the forces of which his spiritual nature is composed. The good fairies present at his birth have each claimed opportunity to demonstrate and confirm her gift. Even when the child himself has failed to reach out spontaneously toward any one of the great instinctive capacities of human nature, it has been the educator's duty to stir him to such action. Some children have to be coaxed to eat, and it is sometimes the same with the play instincts; the machinery is there, and the force is there, but it may require a shake to set it going. Up to adolescence our aim should be to cultivate, in every child, the child universal — to know the gold is there and dig for it.

Of course the method, even before adolescence, will often be through temporary specialization, the effort being to reach the real life *somewhere*, presumably where it burns most strong, and coax the flame to spread. But at the specializing age there should be a radical difference of accent. It is now a question not of all-round growth, but of growth

toward a particular form of service. There are limits, indeed, to desirable specialization at this or any age. Not only should the expected service be based on all the instincts that can possibly contribute to it, either in a major or in an ancillary capacity or by affording necessary recreation, but we should remember also that the job is made for man as well as man for the job and make sure that our neophyte does not quite lose his life under our course of preparation. But whatever may be the desirable limits of specialization, this is the age at which it instinctively begins.

The appearance of the desire for the achieving life at just this period is no mere coincidence. It is an inevitable result of the new predominance of the belonging instinct. It is true that a contributory cause is in a simultaneous change of mental focus, a new ability to look ahead and see the future as it is. From this comes the bread-and-butter motive, "the wholesome stimulus of prospective want," very necessary to the majority of mankind and a help to almost all. So far as this motive governs, work and the preparation for it is what is known as drudgery, the doing of things not for the satisfaction of doing them — whether from joy in the process or from the mental presence and sufficiency of the end — but for an ulterior purpose which fails to lend such immediate illumination, such ulterior purpose being in this case escape from pain.

But in the main the thrust toward future achievement — what may be called the work motive — is not the need of bread and butter. Apart from the direct tendency to specialize, it is the desire to hold up your end. Work, it is true, usually means making a living, because that is the usual way of doing your part in life, but it does not necessarily take that form. The wife and mother, as I

have before observed, is considered a worker ; as is the artist, the scientist, or the reformer whose service is not paid for during his life ; money payment being evidence of work done, not a part or necessary consequence of the thing itself. The point is not in making money but in making good, doing your part in the social whole to which you happen to belong.

Work is a correlative of duty. Its essence is not in what is received but in what is rendered. Work is a social function ; it is public and official, the filling of a part, the discharge of an obligation. It is the full expression of the belonging instinct. What makes the boy prepare to do his share in the grown-up world is his new perception that the grown-up world is to be henceforth his team : the apprentice spirit comes inevitably with the enlarged conception of the gang to include the social order in which he finds himself. It has dawned upon him that he is himself by his very nature a citizen, a member of the community ; and he wants to measure up, to be a member in full standing, to say "We, the citizens of Ghent," to enter as an equal into grown-up social life, as the gang member satisfies the standard of the gang. It is the old team spirit which tells him that he must hold down his job as he would hold down third base. Work is always and forever an expression of the team instinct.

The direct specializing tendency itself is also reënforced by the team sense. The best team games, as we have seen, are those in which each player has his special part assigned, because it is only through responsibility for a special part that the whole fully enters into you — only as you are a bearer of its interests at a particular point that you receive the full voltage of the common life. The team instinct prescribes specialization in work as in other games, because that is the method of its fullest satisfaction.

The instinct to be somebody which in the Big Injun age demanded indiscriminate self-assertion — utterance somehow, anyhow, of the self as an outstanding fact against the world — now requires a social as well as an individual achievement; or rather, the social relation is now seen not merely as one of contrast and appraisal, — a silhouette of self against a social background, — but partly as one of combination, mutual absorption on the part of the individual and the community. The self that is asserted is now a *person*, a being whose life is involved in the fulfillment of social relations, who can fully live only as he is a functionary, making himself a place as a member of society.

Work is thus a correlative of the team sense and would not exist without it. Without membership there would still be play of the other achieving instincts. And there would be drudgery, and exertion to the point of pain and weariness such as every animal endures. There might also be the direct and independent tendency to specialize, though not in the sense of taking a special part in a common life or undertaking. But there would not be work, because there would not be service to a whole: there would be no whole to which service could be owed. It is membership that confers the possibility of work, and puts a blessing on it. It is so from the first day the child says, "I'm Mother's little helper," "I'm the parlor maid," or "the trained nurse" or "the boy that brings the wood," down to the time when the man can say, "Now permittest thou thy servant to depart in peace." Work is the full flower of the belonging instinct. It is the team play of maturity.

Work is the life-saver of mankind because belonging is the great moralizing instinct. "The day a boy feels that his work is worth more than he is, that day the boy becomes a man." (James G. Croswell). "Man" was the very

name conferred in Athens on the new citizen. His work is to him worth more than he is because the team is more than he is, and work is that which serves the team. The mark of all true work is subordination to the larger will. Those on whom this tie will hold, who feel the obligation and are bound by it, are the true workers and the true saints, who have found the way of life.

The apprentice impulse is, as we have seen, the outgrowth of the team sense and of a specific tendency to specialize. It is essential to observe that instinctive specialization is upon some form of usefulness within, and not outside of, the child's native constitution. It is the form in which his natural bent declares itself. It points the way in which the vital force in him is headed, the only way in which it can be fully realized.

Thus growth during the apprentice age has normally two dimensions: belonging, and the satisfaction of the other instincts that give the child's bent and prescribe his special form of service. The two are not indeed added, but multiplied together. He aims not to make good *and* to follow art, nurture, science, or whatever the other strand may be, but to make good *through* such expression. True work and true apprenticeship are found at the crossroads where two main instincts meet, or more than two. It is by definition on the great thoroughfare of membership — on the busiest part of that thoroughfare, where all the people pass — for its charter is derived not from some exclusive gang or guild, but from the social body as a whole. And it is also on some other road along which flows another stream of life, and which may be any of the other play instincts or any group of them.

Originally this other dimension of work, and of the growth of the apprentice years, was for men chiefly the hunting and

fighting instincts, for women nurture, with an admixture, for both, of the constructive instinct. The boy went hunting with his father, and when he was old enough joined the war band. Girls helped their mother in caring for the home and younger children. Both found work for their hands in fashioning spears and arrows and utensils. Nowadays the constructive instinct has a wider place, and there is through the development of the arts a larger element of rhythm. But, of whatever instincts it may consist, there is normally in the growth of the apprentice age this other dimension to be multiplied by that of membership.

It is true the desire to make good is paramount, and will if necessary take the child across desert spaces where no other instinct leads. As hunger will drive the cat to seek food not by hunting alone, but by any method that will gain the end, so will the team sense drive man to face not only external obstacles but those more formidable difficulties that lie within his own spiritual nature. But such is not the way of natural growth. The apprentice years should lead up to the full fruition of the play instincts, their exultant satisfaction, not a denial of them. This should be the time of the child's best dream come true, when the doll becomes a real baby and the mud pie a real house, the ring-around-a-rosy a commonwealth to live and die for — the time when at the touch of reality the full power is turned on, the child's whole vital force let loose along the path where nature leads, and not away from it.

This does not mean the coming of soft and easy times. On the contrary the apprentice years are for each individual the time of stress, of war with obstacles both outside and within, the time for hammering his tools, including his own nature, into the shape his future work demands. It is an inevitable characteristic of this period that there shall be

hardship, pain, even the risk of death. Hardship and pain are, to be sure, not our real enemies. What is to be dreaded is not the chance of war, but the having no chance, in war or otherwise, to wreak our natural powers in work. That is the real death — never to have the means of getting born — and it is to the avoidance of such death, through the forging of work's necessary tools, that the apprentice years are devoted by nature's law.

But supposing there are trades that do not possess this double satisfaction, services that must be rendered, and in the performance of which many men must find their livelihood, that are not in any considerable degree a fulfillment of any instinct besides that of belonging; means of making good, but of no other form of satisfaction. That there are such trades, that a very large part of modern industry consists of such, is a matter of common observation. Although so great a man as Froebel seemed to believe, in his invincible faith in the perfect adjustment of the universe, that every talent had at least its spiritual market waiting for it, it is impossible for most of us to persuade ourselves that such is actually the case. There is in fact a great and tragic maladjustment between industrial work and spiritual requirement, constituting, I think, the most serious evil of our modern life. This maladjustment we must discuss in the succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE DISLOCATION OF CIVILIZED LIFE

LIFE is found in the fulfillment of those relations to the world outside ourselves that are prophesied in the play instincts, as in the relation to workable materials, to the family, and to the state. In most respects there exists at least the possibility of such fulfillment, — that which the world offers corresponding approximately to what nature has foreseen. The mother's love and appreciation meet the child's need as he feels it. She is much the sort of mother he would have made if the matter had been left to him. Conversely he fills a place that was waiting for him in her heart. So plants and animals and younger children meet the fostering instinct that is in us all. So the stars, the sea, the land, the infinitely varied phenomena of nature, seem made to arouse and satisfy our instincts of awe and curiosity. Nature furnishes material suited to our hand and mind. Her water is very good to swim in, her land to run upon, her trees to climb, her mysteries to solve.

In the matter of self-support, also, nature's original provision was equally germane. Hunting, fishing, fighting; striking and throwing; running, dodging, lying in wait, — the forms of activity which her industrial system required were those most clearly prophesied in our instinctive impulses. The adjustment, here as elsewhere, was once sufficiently exact: spiritual expression was found in the same activities that supplied physical need.

But as stated in the chapter on Drudgery (XXXII), it is not so now. We can no longer live by hunting and war and foray, but must, in order to be self-supporting, content ourselves in great measure with tying threads, selling ribbons, digging holes, or other even less apposite pursuits. A young man has spent the week bending over the columns of a ledger; a young woman has passed the working days standing at a machine making a few simple motions of the hand. The hours of strength and youth, the golden morning hours in which the vital current is at its height, which mold life and destiny according to the use we make of them, have gone in such employments as these.

As stated in the chapter just cited, the trouble has come through new and more effective ways of supplying our physical needs. The Golden Age when man lived by nature's law has been forfeited by too much knowledge; in the sweat of his brow shall he henceforth eat bread. Civilization has so altered the rules of the game that it is no longer our game as whispered to us in our inner consciousness. Some of our deepest instincts are thus left hanging in the air, calling for a fulfillment that does not exist, reaching out to do things that cannot be done and will get us into trouble if we attempt to do them.

Even the creative instinct is disappointed in most modern employments. Specialization has been a great promoter of our industrial civilization; and specialization, as we have said, is also an instinctive tendency, making its appearance at the apprentice age as a phase of normal growth. But instinctive specializing is along the line of some achieving instinct. It is of the kind that carries some art or calling to the pitch of mastery, so concentrating power that it may break through at some one point into a higher circle of expression. Even in that case there is need of supplemen-

tary activity — no man is quite all singer, sculptor, scientist — no employment is so broad and catholic, so pervious to the motions of the human spirit, as wholly to convey the soul of any man.

But specialization in our modern industry is not specialization upon an art, nor according to the laws of art. It is not even specialization upon a service, upon a whole achievement of any sort. It is specialization *within* the task, carried to so extreme a point, leaving to each worker so minute a contribution to the result, that nothing of significance remains — like the division of a fabric into pieces so small that neither form nor color is any longer visible. There is in much of our specialized industry practically nothing left that, except in the satisfaction of the belonging instinct, of which no form of work can be deprived, can serve as a channel for the human soul.

It is this sidestepping of industrial life that is responsible for a great part of the active trouble, and what is worse, for much of the dreary emptiness and waste of life, to which civilization has given rise. The break is especially abrupt, and its results, accordingly, especially acute, in the case of children who go to work, particularly those who do so at fourteen, the age at which the majority now leave school and seek employment; but it occurs in the case of the great majority of modern workers.

It is true there are still many occupations that are widely expressive of the human instincts. Law has much of fight in it. In the framing and delivery of arguments and in the constant study of underlying principles it is both a great science and a great art, satisfying the instincts of creation, rhythm, and curiosity. Medicine and teaching, each in its way, call for the exercise of science in the cause of nurture. All the arts express the rhythmic and creative instincts.

All the sciences satisfy the instinct of curiosity — also, in their true development, the creative instinct through the construction of hypotheses. A mercantile career in the days when, for instance, young men in their early twenties sailed out of Boston in full command of their fathers' ship, with much discretion — necessary in those days of swift privateers and slow mails — over crew and cargo, was not a tame affair nor lacking in demand upon the manly qualities. And even now there is virtue in any kind of business in which risk and leadership are combined. There are still vocations expressive of the great constituent impulses by which we live. But in the main, under our industrial civilization, it must with the great majority be otherwise. For every man for whom there is a place among the expressive trades there are ten for whom no such place exists.

This is the tragedy of civilization — that the end of all our labor and our ingenuity has been, for the great majority of men and women, the defeat of that inner life which it is our dearest object to promote. Man is a stranger in the modern world. As encountered in his daily work, it is no longer the world to which his instinctive capacities relate.

And this dislocation of modern life affects the preparation for the less expressive occupations as well as the practice of them. It makes impossible for the great majority not only the living of a normal life but the attainment of normal growth during the apprentice years.

We may, if we choose, believe of a given youth that he is one of the fortunate minority who will find places among the expressive callings, just as we may believe that he is going to be president of the United States. But though such may be our pious hope in any given case, in the great majority of cases the hope must necessarily be disappointed. Except for a small minority of specialists and leaders, modern in-

dustry calls for machines and not for men. Or rather it calls for parts of machines — pulleys, wheels, or cogs — which some supervisory intelligence is expected to assemble and set to work. I suppose it is even true, as aristocracy has all along contended, that too much education actually unfits a man for service in the lower ranks of industry. An educated slave may do very well to manage an estate for his Roman master or teach his children Greek, but he is not wanted in the mill or on the cotton field. Where the hole is very small, a man-sized peg will not go into it. And the holes provided in our modern industry are the smallest yet evolved.

It is this departure of industrial methods from the path of human life that has given rise to the controversy over cultural *versus* vocational education. Which shall the boy do, cultivate the powers that are in him or prepare for an industrial pursuit? Shall he train himself to be a useful member of society at the expense of abandoning all hope of other expression beyond the point attainable by an amateur; or shall he cultivate mind and talent with the result of never making good? That is the choice which the great majority of modern youth must face.

And it is not merely a choice between making a living and gaining a life; a normal life is impossible either way. Not to make good is to leave out the one most necessary element of life. To make good in a way that satisfies no other instinct is to be but half alive. For the great majority these two vital strands cannot be brought together in any pattern they are strong enough to weave. The evil for the average boy of the apprentice age is not merely that he will not when he grows up live a full human life, but that he never can grow up at all. The means of acquiring the full stature of humanity do not exist in either of the alternatives

presented. He must either remain socially ineffective, cut off from the tap-root of fulfilled membership, or must mold himself, body and mind, upon an industrial system that does not conform to the true image of a man.

It is for this reason that competition in the professions is so intense. What we mean by a profession is what I have called an expressive calling, — a business which has a standard of its own, a law other than that of supply and demand which it obeys. A profession means a survival of true work, in which the joy of service is multiplied by the joy of obedience to some other law. Competition in the professions is not a scramble for dollars and cents; it is in most literal sense a fight for life.

The difficulty is not one that can be got over by force of will. What shall call forth the life and power in a man is not given to any man, nor to all of us together, to decide. That question has been settled by whatever power selected the human qualities and their counterparts. Physically, man is an outdoor animal; his heart and lungs and nervous system were made for great and sudden exertion, for pursuit and flight and contest, alternating with repose. These organs waste away, often become diseased, under the uncongenial uses — or rather the idleness — that we impose upon them.

But such physical maladjustment is the least important. Every power of man, every reaction that is given him to exhibit, down to the deepest in him, is relative to some destined end. Every voice in the human soul is made responsive to some other voice, as King Richard lying in his cell recognized the music of his faithful minstrel; it cannot answer to another call.

We are not strong for all purposes; we do not even exist to all ends. We are strong, we are here at all, only as we

encounter the occasion to which our powers relate. Life is not the product of the soul alone, but of the soul in contact with its world. It is born in the meeting of two poles. The young man may have it in him to love like Abelard, but he will die passionless if his Heloise never appears. He may have the potential patriotism of a Mazzini, but if he is a man without a country the light will never shine. The soldier for war, the mother to her child, the painter to his canvas — that is life and ever will be, take it or leave it as we may elect. Man is a process, a reaction, a combining of related elements. He does not occur save as the combination that was prearranged takes place.

The deprivation is not of pleasure nor even wholly of the satisfaction of the achieving instincts. It affects the moral nature also. Modern industry does not call out the higher qualities. It is true of course — and the greatest good fortune of our modern world lies in our perception of the truth — that useful work cannot be positively degrading. It is probably true also that a man can even under modern industrial conditions find use for all the virtue that he may possess. He can so add up his columns of figures that they shall become columns of strength and beauty in his life. A man if he has a hero's soul can at least die heroically under the worst of circumstances. But conditions under which death and renunciation are the best course left open cannot be considered satisfactory. The same can be said of life in prison or in an insane asylum — of any conceivable sort of life whatever.

The question is not what the hero will do if he exists ; the young man has a right to such experience as will bring out the hero in him. He is not complete in himself, in character any more than in art or science ; no human being is or ever will be. What he requires of us is that other half of himself

— his world, to which his moral as well as his other faculties refer. *Du gabest ihm das Noth.* Tending counter, tying threads, adding figures — whatever the happily placed may optimistically say about such occupations — do not imperatively call out the latent powers of a man. They sound no trumpet to the soldier virtues. When the cities of Italy gave up doing their fighting for themselves, the virtue departed from their citizens, and liberty soon followed. To the eagle the best-appointed cage will not replace the free heavens, nor will the warrior soul be born of office drudgery. Social conditions that do not present that affirmative demand for human virtue that nature intended and that savage life presented are not such as we can permanently permit.

This break between civilization and the normal life involves for the growing youth a shifting of ethical standards, the taking of a crossover switch from one moral system to another, that is apt to be disastrous — an evil that did not exist during the barbaric age nor, for the fortunate classes, during the age of chivalry. The young page was sent to the castle of some noted knight to learn good behavior and military prowess, the laws of courtesy and the laws of war. There he had before him as examples the young squires who had already attained some proficiency in these arts in which he himself was a beginner. When he became a squire he had as his model the young knight, but a few years his senior, who had just won his spurs; and when he himself was knighted he still saw ahead of him, in the same line in which he had, from the first, been aiming, the knight of high achievement and reputation, the Chevalier Bayard or whoever might then be the glass of fashion and the mold of form. There never came a time in which he had to pass from one set of ideals to a very different set, from one world of aspiration to another.

Such a time does come to the modern boy, even of the fortunate classes to whom the more satisfying pursuits are most accessible. When at school his hero is the college athlete, but that bright figure ends the vista of his dreams. To him even the most fortunate member of our industrial community, the successful lawyer or business man, seems fallen from the high estate he occupied at college; while the hero of the grown-up world, the railroad president or leader of the bar, appears to the boy, and even to the young college man, as simply "that old pod" whom he sees ambling up the street to his office, or occasionally meets at his father's dinner table. Life beyond the college does not appear as a continued growth, but as dying and being born again into an inferior plane of existence. And the same thing is true in greater degree of the boy who cannot go to college and who does not encounter lawyers and railroad presidents among his father's friends.

Let us not lay the flattering unction to our soul that the whole trouble, or any essential part of it, is with the young man and his standards, and that all we have to do is to knock the nonsense out of him and teach him to see things as they are. The young man's revolt against a life too suddenly civilized is nothing new or whimsical. It is at least as old as Abel — the first victim, as I take it, of industrial progress — and will hold good so long as there is anything of human nature left. It should at least give us pause that most of us are living, and our young people are taking form, under conditions that the vast majority of mankind have looked upon as involving a disgrace. It is we that stand for innovation. It is our notions, not the young man's, that are abnormal; and it is we accordingly who must show cause why he should submit to them.

The young man's revolt against our industrial system is a

moral revolt, the eternal protest of the manly mind against a way of life unsuited to a man. The young savage scorns all civilized pursuits as women's work. So does the male of the barbaric age. From Nimrod to Roosevelt, war and hunting, the instinctive occupations of the gang, are those most natural to the kings of men. The famous Persian curriculum was to ride and shoot and speak the truth. A free citizen of Greece may engage in war or politics, but even the fine arts too anxiously pursued are held rather fit for slaves. The same is true of the upper ranks of European society to-day. In all aristocracies war and politics are the only pursuits not held derogatory, while the only entirely respectable title to property is that which can be traced back to some form of violence. So, or similar, was the code in our own South before the war. So it is now among those races in which temperament still rises superior to education. The point is that, in all these cases, the objection to civilized pursuits is ethical. It is not hard work, but moral degradation that is feared. Menial occupations are held by the Greek philosophers inconsistent with the cultivation of virtue, just as in European society to-day they are not considered the occupations of a gentleman.

These are not the ethics of snobbishness. The snob takes aristocracy as he finds it: the vulgarity is in his attitude toward it, not in the thing itself. The ethics of the gang, of aristocracy, are the ethics of the age of chivalry, of King Arthur and his Knights, of the Charlemagne of legend and his peers; they are hitherto the code of youthful heroism and romance.

No other occupation has yet supplanted that of soldier in the popular imagination, and it is not probable that any occupation ever will do so which does not actively call out the soldier qualities. We shall never, I think, learn to speak

of the Banker of the Lord. Walt Whitman once chose a hatter for his hero. It was a brave attempt, but not successful. Hatters may, obviously, be as heroic as any one; but our instincts do not recognize the heroic in them as an expression of their calling; and their calling does not necessarily train such qualities. The soldier will always stand as an heroic figure to mankind because he embodies an heroic instinct. We are all of us inevitably soldiers, good or bad, because we are made that way, and the attaining of our life depends upon the development in us of the soldier qualities.

Has a sentiment universally admitted until within a comparatively insignificant period of time been so devoid of truth as we usually assume? Is the Indian so wholly wrong when he refuses to surrender the free life of the plains to become the drudge of the factory and the dweller in a city tenement? Was the chivalric ideal of devotion to love and war so wholly mistaken that the life of a mill operative can be accepted as in all respects an advantageous substitute? Was the opinion of the ancient philosophers that virtue and industrial occupation were incompatible so far astray that we can accept industrial occupation of the narrower sort as morally sufficient in itself?

Already there are discernible signs of a suspicion on our part that there is something wrong, a sort of stirring in our sleep, a half consciousness of our exiled state. It is seen in our vicarious interest in sport, in the way in which gray-haired men will pore over the last imaginary details about a coming prize fight, in our football hysteria, in our mania for professional baseball. We have a homesick sort of feeling that there or thereabouts lies something reminiscent of a happier life. We turn to a hired expression of that which in ourselves goes unexpressed with something of a child's pathetic desire to get back home.

Further evidence of homesickness is seen in the grotesque expenditures of our millionaires, in the futile steam yacht which the owner will be allowed to steer if it is smooth and there are no reefs near — he can hold the reins behind papa a little while. It is seen in the agonized palaces, “the pastry cook’s nightmare in stone and stucco” and the like, that adorn our cities. It is seen in the paying of large fortunes for celebrated pictures — millions for an example of some one else’s play. It is seen in our helpless monuments to the unknown god of art — in our whole pathetic attempt to buy back life and play, to purchase the expression by others of the native impulse which we have neglected in ourselves.

The young man’s protest is that of eternal youth against the fallacy that the world is old. It is the protest of the soul of man, perpetually renewed, against the notion that social conditions are fixed, masters of life, and not its servants.

It is not primarily the young man, but civilization, that is on trial. Civilization must make out a case. It must show that it has not neglected life itself in its devotion to the means of living. It is my own soul and genius that it is my business to fulfill. It is the only soul I have. If society does not offer what is life to me, is it not my duty to rebel? Civilization must show the young man a way of life to which he can without degradation submit, or it cannot rightly hope for his submission.

This, then, is the moral situation as it confronts the boy who goes to work, or prepares for it. He feels himself a warrior, a hunter, a knight, member of a fellowship of such. His imagination seems to remind him of evenings when he and his companions stole down from the hills upon a cattle-driving exploit; crossed the ford to rescue some Kinmont Willie, or watched for deer. Is laying brick a fulfillment of

his dream? Or tending counter, or adding up columns at a desk? Can he with self-respect consent to squeeze his life into the strait-jacket of such pursuits, — his life that should have been active and brave and free, — can he rightly permit it to be cramped into such mean dimensions, his nature, like the potter's hand, so pitifully subdued unto its calling?

We have here, in this maladjustment between man's native ideals and the industrial situation as it exists, the elements of a tragedy of that classic and inevitable kind which consists not in the defeat of a particular scheme of life, but in a conflict of ideals which renders all schemes of life alike impossible.

CHAPTER XLVII

HOW TO RECONCILE LIFE AND CIVILIZATION

"Everyone must be pleased with his work." — Ancient Ordinance of Kuttenberg.

SUCH is the disease of civilization — the denial to the great majority of life in their daily work, through the perfecting of the means of living — the substitution of utilities for ultimates. The situation is not one that anybody designed. It has come about as an incident of the struggle for subsistence as carried on by beings of a high intelligence. It has been man's own ingenuity in finding new and more effective ways of self-support that has gradually edged him away from those primitive methods in the practice of which the childhood of the race was passed and which its instincts still remember. It is our efficiency in getting results that has estranged us from the ancient and more satisfying means.

What can be done to mend this dislocation or to mitigate its effects?

In the past, to meet this difficulty, two successful systems of life have been worked out; namely, the civic system, as illustrated in the ancient city commonwealths of which Athens is the type, and the chivalric. By systems of life I mean practical ways of living, based upon a theory of how people ought to live, and illuminated by an ideal. These two systems differed in many ways. The one is ancient, the other medieval; the one philosophical, the other religious; one bourgeois, the other aristocratic; one barbarian, the other civilized. But different as they were in so many

and such important ways, they were alike in one fundamental respect. Both were founded upon the axiom that life and industrial work are incompatible. Both were based upon the division of society into two separate castes, practically into two separate peoples, those who lived and those who did the work — the nobles and the people, or the people and the slaves. (The word "people" was never applied to both.) In both systems the doing of useful work was held degrading, incompatible with inclusion among the living caste; in both the workers were regarded simply as instruments of production, like tools or cattle; in neither did they count as human beings.

And these systems were alike in one other respect. In both cases the life of the living caste was to be secured through play. In the one case play expression was found in reversion to the aboriginal pursuits of man, war and hunting. These were the occupations of a gentleman. From Asurbanipal to our modern lion hunters, from the time when William the Conqueror drove the peasants from their land to make the New Forest, down to the time when John Bright, the plebeian, finally wiped out the more oppressive features of the English game laws, hunting has been the avocation of the upper caste, while fighting has been so much the aristocratic form of industry that where aristocracy still prevails it is a disgrace even to this day to own property acquired by any other means. To have made a fortune in trade or through any other useful occupation still involves something of disgrace; to present an unsullied title you must be able to prove you stole it or that it was stolen for you by your ancestors.

The horse, as the necessary auxiliary both to the hunter and the warrior, became the emblem of this form of civilization. From the time when the mail-clad knight, mounted

on his *destrier* or war horse, lorded it over the unarmed peasants and townspeople, down to the fox hunter of John Leech's pictures galloping across the farmers' fields, and much outraged at old Wurzel's unsportsmanlike behavior if he took measures to protect himself, it was the long day of the man on horseback, known then and since as the age of chivalry — the day of the *caballus* or nag's period.

Chivalry indeed included the art of love-making along with fighting and hunting as a method of expression for the aristocratic caste, and as a result accented the secondary sexual instinct of dueling rather than of war as the preferred outlet of the fighting instinct.

The power of the hunting instinct in an aristocratic caste is seen in English law. Growing up under the administration of successive generations of country squires, the rules of procedure and evidence were fashioned through the probably unconscious operation of this instinct to produce an interesting form of sport — in criminal cases a real hunt in which the defendant was the quarry. Under simple rules, such as people interested merely in the practical aspects of the matter might adopt, with no limitations on the right and obligation to testify, it might often happen that anybody could get at the truth: the true sport consisted in giving the criminal a chance and then seeing if you could catch him. The hunting expression of "giving the fox his law" indicates the extension to the hunting field of the principles developed in the more elaborated form of sport. Jeremy Bentham, utter utilitarian as he was, wholly unconscious of the sporting point of view, by his cold-blooded attacks did for English law what Bright had already done for hunting and shooting, and so narrowed still further the field for the expression of this instinct.

The ancient or civic system, unlike the aristocratic, sought

the play expression of the living caste not in reversion to the aboriginal occupations of war and hunting that had preceded industrialism, but in going beyond the latter stage and creating new forms of play. In painting, sculpture, architecture; in music, poetry, dancing; in the drama, in science and philosophy — in the cultivated expression of the instincts of rhythm, creation and curiosity — and in the appreciation and discussion of these, the free citizens of Athens, for instance, reached what is still at most points the world's high-water mark.

In both of these systems war and politics — the internal and external expression of the gang — held a leading place.

The great thing to be noted about these two systems — at least the interesting thing for us, as bearing on the question of how to reconcile life and industrial civilization — is that they succeeded. Whatever we may say of their cruelty, brutality, egotism, or other shortcomings, they did actually perform for the rich man the supreme service that he, instinctively rather than consciously, sought from them in that they preserved his soul alive. His relegation of the drudgery of industrial labor to slave or serf, and reservation to himself of the expressions, barbarous or artistic, of the great constituting human instincts was justified in the result. The ancient system, broadly based upon the instincts of creation, rhythm, curiosity, fighting, patriotism, produced, especially in the Ægean archipelago,

Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung,

an unparalleled exuberance of mental and spiritual life. If ever any group of people truly lived, it was the free citizens of Athens during her great century. So fully did Athens

live that it is largely the pulses of her life, coming to us across the centuries, that supply what is most alive in us to-day.

Aristocracy, indeed, with its harp of three strings, could hardly produce a similarly rich result. But it almost made up in degree for what it lacked in kind. Aristocracy produced the gentleman. Courage, personal dignity — the barbaric virtues, essentials of the manly character in every age — it did attain, and added to these the ideals of service and of at least a theoretical respect for women.

And when in the Italian Cinque Cento and the golden Elizabethan age of England, an ideal was formed combining the elements of both systems, and the complete title of gentleman and scholar — greeting a combination of elements that to a generation earlier would have seemed incredible — was illustrated by such men as Pico della Mirandola and Sir Philip Sidney, the product was as bright and beautiful a figure as any age has seen. Sir Philip Sidney, indeed, in his death, giving the water brought for him to the wounded common soldier, anticipated that more modern type of hero who includes a universal human sympathy, the ideal of the nurturing instinct, among his attributes.

These two old systems succeeded where they were intended to succeed — in saving the lives of those who built them up. They also, as a necessary incident, brought to the submerged majority the spiritual death they contemplated. The most pitiful circumstance in the world's story is that the unfortunate have not merely outwardly but really suffered, have lost not only happiness but life. It is not true that slavery was — at least until very modern and enlightened times — worse for the master than for the slave. It shut the master out from certain sources of life that we have learned to value; but it shut the slave out from all the natural sources so completely that continued physical exist-

ence almost necessarily implied his spiritual death. The long story — or rather the long and ghastly silence — of the centuries of slavery is one more proof that human life is so wrapped up in the instincts that form the child through play that where these are denied their scope life also is shut out. A voice here and there has come to us. An Æsop, an Epictetus, a Spartacus, has uttered a blessing or a curse that has been heard. But from other countless millions nothing, hardly a shriek, has reached the outer air.

One other essential thing to be noted about these two solutions of our problem of life *vs.* civilization — the ancient and the medieval — is that, whether taken separately or in combination, they are not for us, nor any system that includes or tolerates the division of society into a living and a working caste. The great fallacy which, taking the truth that division of function leads to fullness of life, uses that truth as a support for the position that life itself is a fit subject for specialization, and can properly be assigned to an exclusive caste, is one that will not deceive us any more. Solutions based upon that ancient error are now not merely wrong; they have become impossible. Once awakened to the requirement of our own nature that we regard the spiritual needs of other people, we can never again attain life for ourselves while denying it to any other. The attempt would in us not merely leave out a strand of human life, but would establish a conscious lack, a pain and discord spoiling all the rest. Moreover, thanks to democracy, we now see other people not merely as creatures like ourselves, and as such equally to be regarded, but as belonging to our own team. They are comrades, members of the family, part of ourselves, communicants in the common personality in which we share. And we do not intend, in any arrangement we come into, that they shall be left out.

These former systems, even the composite ideal of the two combined, can no longer serve our turn. The problem of democracy is the problem of finding some way in which not an exclusive caste, but all men, can live. No plan by which a part of the people are shut out from all hope of life can ever again be ours. We can tolerate no division, contemplate no possibility of an excluded caste. What then can we do to lessen, not merely for a class, but for all the people, this break between the way of industry and the way of life?

There are in general three things that we can do: fit our boys and girls to the industrial world as it exists, fit the industrial world to human nature, and provide an overflow.

By the first of these I do not mean lopping the child's nature down to fit the bed we have made for it, but so bending it that, if possible, it may still grow under the unavoidable conditions, our aim being not efficiency but integrity, not increasing industrial output but promoting life.

Under this first head of fitting the child to the world, the first thing to do is to cease to unfit him, to permit the powers that underlie industrial pursuits free opportunity to develop. Man as nature made him is a great deal more of an industrial being than our modern education has recognized. The instincts especially aimed toward useful labor are at present systematically starved. The creative instinct which impels little children to make houses and mud pies, small girls to sew, and small boys to work with tools — which, if we did not lock up the materials from the child, or the child in school away from the materials, would drill the maker in him — has insufficient opportunity to act. The nurturing instinct that makes every little girl a nurse, impels every child to care for plants and pets, makes him love to tend the horse, to feed the pigs, to milk the cow, which if allowed its natural

scope would make him for all purposes a teacher and a fosterer of life — this mother instinct we also partly sterilize by permitting but meager opportunity for its expression. The rhythmic instinct that sets every phrase and motion of early childhood to music, and would do the same by all mechanical drudgery of grown-up life, is only now beginning to regain, through singing and dancing and drawing, its normal place in education. Even the scientific impulse, which we do cultivate, we limit to such feeble methods of expression as afford but a nerveless training compared to what it naturally exacts. Instead of the exhilarating course that it would normally have conducted in exploring, investigating, classifying concrete phenomena, we confine it almost entirely to abstract problems, largely in grammar and arithmetic. And even in these we mostly supply the solution ourselves and ask the child to learn it, thus resterilizing our curriculum already sterile of methods applicable to productive life.

Man is an artificer by nature, as also a doctor, nurse, teacher, investigator — a plodder even. It is by shutting the door on nature that we make a barbarian of him in these respects. Our children are far less prepared for the industrial part of life than can be the case in any savage tribe. To make small spears and bows, and use them, to help grown people in the hundred necessary domestic arts, is a far better preparation in this direction than any that our schools afford or leave time for. In our civilized life the civilized, productive, side of the child's nature is, for the first time in history, very nearly starved.

I am not one of those who think that even our present schools are upon the whole an evil. The training they give for social and intellectual life, through language and arithmetic and habits of regularity and order, more than makes

up for the industrial inaptitudes they cause. But they do cause such inaptitudes, and in the most wanton and unnecessary way, by neglecting the industrial faculties, while taking up the time in which these, if we let the child alone, would be developed under the direction of his native instincts.

What I am advocating in this first proposition is not definite industrial training, certainly not specialization, but, on the contrary, the all-round cultivation of the child. I would advocate the same even if it had no bearing on industrial life; for I believe that up to the age of adolescence the child's business is to grow, not to prepare for a vocation, but to become a man. What I desire to point out is that when we do provide an all-round education, we shall release in our children industrial powers which we now deliberately starve; shall cease to train them away from the serviceable life that nature intended them to lead. I agree absolutely with those who uphold culture rather than direct preparation for practical life as the true aim of primary education. I disagree only with the belief held by some of them that culture of the human being consists in developing only one corner of his nature, and even that in a peculiarly passive and ineffective way, and in thus incidentally unfitting him for useful life.

When by truly all-round education we shall have restored to our children those strands of life that are now starved out of them, we shall find them possessed of a nature that it is not so easy to defeat. The first choice or preferred expression of the boy's life will still be toward war and foray, and there will still be a real spiritual loss from insufficient opportunity in these directions. But he will then have a strong second choice to fall back upon.

And a second choice is with Dame Nature a vitally important thing. It is true that the old theory of the general applicability of human force is untenable. Man power is not steam power, to be turned on to a guillotine or a church organ impartially. It must act toward its prescribed ends or not at all. But it is also true that human nature has more than one end toward which it moves; and (a crucial point in this matter) there is in living things a wonderful power of substitution; life that cannot find its way by one channel will often make out marvelously well by another. If the top of a spruce tree is cut off, it will use one of its higher branches to carry out its natural spire form. Men learn, if necessary, to see with their ears or hear with their sense of touch. Conversely, if a strain is put upon one part of the human organism, as on the legs or eyes, power will be transferred from the rest, and the member under fire, especially the brain itself in which the life is focused, will not be permitted to succumb until the resources of the whole have been exhausted.

And so with the total expansion of the vital force. If a preferred method is denied, it will find issue through such channels as remain. The genius that would have made war its medium will force its way in business. A life denied utterance in music may find it in science or through the nurturing instinct. Just as the flavor of personality lies in things too subtle to depend upon the road it travels by, so the total genius of the man will often arrive so long as any of the main instinctive issues are left open to it.

And each major instinct has so permeated our nature that it is capable of a great variety of statement. I alluded, in an earlier chapter, to the artist, familiar to frequenters of European galleries, who painted with his toes. The prehensile and manipulating instincts evidently lie deeper than

the separation of the paths which lead to the hands and feet respectively, The creative impulse lies deeper still, and appears under a vast variety of forms. Man will build in sounds or thought or rhythmic movement. Sir Henry Maine says that the Roman law — the great practical system of dealing between man and man that has survived the test of centuries and nations — owes the universal character which has given it currency to the Greek sense of form, derived by the Roman prætors from the Stoic philosophy. This most colossal of the works of common sense is, in its peculiar excellence, one of the world's great monuments of plastic art. Evidently the creative instinct is not easy to defeat.

So the nurturing instinct, sprung originally from mother love, has worked back from that first utterance to such a depth that it appears again not only in teachers, nurses, doctors, farmers, but in molders of men in every sort of occupation.

Among them the outputting human instincts cover so vast a territory that it is difficult to invent a form of occupation that shall be wholly outside their scope. Even the hunting and fighting instincts are not wholly disappointed in modern industry. Etymology seldom lies, and there must be some reminiscence of the chase in anything named "pursuit." I recently looked up a quotation in Herodotus, and the sort of breathless sensation of following up and finally seizing on the game was not distinguishable from what I experienced a few weeks later in the pursuit of trout. As to the fighting instinct, nature's magnificent blanket clause applying to opposition from whatever source, some use of this, though not usually in its aboriginal form, is absolutely certain to come in.

To consciously make anything, to wield or handle or control; to seek, classify, arrange; to hunt, nourish, coöperate

— what possible occupation is wholly outside of these? What artisan, farmer, sailor, tender of a machine, does the small boy not envy? Men will nurse an institution or a cause, hunt gold or Greek roots or microbes or chase a rainbow, belong to country, firm, club, Masonic Order, or sewing circle. So diffused are these root impulses that hardly any form of activity is wholly outside of their illumination. Applicable to very drudgery as such there is, as we have said, the rhythmic instinct — savior of generations of rowers and runners, of spinners and knitters in the sun, by setting their monotony to a lullaby.

And the instincts are not only broad-based: the center of them is always on achievement, on getting the thing done. Nature is of a very practical disposition. The essence of her message is always, as I have said, "Thou shalt arrive." Not to wrestle and strike, but to conquer; not to run and throw and lie in wait, but to bag the game, is the command on which her stress is laid. Complete satisfaction indeed is only where the instinctive end is gained by instinctive means. But where the choice is between means and end it is always the end that rules. In the prospect of grown-up achievement especially, her most cherished end — what she whispers is the real quarry — comes in sight; and the weight and passion of every achieving instinct bids the child follow wheresoever the chase may lead. Nature is no pedant. Contemporaneousness is of the essence of her law. Up-to-date infraction is more germane to her intention than obsolete fulfillment. There is more real life in making an actual living by tending counter than in pious adherence to the ancient ritual through breaking and entering, raiding apple stands, or becoming a gentleman sport.

So that the very instincts themselves are, in one way, on the side of the child's submission to whatever actual condi-

tions may impose. They will rather pull him cross-lots to the end than take him round by the road that has ceased to lead there.

When the immediate and visible occupation might of itself seem wholly desiccated, it is often floated by the end it serves. Just as, in those ancient and heroic gorges in which you and your friend ate your way through the blueberry swamp and out the other side, the picking of the berries — which would of itself have been drudgery if you had been picking a boxful for the family — became fused into the one cerulean glory that colored the entire proceeding; so in many other pursuits of life the human capacity of looking to the end, and seeing the process of attainment in the light of it, converts what would otherwise have been drudgery into an experience full of interest and delight. It is, indeed, impossible by merely looking at any man at work to tell what he is really doing. Two men are working side by side at the same bench. To the one the tune he works to — what he is really doing — is buying his wife a new dress or paying off the mortgage on the house: to the other, it is next Saturday's spree. Or to one it is some project for the emancipation of the working class, and to the other just grind, grind, grind. They make the same motions, produce to the ear the same sound, but one may be driving the nails in his own coffin, the other building the new Jerusalem. To one life may be drudgery, to the other a triumphal march. So in all kinds of human action the end swallows the means; the color runs; the two things, the purpose and the motions made in serving it, cannot be kept apart.

Indeed so important to our race, so necessary to its health and happiness, is the satisfaction of accomplishment, that any form of activity which secures results, however insignificant, brings some reward. Almost the greatest punish-

ment that can be inflicted on a human being is deprivation of opportunity for action; the worst drudgery ever invented is as nothing compared to that. The only thoroughly reliable sources of boredom are to be found in what may be called the three I's: Idleness, Idiocy, and Interruption. To do nothing, to be permitted to do only what has no meaning — as for instance in the study of formal grammar by children in the elementary schools — or, when you have got interested in one thing, to be dug up by the roots and made to do something else: these are the only sure receipts for producing a perfect and complete distaste. So far must we flee wholly to escape our birthright as active beings.

And, in particular, the belonging instinct — the prescriber of vocation as the necessary way of making good — places its accent not on the means but on the end. The gang finds its most natural expression in raid and foray; but under all is the central desire to belong. That there shall be a gang, not that it shall do particular things, was nature's dearest object in laying the foundation of this instinct. And as belonging, not the form of it, is the heart of his desire, so will the boy hold to real membership, under real conditions as they exist, in preference to the observance of any form of membership from which the virtue of actuality has escaped. What he wants is really to belong, to be *in it* in the grown-up world, to assume the *toga virilis*, be admitted into the fellowship and councils, share the responsibilities and undertakings, of the clan. He would desire that such fellowship should express itself under the form of raid and foray if it could be so, but as between form and substance it is the substance every time that he will choose.

And as he comes to appreciate the fact that making good in the grown-up world involves industrial efficiency — that the game now is the industrial game, and that the indus-

trially incompetent are not really in it — it is the gang instinct itself that impels him to the acquiring of such efficiency more strongly than any other force could do. He will feel it to be a pity that we cannot all be knights and hunters, but given the impossibility of being such in earnest, he sees that there is more of real life in tending to business in our plebeian way than in playing at Johnny War after the fashion of aristocratic survivals. Verily the first commandment of the gang spirit, as of the code of manliness in all ages, is: "Thou shalt play the game."

It is at this age that boys begin to practice their team games in ways that are far from amusing, for the sake of ulterior results, and it is the team instinct that in the main must carry them through the drudgery that the acquiring of industrial efficiency involves. It is here, in the apprentice motive, that the cross-lots power of instinctive impulse is at its full strength. The end is now the distant one of the total accomplishment of a life, and the desire is proportional to the desert space that lies between.

It is, in short, the gang that must drive out the gang, through the boy's perception that the old gang occupations are child's play, and not the work of life — that the gang, in short, is not the real gang, but its kindergarten.

The next thing we must do after preserving the whole nature of the child alive up to the age of adolescence is to turn his nature thus preserved in the direction of some kind of work. Remember the case of the chicken, who will learn to follow any creature that walks before it during the period when its following instinct acts (the chicken's apprentice age) but will not so learn when that brief period is passed. Remember that plasticity and the passion to make good are not brought together in the growing youth for nothing, that

their conjunction will last but a few years, and that now or never is the time to precipitate the achieving instincts upon the particular form of utterance that is most open to them in the existing world. Let his future calling walk before the child in the apprentice age that he may follow it when he grows up.

It is not necessary to train at once for any special trade; the immediate task may be to prepare for the university, deferring specific vocational training for another eight years. What is necessary is that education from this time on shall have a future to it, shall be felt by the child as preparation for real life.

Our first remedy then is so to develop the child's nature to its natural breadth, and so to train it during the period when it is still malleable, and when the gang instinct combines with the specializing tendency to set him upon fitting himself for grown-up work, that it may be turned so far as possible toward the channels that existing industry affords. This we shall do not for the sake of industry but for the sake of culture; not in order that the man shall make more goods, but that the making of the goods may better make the man.

But, do our best in fitting our children to our world, and granting all that can be said of the adaptability of human nature, there is much else to be done before an opportunity to lead a truly human life will exist for the great majority.

Our second remedy must be to do far more than we have ever dreamed of doing to make our methods of industry fit the normal life. It will be difficult to do much in this way, and what we do accomplish may lessen our material output. But this latter consideration is not so important as we are apt to think. What is the use of more clothes, or

even more beautiful ones, if we have no bodies fit to put them on? I remember reading the remark of an economist, from whose mind the intention to be funny was as far as possible removed, that the happiness of the worker was a good thing, as it tended to increase production. We must learn to turn this argument right side up. And we must learn especially that under normal conditions the largest dividend from work is in the joy of doing it. In this form of return lies the great undeveloped resource of every country.

There are three principal methods in which this portion of our spiritual revenue can be increased : first, by the adoption, in the few cases where it may be possible, of Ruskin's advice that industry shall be made more expressive of the creative instinct ; second, by restoring so far as may be the element of competition, expressive of the fighting instinct and of the desire of every man to carve out his own life in his own way ; and third, by the greater introduction, through industrial coöperation and by responsibility-sharing, of the element of team play. When the worker can feel that the factory is his team and its trade-mark is his flag, that he shares the personality embodied in its product, there will come new life both to him and to the industry, and incidentally a degree of material success of which we have not yet dreamed. Those who say competition and coöperation are incompatible should go and see a football game. Man is mainly the product of these two ingredients.

These ways of fitting the child to his work and his work to him are of vital consequence because to attain full life it is essential, as already stated, not only that we both make good and find some other form of instinctive expression, but that we find the two in combination. In the game of life, as in every other, the elements of satisfaction should be not merely added but multiplied together. The occupation in which

you find expression of the creative or other instincts besides membership must be that through which you also make good as a member of society — must be your work and not your avocation — if your life is to reach its highest mark.

But even when we have done our best to train the child's nature toward modern industry and to conform our industry to the eternal human nature in the child, there will still be many occupations in which the best part of the worker's nature will remain unfulfilled, into which we should be loath to find that any of our children could be completely packed. Our quart of holy spirit will not go into the pint measure we have prepared for it or any foreseeable enlargement thereof. If we do not wish a great part of it to run to waste, we must provide an overflow.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE OVERFLOW

THE remedy for the inevitable imperfection of any adjustment between human nature and our industrial system that we can hope to make is not in a return to barbarism, with its twin resources of fighting and the chase. When Charles Lamb could ask of a man whom he met carrying a hare from the direction of his own game preserves: "Is that your own hair or a wig?" the end of the fully convinced stage of game preservation, even in England, had arrived; and we are not now likely to return to hunting as a business policy. We cannot all play Indians to the extent of adopting their industrial system, as ninety-nine out of every hundred of us would in that case have to be removed to make room for game.

As to the fighting instinct, such sturdy partisans as Kipling and Roosevelt still advocate war on educational grounds; and I suppose that the constant petty wars of the Middle Ages, and perhaps our own frontier fighting, were partly a sort of instinctive provision of that kind. But admitting the great importance of the fighting instinct, war is in reality no longer a profitable expedient for its cultivation. Besides its incidental disadvantages of producing death, disease, and graft, it has lost almost all merit as an expression of native impulse. To crouch behind a bank and be stung by a bullet sent by some one you never saw, and could not identify, is not very different from any other method of contracting a

disease. There is little more pugilism in it than in catching cold. War is now a way of killing off the more warlike spirits among the population without even giving them a fight for their money. If we would preserve fighting, in any sense that closely answers human instinct, we must abolish war.

The same is true of dueling. That also has succumbed to the bias of civilization toward efficiency. The rapier was the labor-saving device that wrought the first injury. After that invention you had hardly begun to fight, unless the contestants were both very expert, before your adversary was dead — or else you were, which was almost equally inconvenient. Then came the pistol, which abolished the element of physical contact altogether and paved the way for drawing lots to see which should swallow the deadly pill and which the harmless one, so that fighting could be carried on by mail. In a truly civilized country, like Japan, each man kills himself, and the labor saving is complete. The perfection of method illustrated by this correspondence school of fighting has banished the last trace of instinctive satisfaction.

But although we cannot return to barbarism for our means of life, we can nevertheless learn a great deal from the aristocratic system of the value of the barbaric virtues, and of the expediency of utilizing, so far as possible, the instinctive methods of their development.

Hunting we can to a considerable extent preserve, and there is no better economy than such preservation. Every live partridge in a populous neighborhood affords days of absorbing occupation for many sportsmen. The surviving trout is nature's truant officer, leading the erring child, youthful or gray-haired, back to her ancient school, in which a single day's attendance leaves him stronger for a month, while the day when he scored a good mark is a source of joyful remembrance ever after.

Hunting with a camera has greatly increased our resources in this respect. With its increased demand for skill in stalking, its more intimate approach to the life of the wild creatures, its appeal to the scientific impulse and to the artistic sense, and its much wider choice of game, it is a close rival of shooting as an instinctive satisfaction. And then the creature hunted, though not possessed so fully for a moment, is possessed in his live state forever. Even hunting with a notebook is no mean resource for the real nature lover.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun,
Loved the lily, left it on its stem?

* * * * *

Then be my friend, and teach me to be thine.

Curiously close to the love of killing is the love of intimate acquaintance with wild life. In the case of all the song birds our laws already recognize that the latter now comes first.

As to civilized satisfaction of the fighting instinct, although we cannot preserve war for the sake of its educational advantages, we can nevertheless find some fairly efficient substitutes. William James suggested the use of the dangerous trades, such as deep-sea fishing, structural steel work, police duty, for this purpose. Many young men have gone West and lived as cowboys, or served as bosses in mines or on the railroads, with the same intention.

For those who cannot follow such trades, and for the time before and after a course in them, the convenient overflow is in our games and athletic sports. And the scope thus afforded to the fighting instinct is by no means to be despised. While the value of war itself for educational purposes has, through the progress of invention, constantly declined, the artificial substitutes for war have by the same means reached a high power of expression. Head-hunting among

our fellow citizens of the Philippines is yielding rapidly to the superior appeal of baseball and American track athletics. Any mere game must of course lack the final appeal of actuality, but on the other hand such a game as football, in the accuracy with which it follows the form and spirit of the fighting instinct, and fits the outline of surviving Man in this respect, is superior to the modern forms of war. In war, moreover, there must always be so much waiting and weary marching, so much starvation and disease — to say nothing of such tedious interruptions as death and wounds — as to render it a very inconvenient kind of sport. As a friend of mine has put it, war would be very well if you could get home to lunch.

Of substitutes for dueling I have spoken in the chapter on the fighting instinct. It is interesting to note that the social debilitation of dueling in England was closely coincident with the rise of Muscular Christianity and the consequent exaltation of fisticuffs.

For the sake of this overflow in the form of games and athletics, especially in the case of boys who have gone to work, we must make large playground provision for the apprentice age. Protean as our nature is, much as we shall learn in the way of substituting a new fulfillment for the old, there is, and will always remain, much vital force committed to expression in the ancient way. And our playgrounds must be kept open at hours when the working children can use them: in the late afternoons, on Sundays, and in the evening by electric light. Long walks, hare and hound runs and the like, must be cultivated to satisfy the gang impulse on its raiding side.

Our other great lesson in the provision of an overflow, or safety rail for human nature as it rounds the curve from its natural direction of development to that taken by modern industry, is derived from the ancient social system — not

from barbarism but from civilized life. The great gift which civilization has substituted for the ancient values that it has robbed us of is in the form of art. Invention has here made us a return that outweighs all that it has taken from us in industry as an expression of human instinct and ideals, — or at least that may do so when we have learned the use of it. Here, if anywhere, is where we hit the trail again that leads to life.

I remember a Swedish sailor on a friend's yacht, who had once saved money and bought a little schooner of his own and lost her, and seemed a broken-hearted man, who went on deck every night when his work was over and played his native Swedish airs and other music on a tin pipe. I suppose that nineteen-cent pipe was all that kept that man alive. That is what I mean by art. We can get the same thing in many ways if we will only use our opportunities — in music, painting, drawing, dancing, theatricals, and reading aloud.

We Anglo-Saxons are the most incompetent of all the peoples of the world in this respect. Booker Washington reported a deeper degradation among the London poor than he had ever known among the Negroes of this country because the Negro never wholly loses hope nor his sense of the joy of living. You cannot degrade an Italian below the love of beauty. However poor, he has always an æsthetic life. The Genoese cabman not only shows you the conventional sights but points to the sunset, feeling that you as a man and brother will surely sympathize. The Irishman has always a social life, and when not too much oppressed by American example will preserve the arts of dancing and of song. Even fighting is with him a social function.

Art is the fulfillment of our creative instincts in richest and most elaborated ways; it twines and multiplies together its interpretations of the sense of form, of rhythm, of balance,

of speed and space and mystery, up to a climax of which, without its aid, we never could have dreamed. It invents new blends and combinations, with new and excellent results. Art is play in its intensest, most sublimated form. The great artist is everywhere recognized as the great genius — the interpreter of the basic instincts of the race. If civilization has balked some of our native impulses of fulfillment in their primal form, it has found in art a fuller and more lasting satisfaction than unassisted nature ever gave, or than the savage can conceive.

There are in truth three stages of human development above the savage — the barbaric, the industrial, and the civilized. We have reached the second of these, but it would be suicide to stop there. "You persuade Farmer Giles to empty his rum barrel in the brook, but when next morning he awakens cold and uninspired, what substitute have you to offer him?" To abolish war, and then to put no compensating satisfaction in its place, is an exchange of at least doubtful value. We have got half across the stream; we cannot go back even if we wanted to: our safety lies in pushing forward to the other side. The justification of peace is to make room for art. You cannot paint with somebody joggling your elbow, nor sing with people shooting off guns or banging at the door. The home is the field and market for the minor arts, and immunity from sack and pillage is necessary to the development of homes. It is in the piping times of peace that the arts flourish. But peace that has no time to pipe is barren. What is the use of ejecting the disturbing element if the band refuses to go on?

As a practical matter we must in our scheme of education cultivate more fully than we do the power of expression in music, in art, in science and in literature. No child of average capacity should be allowed to leave school until he can

dance well, sing a part song, and either care for some one science enough to carry it a little further in his leisure moments, or attain to some expression in painting or literature, if it is only a rudimentary ability in sketching or reading aloud. A boy who has learned to play the accordion so that he really plays it in his leisure moments is better off than one who has studied years on the piano but never plays for fun. Not only the grammar school, the high school, the college, but especially the very trade school itself, must make deliberate provision for the development in every boy and girl of some form of expression outside of what their expected occupation can afford.

And we must provide a market. There is no more dismal word than culture. And the trouble with it is that it is self-conscious. Self-perfecting, making yourself the end of your exertions, becoming a beautiful flower, — could any pursuit be more disheartening? You are bored even before you have begun. "Return, young lady, to your sampler, your piano; learn five little songs; read Shakespeare and Browning and Ibsen; attend symphony concerts, cultivate your mind." Is not this a recommendation to return to prison, to submit to perpetual young-ladyhood and dilettantism? What gives life is not self-absorption but self-forgetfulness, not composing yourself as a beautiful image before the glass, but subordination to some outside end. What brings power and happiness is the thing required of you, something you have to do, making good, satisfying a market, not doing parlor tricks.

There is a real and serious difficulty here. How can anybody feel in our modern society that in following an art that is not his regular business, he is filling a social need? Where is the demand? What is the market for the amateur?

There is no direct or complete answer to this objection. Those for whom an actual market in the industrial sense exists, those who are paid for their work, we have already classed as belonging to the expressive trades. For them the special difficulty of our civilization, which we are now considering, does not exist. But for the amateur — that is, for the very great majority of all of us — there is no market in the full sense, and no complete solution of our problem. Life and civilization cannot be made wholly compatible.

And yet there are alleviations of this condition; there is much that can be done to make it better, chiefly by us amateurs for each other and for ourselves.

In the first place the amateur is not so wholly without a direct market as we are apt to think, though it is not of the financial sort. There is the home market. It is the something more, the touch of beauty though of a very humble sort, that as much as anything distinguishes the real home from the domestic boarding house. And there is the love market already spoken of. And then although the amateur's product may be — probably is — below the commercial standard, the real difficulty in selling it often is that it is non-transferable. There are cultured women whose value to society no money payment could express, who yet could not make a living through excellence in any marketable form of art.

But there is another sort of market for the amateur, namely, in the social need of him. Suppose he gave up, and we had no longer any artistic expression that was not professional. What would be the result? We should in that case lose not only the amateur himself — with the ceasing of that which keeps his own soul alive in the thousands of cases where he is deprived of all expression in his paid calling — but should lose the professional as well.

For the existence of all value depends upon the appreciative power of those by whom it is assessed. Among the deaf the best musician lacks applause. Somebody — some set of people, or all the people in some degree — must afford to artistic attainment its world, the medium in which it can socially exist. There must be not necessarily praise, but recognition, — remark, blame, criticism, reaction of some sort, — ears to hear, eyes to see, a mind to understand, at least to be conscious of such proficiency as may exist. Art without a social need of it is a contradiction. It is sound without ears, light without eyes, food without living organism. The social body is like those simulacra that Cæsar describes the Druids as making — great figures made of branches and filled up with living people to be burned as sacrifices to the gods. Our social body must be so constructed that there is a place in it for the artist — not that he may be burned alive, but that the divine fire of public utterance may reach him, for except as he is so reached he has no voice or part.

And who is to fulfill this life-saving function of affording a demand for art? Why, everybody as artist, for everybody is a part of the modern world: the people are sovereign in art as well as in the sphere of politics, and nothing has true place and social reality that is not real to them.

But we need leaders, and especially non-commissioned officers of art, and these are to be found precisely in those people who make art their avocation, their second string of life, next to their regular work wherein they primarily make good.

Therefore I praise the dilettante and the amateur. The salvation of art and therefore, under civilized conditions, the saving of the general life is in their hands. It is they who afford the soil for the growth of their fellow amateurs and of the professional alike. For the professional's real market is

not to be paid, but to be heard, and without the positive cultivation of the Muses by his audience real hearers will not exist.

Is not there a demand then for the amateur? Is the preservation of life and of the joy of living in himself and his fellow citizens a sufficient object? There is for him a market that none other can supply, a place that he alone can fill, in the furnishing of a market for all art. It is a market for a market, and the demand, though not directly inspiring or insistent, is of a vital sort. It is not a small thing that is here at stake. Art in our industrial society is, as we have seen, most literally a matter of life and death, a necessary part of that overflow by which the surplus of divine current that cannot be carried in our desiccated industrial occupations must find its way. Culture? Self-conscious? Yes, as the leaf is self-conscious that serves as soil in which other forms more beautiful may grow. Our ancestors out of their scant resources founded Harvard College in order that polite learning might not die from among us. That was the Puritan response to the call of the humanities. Cannot we rise as high as they on what was admittedly their weakest side?

It is here that there exists the great demand upon the budding power of girls, especially of those who now offer the most difficult problem of unutilized force — those, namely, who do not have to work and who have no vocation which it seems best for them to follow professionally. It is peculiarly the business of girls to be our cultivators in the arts. From the Vestal Virgins of Rome and Babylon they have been the priestesses of the hearth — the focus of the amenities of life. There will be no true revival of art among us until its Isabella d'Estes and its Elizabeths appear. Is then this reading, sketching, playing the piano, so poor and cold a business

after all? Hard perhaps, but not so unresponsive if you put your heart into it, and bearing within it a vital interest of our civilization.

I am not sure indeed but that in the more technical and the more emotional forms of art the amateur may have, after all, the best of it. Queen Elizabeth said that a gentleman should not dance like a dancing master. Fanny Kemble found the actor's life unwholesome: the constant stirring of emotion, laying his heart bare every evening to make a Roman holiday, was not a normal way of life. Those whose business it has been to deal with artists, singers, actors, musicians, painters — authors even — know that a professional æsthetic development does not always tend to produce balance, magnanimity, or self-control. The rhythms were, I think, not meant to bear the major part in life nor to be the directors of our principal daily occupation. Those who cultivate them as a by-product may cultivate them best.

Perhaps the most important satisfaction of all, outside of the daily work — the most important portion of our overflow — is in the form of politics, a pursuit which the privileged classes have in all ages reserved for themselves, not wholly I think for the sake of retaining power in their own hands, but partly from an instinctive appreciation of the direct sporting value of a political career. The great discovery of democracy has been not that the people should for prudential reasons control their own affairs, but that they are under the necessity of doing so because of the spiritual values involved. The virtue of self-government is not in any superiority in its results, but mainly as it affords the widest and, outside of the home, the most natural expression of the belonging instinct.

And the same advantage inheres in preparation for a political career. The success of the English boarding school

and college was not in learning to quote Horace and write bad Latin verse, nor even in the cultivation of cricket and football, but in the fact that these accomplishments were regarded as the divinely appointed method of preparation for governing the British empire. Our schools and colleges must learn to put the same motive of political apprenticeship behind their work. The political career to which they lead will never, it is true, for the average student, be so glittering as in the case of the English public school and university, but it can be very real, and very valuable to the individual as well as to the country.

We must admit the young man into our councils, receive him into political alliance, and require political service of him. Politics is the best adult game there is, and as a direct instinctive manifestation of the gang it is one of the most attractive to the young — a truth that the professional politicians have long since found and acted on. Their name of "students" for their heelers-in-training shows insight as well as humor. The great advantage of democracy is that it affords politics enough to go round. We must learn to utilize our resources in this respect.

In order that opportunity for life outside of vocation may exist, whether in the form of politics, of athletics, or of art, there must be, besides physical opportunity and a preliminary school training, time and strength to devote to these pursuits. No one who works at a desiccated calling every day until he is tired out has any real chance to live. It is true that people are usually not so tired as they think they are, and can get more rest from games or dancing, or some other form of play, than they can from lying down or from merely being entertained. But besides play itself there is the study preliminary to the best forms of play to be pro-

vided for, such as learning a language or mastering a musical instrument. And even play itself requires some strength.

We must accordingly provide that children shall not engage in full-time work before the age of sixteen, perhaps not until later still. We must solve the problem of part-time education, in order that other forms of growth may still go on while vocational skill and habit are being acquired. We must shorten the working hours of grown people in the inexpressive trades so as to leave time and strength for a life outside of them. We must make a fuller use of Sunday for the purpose of carrying on that part of life that is left out of the week-day occupation.

When we have done all these things — if we *can* do them without so cutting down material subsistence as to have no strength to play (a question depending mainly on the selection and control of population) — when we have secured the benefit of all our industrial inventions by making them no longer our taskmasters but our servants — then at last will civilization be to the average man a clear and certain benefit. Then shall we surpass the savage not only through escape from squalor and starvation but through a fuller and more expressive life.

I have spoken of the use of Sunday as one of the opportunities for reaching this consummation. I think it is the great opportunity. The problem of civilization is the problem of leisure. For those to whom leisure is denied, to whom loss of expression in industry is not made up in art or play, civilization is of doubtful benefit. And it is especially to the leisure afforded by Sunday, in which there is not merely time but strength and daylight and the morning hours, that civilized man must look for recompense.

Sunday is the day of compensation, the day of the fulfill-

ment of those essential aims for which the week day has left no room. It is the day for completing the pattern, for weaving into the texture of our lives those main strands of being which would otherwise be left out, and without which we are not quite alive. It is the day of the lost talents, of unfulfilled possibilities, the day for saving some little fragment of the gift that nature made.

Sunday is family day. It is the day on which the father is at home, the day for playing the new piece on the piano, for singing hymns and songs and reading aloud. It is the day for visiting museums and parks, — and it should be a condition in the charter of any well-mounted museum or library that it should be open on Sunday afternoons.

Sunday is the people's university, the day of liberal education, devoted to the universal interests. It is the day for cultivating those things that belong to us not as industrial implements but as men, of which religion is the most important. The Talmud says, on Sunday the master and the workman shall be equal.

Sunday is renewal, a rejoining of the primal sources of our life. In the island of Capri they have a pretty custom — a survival such as one finds in all South Italy of the Greek processional religion — in accordance with which the Madonna goes every spring to visit her former home down by the seashore where the church used to stand. There is an important symbolism in this old ceremony, and one in harmony with our present theme. Sunday is the day for revisiting the ancient shrines, for excursions to our ancestral abode by stream and wood and seashore, for seeking the fountains of our strength back in our racial past.

The true Sunday will be partly different for different men. Each to his natural habitat as Mother Nature calls. The artist condemned to office work will turn to his carving, the

musician to his violin. The born teacher will spend his Sunday with the children — and all of us, I hope, are partly teachers. The hunter will to the woods, the poet to the hills, the soldier to some athletic contest. That which he should have been, and is not in his daily work, each man will diligently seek on the day given him for this very purpose that he should keep his soul alive.

The forbidding of such pious pilgrimage on that one day of the week consecrated by nature, and by the wiser portions of our law, to the end that such pilgrimage may be made, is not truly a Sunday law, but a law that Sunday shall not exist.

For the young the need of Sunday is especially vital, the loss of it especially severe. The master instincts of our lives are not all equally present at all periods. Youth is the especial reign of some of those whose fulfillment cannot be packed into the confines of a sedentary occupation. Our industrial world differs most markedly from that of which nature is still dreaming in every growing boy and girl. The young man is still in his heart a soldier, a viking: his soul is not fulfilled by adding figures or watching a machine. Obedience to the great expressive instincts is, for young people, a matter not merely of preserving life but of attaining it: the question is not of survival merely, but of whether they shall ever live at all. To our boys and girls from fourteen to twenty-one years old, of whom a large and increasing proportion of our factory population now consists, our Sunday laws are a denial of life, the permanent dwarfing of the soul.

The whole purpose of Sunday is a chance to grow and live. It is the one day consecrated by nature and by man to such fulfillment of our humanity as the necessities of our weekday labor cannot afford. When, on the top of long hours of

sterilizing work, we impose a Sunday law to rob the growing youth of this one day in which nature might have had her part in them, to make them strong and beautiful and happy, we have sinned against nature and against the spirit of Sunday, the brightest and happiest of our institutions.

EPILOGUE

PLAY THE RESTORER

I HAVE described the process by which as I believe the great achieving instincts build up the child. Man, the outcome of the process, is the incarnation of these instincts. His body is their tool and in great part their handiwork. His mind and heart are emanations of them. And the impulses that have produced the man also sustain him. It is in proportion as he is maker, fighter, hunter, nurturer, scientist, citizen, artist — achievement set to rhythm — that he is really there. Uninformed by these constituent purposes, he is a derelict, the left-off clothes of a soul that has abdicated. So long as these purposes are alive in him, his life persists. When they cease to operate, the flame goes out.

In one, perhaps the deepest, sense man *is* these instincts, which thus build and sustain him. They are the ultimate fact about him, his active self, giving his true form and law, constituting the final irreducible substance of which he is composed. But these great master instincts are also something more. They transcend the individual, they come to him from behind the veil, well up in him from an outside source. They are independent of his will, authoritative. Their voice in his heart — even though it speaks in an accent and with a word imparted to no other — is ultra-personal.

Man is the product of the achieving instincts; he is these instincts. And in a third, perhaps the truest sense, he is the act of their fulfillment. Man is a process; his law is a

law of action. Matter passes through him as through a wave in a rapid. It takes the shape which his law gives it just as it obeys the laws of gravitation and momentum in the wave. He is not the material, but the law, or rather the fulfillment of it, and exists in the act of such fulfillment. As the lawgiving form of each instinct is an ideal, so man is the coming true of ideals that unfold themselves within his mind.

Of the ways in which the play instincts sustain the life of grown people I will not attempt to speak. To do so would involve a description parallel to that which I have given of the growing child. It would be a description not only of the sustaining by the play instincts of what already exists, but of their continued shaping of the individual. For growth is not confined to infancy.

So take and use Thy work !
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff,
What warpings past the aim !
My times be in Thy hand !
Perfect the cup as planned !
Let age approve of youth,
And death complete the same.

Man is still plastic to the purposes that formed him so long as he is yet alive. Infancy is for the acquiring of the vocabulary, for getting in all the elements that go to make the whole. The perfecting of the instrument, refining it closer and closer to the invisible law of its best service, is the work of the rest of life.

But though I shall not attempt to show the full play of the constituting instincts in this great process, I do wish briefly to describe their action not in sustaining and perfecting, but in rebuilding — in replacing the wasted tissue, recharging

the exhausted mind, restoring life which has become impaired. The process is somewhat analogous to that of growth in infancy. Sickness is a sort of second childhood; the invalid returns to Mother Nature as his best and kindest nurse and trusts once more to her promptings for the regaining of that which she originally bestowed.

The laws of health are it seems to me the most interesting laws there are. The process by which food and drink and air become man is the most wonderful process in nature — a miracle in comparison with which everything else seems commonplace.

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

But it is infinitely more remarkable that clay, through an intermediate process of vegetation, can become imperious Cæsar and shape the destinies of the world. Air, water, carbon, enter the human body and in a few hours or seconds become character. What just now was a piece of doughnut, morally unbiased, appears as love or hate or aspiration, partaking not only of human nature, but of the form and accent of a particular personality, down to a trick of manner inherited from some remote ancestor.

Or if we say the body does not actually contain character, but is only the instrument of its release, the phenomenon is hardly less remarkable.

I am no physiologist, and am ignorant as to where the initiation takes place, at what stage the new substance is met and welcomed, gets its sailing papers, and becomes a partaker of the mystery. The ancient tradition that the blood is the life, the blood bond the basis of relationship, seems to have a physiological foundation. The blood has, at least, a great part assigned to it in the process by which matter becomes

charged with soul. Each drop becomes possessed, as it sets forth upon its mission, of the law and purpose of the individual. It knows, or learns as it goes along, the form of the body as a whole, judging with accuracy how much of repair is due to one tissue, how much to another, and assigning to each its proper share. And the new tissues instantly understand the secret of the organism. Those constituting the body at a given time are, for their tour of duty, custodians of the will and character of the individual, intrusted with the tradition, to carry it forward and hand it on to others in their turn. The body is like an army in active service to which thousands of new recruits are every moment reporting for duty on the field, and in which each recruit, as he is assigned his place, knows by instant intuition all that the veterans knew of the structure of the whole and his own part in it. It is like a cloud on a mountain. The cloud hangs there stationary, maintaining nearly the same shape; but if you climb up, you will find that the wind is blowing through it, sending each drop of mist singing along at the rate of perhaps thirty miles an hour. What gives it its existence and its shape is not a certain body of material, but a law imposed on material that passes through it. Man is a vortex, a flame, controlling matter that comes within his scope.

What can be done to make the flame burn brighter? Partly, of course, the question is one of fuel; and one can learn every morning in the newspaper how, by using special materials, or even a special preparation of familiar kinds, one's vital energy and moral excellence can be enhanced.

But fuel is not the only consideration. A breakfast-food philosophy is incomplete. Without food or air, it is true, the man will die. But he will die in any case unless he can impose himself on food and air, and imbue them with his purposes. Insistent heralds of the obvious love to reiterate

such startling truths as that Napoleon could not conquer Europe without rations. But how long would it have taken his rations to conquer Europe without Napoleon? How many valiant potatoes could have done the trick?

On what, then, depends the ability to perform this miracle of subduing outer elements to the law of life? What is the way to health? For each of us there is an ideal body to be lived up into, a flower which the seed was dreaming of, not yet fulfilled. How can you go to work to realize it?

The first shock to notions derived from dealing with inorganic matter is that the body lives not primarily by taking in, but by putting forth, that the way to accumulate strength is not through conservation, but by using what you have. We are always teaching unfortunate children in our schools that if you take two from ten you will have eight left. Whereas in all the important affairs of life when you take two from ten you are likely to get about fifteen. If you take away eight, and keep doing it, you may land up with two or three thousand, more or less.

There are people who think you can get rested by lying down. Even doctors sometimes tell you to do nothing. This might be very good advice if it were not for two things. The first is the difficulty of knowing how to follow it. What is the shape of nothing? What color is it? Where does it begin, how do you get hold of it, and exactly what is the process of its performance? The second difficulty is that the nearer you approach to doing nothing, the further you are from getting any good from it — that is to say, regarded as a complete régime. Of course there are rest and sleep and relaxation. But these do not build up. These are the gap between the waves and cease to be there when the waves cease. The prescription to do nothing is like the Irishman's account of how to make a gun — "Take a hole

and pour iron round it." Until you pour your iron there isn't any hole.

So the first thing we learn is that the way of health is action. You have got to do something, to use the little strength you have, expend the income that is given you, in order to accumulate power or get well.

So we prescribe exercise, gymnastics, using the muscles, moving the arms and legs. And then we find that the exercise does no good, that going through a set of motions merely makes you tired and after a time bores you almost to extinction — in fact, it becomes a question whether life is worth living at such a cost, even if it could be so lived.

Then as you experiment you find that some motions are less boring than some others. There are combinations of movement that seem to carry a certain satisfaction with them. You can jump with a chastened joy even when you are not jumping over anything. A muscle will do more, and take more interest in doing it, when it is working as a subordinate in some larger combination — particularly when the whole body is engaged.

But even making general, instinctively coördinated motions is still a somewhat dry pursuit. You cannot live by gesticulation even of the most satisfying sort. Pretty soon you find there is a mental element in healthful exercise. You are told that you must "enjoy yourself," "have a good time." And so you go yachting, take vacations, travel in Europe, frequent pleasure resorts. We have all seen the result of such attempts. Nothing in the long run seems to produce a deeper melancholy. The pursuit of pleasure is proverbially one in which the pursuer falls constantly behind.

Some people, however, have hit upon a device by which this sort of existence can be improved. Young men, for

instance, will go off into the woods with a canoe and an insufficient supply of food, get themselves lost, and then see whether they can get out again alive. In this way many successful experiments have been achieved. As soon as the man is no longer seeking pleasure, but trying whether he can get out of the woods before he starves, he finds that there really begins to be some fun in it.

There is evidently something in having to do the thing not for the pleasure there is in it but because, for some reason or another, it must be done. Subordination to a purpose you will find to be a standing quality in the activity that gives life and health. The spirit will not enter and build you up, will not lend its strength to you, unless you first lend your strength to it. It is not what you try to get out of a thing but what you put into it that is added to you.

But it is not every kind of subordination that will make you well. Slaves are not particularly healthy, nor any people forced to drudge under exacting taskmasters.

Usually the best form of subordination is in rendering some kind of service. Those who have had most experience, doctors as well as charity workers, agree that the thing that conduces most to health is work — work that is recognized and respected, and through which a person does his share. A woman taking care of her family is made well by it. A child who does his lessons well in school gets the same kind of benefit. The best thing for a boy or girl, physically as well as morally, is to have some definite duty to perform.

As there is nothing that will kill faster than the consciousness of being an incapable, a useless drag on the working members of society, so there is nothing that gives life like the sense of competency. We live as we feel the requirements of society fulfilled in us.

One important thing that we can all do to heal the sick

is to help enlarge the general conception of what constitutes useful work, so as to include the service that they can render. Dr. James J. Putnam has written with authority upon this subject. The thing above all others that makes invalids is the fact that once below the standard of the industrial world, no other standard is provided for them. They have no recognized duties to perform. There is nothing definite required of them, and no recognition is given to anything that they can do.

Society, like the individual, has an invisible body toward which it tends. When any person so places himself as to fill out that form, he is received into it. The life of the whole passes through him and sustains him, as the law of the cathedral thrills down through each detail, bursts out in the gargoyle here, restrains the pinnacle there, vibrates upward in the spire, and holds every stone in place. But this invisible body varies in its form. It exists in the minds of the people, and changes with their thought. And it is only the places that the public conception calls for that exist and in filling which a man partakes of the common life. There is a spiritual as well as a material demand, and the supply must correspond. Athens produced philosophers and artists because every citizen's conception of the body politic — the real Athens of which the Parthenon and the Long Walls were but the material reflection — included philosophy and art. So Sparta produced soldiers, Rome administrators, Yale football players. These were called up from the mass by the voice of the corporate ideal. A great tradition can raise up spiritual children out of the very stones. Individuals will arise to fill out the unseen body that the city has projected in its heart.

We must so extend our notions of what constitutes society that even these last, the invalids, are members of the team,

with a part assigned to them. In particular, there is a task ahead of us in working out definitely, for different individuals and classes of invalids, precisely what duties they can fulfill. We must learn to see so clearly that society's supreme duty is the soul's health of each that the neglect to assign an honorable function, implying a moral demand, to any single member shall be abhorrent to us. We must insist that the invalid shall have a part. We must say to him: "We will not let you off. Perhaps you are the one with the hardest job assigned. You are holding the line at its weakest point. If you cannot contribute to material prosperity, you can uphold the dignity of human nature where it is most imperiled."

And the part assigned to the invalid is indeed important. The regiment could never charge — there could never be a regiment at all — if those stricken down as it advances were not a part of it. It is because, whole or wounded, sick or well, alive or dead, they are a part of it, partakers of its acts, still advancing with it in their hearts, triumphing in its victory, that there can be such a thing as a regiment, an army, or a state. It is Dr. Putnam who has quoted in this connection Clough's verses :

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers ;
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

Health is largely a social product. A hero, it is true, can project his own society, constitute through his own genius

an ideal world and be sustained by it. But for the average sick soul, such a feat is beyond its strength.

We shall have inspired invalids, and genius in homely forms, just as we shall have science and art, in proportion as the commonwealth we carry in our hearts shall call for them. The creation of human personality, in this as in all its manifestations, is an act of faith to which we all contribute or from which we may detract.

This same vital potency of the belonging instinct is seen in many ways. It is said, for instance, that politicians never die, so powerful to sustain is their function as official representatives of the community's team sense. Gladstone came very near to verifying that theory. When Balfour became a member of the House of Commons a row of medicine bottles permanently vanished from his shelf. Methuselah I think was some sort of patriarch or political functionary.

As the muscle derives its health from serving the whole body, the body from serving the inclusive aims of the individual, so the life and health of the whole organism depend on its service of a larger whole. And the law of the social whole, in its turn, thrills down into all the members of the body until each feels the swing of the wider orbit and responds. No drop of blood can go singing on its way content and happy, unless the man is himself a servant. We are, for better or worse, citizens, parts of a social organism. Every tissue in us knows it. Our physical life depends upon our loyalty. It is true that loyal service may bring death in battle or in the hospital, but it is also true that the absence of such service shuts out all hope of life.

But there are other kinds of play besides belonging.

Competition is the commonest element in all our games: to leave it out of the game of real life would be to make existence flat indeed. A race in which all receive the same prize

will not permanently appeal to any boy or man. To cut the connection between successful exertion and the result obtained is to lame the arithmetic of life and rob it of its normal satisfaction. No man will be really well and happy if ever the element of competition is abolished.

But people are sometimes too sick to work, especially in the full competitive sense, and even when they can work a little, there are for every invalid many hours that must be filled in some less strenuous way.

The simplest form of sport I have heard of was breathing. This game was invented by a friend of mine who had nervous prostration, and he told me it was the only thing that kept him alive. His invention did not consist of finding out that when your breath stops you die, but in learning that he could amuse himself by taking long breaths and letting them out very slowly with a hissing sound, a process which, besides providing him an occupation, must have brought the additional satisfaction of being offensive to any one within hearing. This is what the psychological students of play call "joy in being a cause" — and joy in being a nuisance is like unto it, and a very close second at that.

I remember one time when I was sick a niece of mine gave me a Japanese straw badger, and she fixed him with one of his arms up in the air so as to present a cheerful and enterprising aspect. He was, I think, the first incarnation of Arnold Bennett's Denry the Audacious. I believe it was that badger that pulled me through, though the cure was shared by a nurse who kept me doing things, so that I was always looking forward to the next stunt, and a Japanese bird of a cheerful and adequate personality hung in a Christmas wreath.

Just seeing pleasant things is a potent means of health. That is why girls make such good friendly visitors. Remember also Kipling's lighthouse man who went crazy because

the steamers made streaks in his water. When he got on board a ship, where the lines ran all kinds of ways, he began to feel better at once. When you have been in a city, where everything goes at right angles, you can feel the vital currents leap up again when you go out and see the rounded tree tops and sloping hills. The seashore is good if you don't take too much; but most people, I think, would die if they could not get where there was something besides gray colors and horizontal lines. Travelling would really be as good for us as it is supposed to be if you did not have to die first, — that is, cut off all your other means of life in order to indulge in it.

I remember associated charity cases in which the cure was helped by taking the patient out into the country, or even on a walk along Washington street to see the shops. Perhaps in the Washington street case there was stimulation in the football tactics required to win through that thoroughfare.

Next to the play of the eyes there is the play of the hand. Man is a creature of the hand. He was built back from it as the tree from the leaf. It was, from the beginning of his career, his point of issue, the business end of him, what the jaws are to the wolf, the claws to the cat. As he first grew up from it, he can be restored through reverting to its use. Man in action is primarily a manipulator. His mind and temperament are built on handiwork and are attuned to it. In a few years from now you will find in every hospital manual occupation provided, fitted to the varying strength and talents of the patients.

The greatest neglected source of health is in the rhythmic instinct. David was Saul's best physician; Apollo was the father of Æsculapius. Olmsted, reporting his experience with the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War,

said that military bands, as well as systematic athletic exercise, had a great tendency to keep the soldiers well; while sending money home (loyalty again) kept up their morale. The first and simplest expression of the rhythmic instinct, and the completest for most people, is in the form of dancing. The mistake we usually make is to suppose that dancing is only for the very young. The right age to learn to dance is the age you happen to be; but the best age for the use of the accomplishment is from about fifty on. The instinct is as strong in the later as in the earlier part of life, and the need of using it is greater in proportion as we tend to become stiff in the joints both of body and mind. The last part of the story of the grasshopper and the ant — unfortunately omitted from all editions heretofore — is that the grasshopper took the ant's advice, danced through the winter, and came out in better shape than the ant, who had been sitting all the time over a stove.

Then there is music, the dancing of the mind, which has restored many, from the age of Saul down to the present.

The most important play is play of the mind. All play is play of the soul — the forward projection of the man himself in the universe of action. But man is a thinking animal. It is that little head of his that has won out against claw and horn and tooth. And it is the exercise of the mind that sounds the glad sources of his strength and makes him feel the gladiator he is.

The mental element is in all play, but most in art and literature and science, and these are the best play of man and the most health-giving. Some people I know always take Walter Scott for a cold. Some consider Trollope a more effective prescription; I believe, however, in reserving his Barchester and Parliamentary series for longer illnesses.

We may keep our children too many hours in school and

we certainly keep them too many hours doing nothing while there. But school, rightly conducted, is as important to health as outdoor play. And in later years the mental kind of play becomes increasingly valuable. The lawyer averages healthier than the prize fighter, and a man can live longer on music than he can on golf.

Back of this whole treatment, the secret of every cure through play, is the truth that the way to win life is by living it; the way for any one to extend his personality is by acting out the personality he has. Here, in the human body, or ready to be absorbed into it, are thousands of molecules sitting round waiting to see what kind of sport you have to offer them. Is your invitation worth accepting; is the kind of game going on there one that is worth while to join? Can you get up such an excitement, such a rush and concourse of those who have already taken part, that the onlooker is swept along in the contagion? The game of health is like getting up a dance or picnic. You must go in with a vim if you would succeed. It is the big fire that spreads. Or it is like Tom Sawyer's method when he had to white-wash the fence. You remember that he put such artistic appreciation into his job, that the other boys, instead of pitying him, actually parted with their treasures for a chance to do his work for him. Now Tom Sawyer is the sort of microbe you must have in your system in order to attract the rest. And it is you yourself — the actual you that deliberates and acts — who, by the zest and impetus of the work you assign to them, can give to those already enlisted this triumphant and enticing character.

And in all this upbuilding play there is the element of subordination. It is the successful following of some inner leading that carries its credentials in its face, seems entirely remunerative, infinitely worth while for its own

sake, that is exhilarating. It may seem fantastic to trace the presence of this principle in the foolish plays of extreme weakness like the breathing game — though the god hides even there, just as in the most childish of the exuberant plays. But in the play of the hands and of the mind the overruling laws of science and art become visible enough; while the play of the eye is simply the play of art or science in the bud. To see a picture you must make one, and to wonder is half to understand.

I will not undertake to show the use as medicine of every kind of play. I have indicated some of the chief veins that may be worked. Of hunting, fighting, and nurture, not spoken of above, it may be said that we all know the therapeutic value of going fishing, of a good game or a good scrap; while having some living thing to take care of, if it is only a bird or a geranium, is the best, and fortunately the best understood, prescription for keeping almost any woman alive and well.

There are certain words written in our hearts that are the master words, that contain the possibilities of life for us. These are the ultimates, the things in which our actual life consists, to which all other vital processes are tributary. Play is obedience to these master words. We use the expression "full play" for a thing that is acting as nature meant it to. The emotions play, the fountain plays, meaning the thing fulfills its function in the world. And so of man. Play is the word that best covers the things which he was wound up to do, in the doing of which he is most himself. It is by being citizen, nurturer, poet, creator, scientist, by actively filling out the ideal waiting for him, that a man can win or save his life.

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